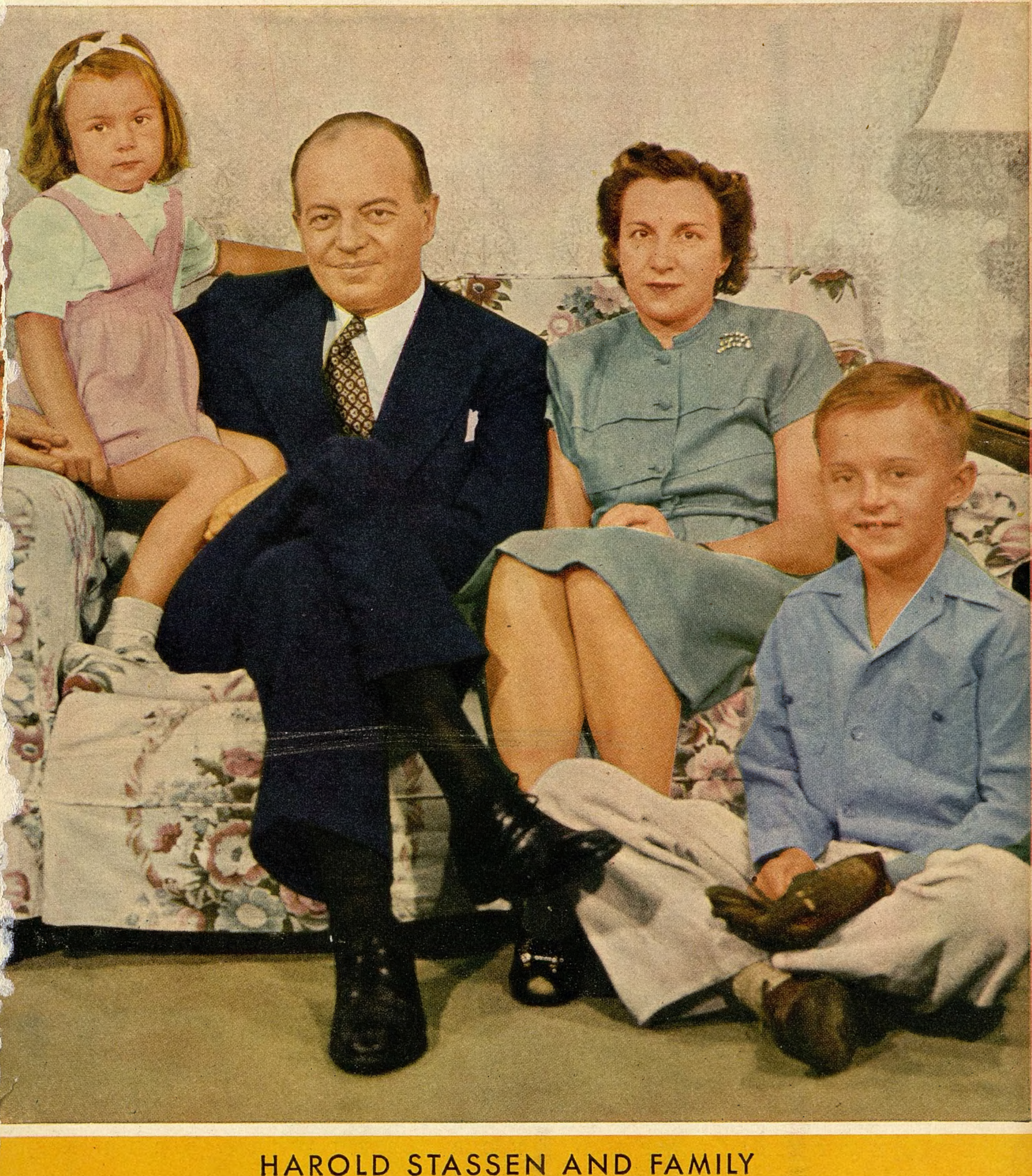
Liberty

OCT. 26, 1946 10c

HAROLD E. STASSEN on THE ELECTIONS

Book: MIRROR OF DELUSION

The Fascinating Novel of a Strange Love



HAROLD STASSEN AND FAMILY

When you've planned some fun
For October Thirty-One
Strictly a grown-up affair
The friends you've invited
Will be more than delighted
If Old Thompson is also there.

H. E. Kelley

How to carve a reputation

With grown-ups on the scene for Halloween, make the drinks with mellow Old Thompson. Quick as the wink of a Jack O'Lantern, you've made a name for yourself as a thoughtful, gracious host. For "Thompson," with that Glenmore touch-of-quality, has the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky.

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Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

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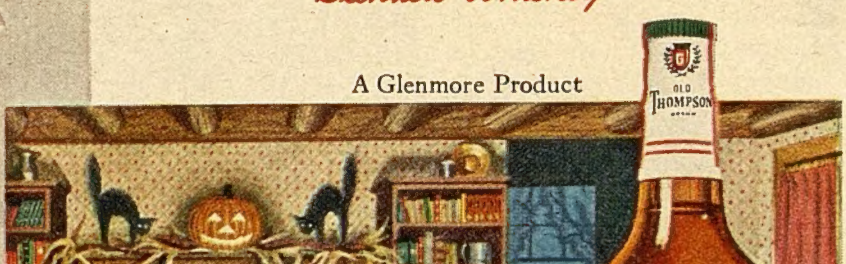

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

"I'm a better Mother than Model"

But Mary Gillies' lovely smile continues to brighten the sketches of her artist husband

WILLIAM GILLIES, well-known illustrator, will tell you not to pay too much attention to his wife's modest statement. He's proud of what a good model Mary is (she now poses for him exclusively). But he's even prouder of their two robust sons, whose flashing smiles reflect their "model" mother's care.

As a former Collier's Cover Girl, Mrs. Gillies knows what every model knows--the importance of an attractive smile. So it shouldn't surprise you to learn that she's already taught "Butch" and "Stretch" to guard their future smiles with her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, followed by gentle gum massage.*

Not only these New Canaan, Conn. youngsters, but millions of school children know that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

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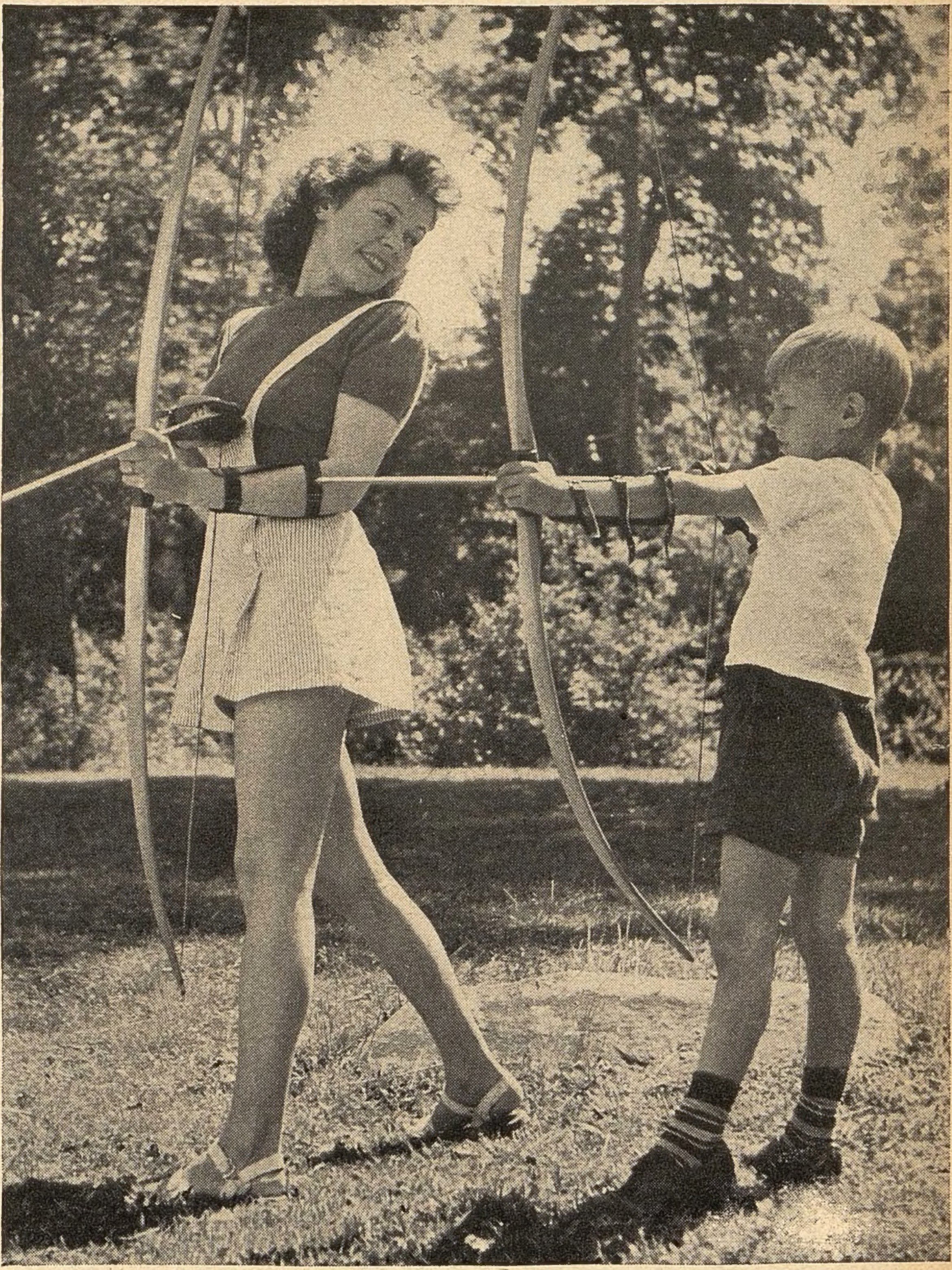
Someone's going to have a handsome smile—and his name is Butch! Look how Mary guards his teeth and gums. Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Robin Hood, Jr., better known as "Butch," is a pretty good marksman at 8, thanks to Mary's coaching. And thanks to her care, his future smile is safeguarded. For Mother knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they may need—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle gum massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage

This child knows more than many adults about gum massage. For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms. Ask your dentist about massage for your gums. Nationwide survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own personal use!)

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The Height of Pipe Luxury and Enjoyment . . . carved by hand from aged Bruyère, $5 to $25. Each distinctively different.

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HEDY LAMARR,
lovely and seductive star, plays the title role in the $2,000,000 movie version of *The Strange Woman*— a Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.

She was outwardly a charming, righteous woman... BUT, to the eight men who really knew her-- father, husbands, sons, lovers - - she was a shameless, passionate she devil!

TO THE people of Bangor, Jenny Hager was a woman of virtue. BUT . . . ask the men who REALLY knew her!

Ask her father! He drowned himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her.

Ask Isaiah Poster! He sent his son away to save him from Jenny's beauty—only to yield to her allure and marry her himself, adding new zest to his 70 years.

Ask Ephraim, Isaiah's son! He once boasted that he "saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too"!

Ask John Evered! He, too, fell under Jenny's spell. Who wouldn't—after he had saved her from a shipwreck—and then spent a winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

Ask Elder Pittridge! Jenny whispered to him, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do the things you think are wicked. It torments you so!"

And there were others, too—who found Jenny irresistible in spite of the pain she caused them. Yet she held a position of respect in a wild town.

A fascinating character, this strange woman—passionate, mysterious, unpredictable. And an utterly amazing novel—rich, full-bodied, gaudy. A novel you will long remember—now yours FREE!

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By mailing the coupon without money you will receive at once your free copy of *The Strange Woman*. You will ALSO receive, as your first selection, your choice of any one of these 3 best-sellers:

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Please send me—FREE—*The Strange Woman.* Also enroll me, free, as a member of the Book League of America, and send me, as my first Selection, the book I have checked below:

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☐ **THE FOXES OF HARROW**

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents postage) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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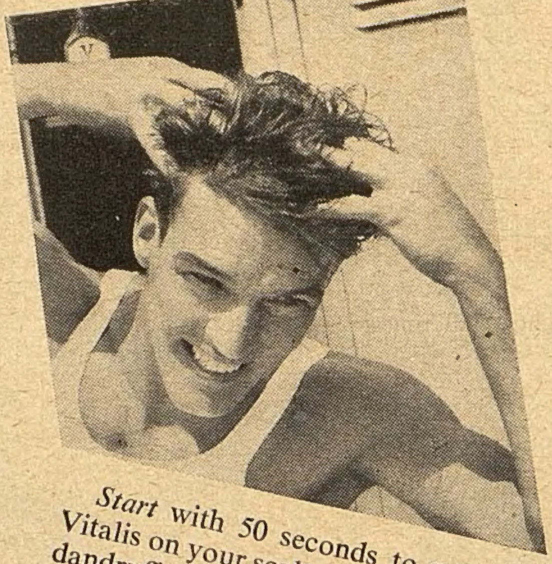
Can't beat exercise for healthy, wide-awake good looks. They go together. Like good-looking hair and the Vitalis 60-Second Workout. Here's an exercise to make your scalp *feel* good . . . and you wind up with the liveliest-looking, handsomest hair that ever turned a girl's head. Goes like this . . .



Start with 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair. And feel that refreshing tingle! *Finish* with 10 seconds for combing. Man (and hair) alive! Ever look better? Thank Vitalis' pure vegetable oils for that fresh, natural lustre.

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LIBERTY CORRESPONDENT

JULIET BRIDGMAN, who's just back from covering the Allied occupation of Germany for Liberty, is an enterprising young lady with a pocketful of talents. Although still in her twenties, she has worked and traveled all over Europe—as prima ballerina with an Austrian company, commentator for the French Ministry of the Interior, actress in French, Italian, and German films, radio script writer, owner and operator of a newspaper syndicate, trick water-skier in French sports reels, and even ghost writer for Sorbonne students. She left Paris one jump ahead of the Germans, came back to her native New York, and has been free-lancing since. WHEN THEY ALMOST GOT HITLER (page 28) is one of the stories she dug up on her recent return trip to Europe.

SHELBY AT THE GOALPOST

KERMIT SHELBY, author of the short story, THE WATERMELON SONG on page 26, has doubled in brass for everything from farm hand to bookkeeper to restaurant owner. But always in the back of his mind was the goal—to spend his entire time writing and at thirty-six, he lives with his wife in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and does just that. His chief unfulfilled ambition now is to travel as widely as Louis Bromfield and Somerset Maugham.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS
P. A. C.'s Biggest Gamble
Starting—RUNAWAY, an Exciting New Story by RITA WEIMAN

WITH a new election at hand and '48 around the corner, the Political Action Committee is staking its all on a disarmingly different strategy. It's P.A.C.'s BIGGEST GAMBLE, says Donald B. Robinson. . . . If you want a home, read GETTING TOGETHER GETS HOUSES. Darrell Huff shows how co-operative building puts them up better, cheaper, and quicker. . . . ARE DOCTORS *STUPID* ABOUT CANCER? Yes, answers Terry Deane Manning, who points to her own tragic experience and offers some advice to the medicos. . . . In THE BARGAIN, Hans Ruesch tells a different kind of story—of an Eskimo family's encounter with the white man's foolishness. . . . Rita Weiman starts a two-part story, RUNAWAY, about a missing boy and the parents he left behind. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS, Gene Fowler tells of his youth and his climb to newspaper fame.

Are You A Mystery Novel Fiend?

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

TODAY we invite you to become a member of a great new book club. Mark the name well, because you will hear more of it—The Unicorn Mystery Book Club. Our invitation is one we think you will not be able to resist, a veritable chance of a lifetime for any real dyed-in-the-wool mystery novel fan.

Why are we so sure you will want to join? Because aside from other advantages you will receive four top-notch mystery novels each month: at least *eight dollars' worth* of the finest mystery fiction. But you pay only *two dollars*—four for one—an absolutely unheard-of-bargain in the world of books.

You owe it to yourself to read the following details of the new club, keeping in mind that we are presently limiting membership to a comparative few—only 10,000 volumes a month—and that if you do not join at once you may find yourself only on a waiting list.

HERE IS THE WAY THE CLUB OPERATES

Every working day of the month our reading staff, composed of mystery fans just like you, sits down with stacks of mystery novels submitted to us by publishers all over the country. They read all day long, and they classify, grade, select and reject. Every single mystery novel recommended by the critics and by a reputable publisher is actually read. The only rule we enforce, in order to protect our members, is that *no novel is considered which has previously been sold at less than $2.00.* The novel need not be brand-new so long as it is comparatively recent, nor do we bar an exceptional novel that has been serialized in a magazine. But one thing we absolutely insist on—the genuine eight-dollar monthly value to our club members. We assure you that the novels selected are really choice, and we guarantee that you cannot buy them for less than two dollars apiece, or eight dollars in all—except through the club.

FOUR BEST MYSTERIES EACH MONTH

Each month, after stacks of submitted novels have been read, we select the four best of the lot, bind them together, complete and unabridged, in one big beautiful book that we send to you. Yes, a real book, specially printed from the *original plates,* handsomely clothbound, and fit for a permanent place in your library.

See what time, money, and trouble you save! You no longer buy blindly, merely *hoping* you will get your money's worth. Our trained staff weeds out all the second-raters, chooses among the best, selects only the finest. Each month your postman hands the resulting volume to you, without fuss or feathers—and you are ready for more weeks of reading enjoyment.

Look to the panel at the right, telling about the novels selected this month. See for yourself the kind of mystery novel you can expect to receive, the titles, authors, and the raves of the critics. Yes, just read what the critics have said about our selections, and then *we dare you not to join.* A real mystery fan would pay many times the club price and know he was getting a bargain.

NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE—YOU CAN RESIGN AT ANY TIME

If you join now we send the four novels described at the right, complete, and bound in one handsome volume. With the volume you receive a bill for $2.00 plus 15c mailing cost, which you pay in five days. And each month thereafter you receive four new mystery novels in the same way, with the same guarantee, and at the same cost.

But note this! You can resign from the club any time at all! You are under *no obligation* to buy four books a year, or eight books a year, or twelve books a year or any books at all. Any time you want to resign from the club you drop us a line saying so and that is all. You are never under obligation to continue as a member.

DON'T WAIT OR HESITATE

Well, what more can we tell you—except of course to urge you to get in on a good thing now, while you can. The number of books to which we have limited the club during these next months is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the potential demand.

So we urge you—don't wait. If the four mystery novels in your first volume do not live up to expectations—then resign. You have that right at all times.

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JETHRO HAMMER
By Michael Venning

An extraordinary book. No one we ever heard of has been able to put it down after reading even a page. A hair-raising psychological drama. **$2.50 at Bookstores.**
"Nothing short of fire or flood will prevent your finishing Jethro Hammer." **Springfield Union.**
"Won't keep you on the edge of your seat—will knock you off it." **Philadelphia Record.**
"You'll want to read it in one breathless sitting." **New York Sun.**

★

DEATH IN THE MIND
By Richard Lockridge and G. H. Estabrooks

Richard Lockridge collaborates with Professor of Psychology Eastabrooks in this tale of a terrible weapon which forced loyal men to become traitors. **$2.00 at Bookstores.**
"An unusual espionage tale." **New York Herald-Tribune.**
"As ingenious a puzzle as has been put together in many a day!" **Springfield Republican.**
"Thrilling, incredible." **New York Times.**

★

APPOINTMENT IN MANILA
By Elinor Chamberlain

When a Javanese kris silenced her friend forever, Olivia Brander had to discover why the murdered man had distrusted his oldest friends. Winner of the Red Badge $10,000 mystery prize. **$2.00 at Bookstores.**
"Grade A." **Saturday Review of Literature.**
"Moves quickly to a stirring climax." **New York Times.**
"Qualities beyond those of the ordinary thriller." **Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury.**

★

THE SCARLET BUTTON
By Anthony Gilbert

James Chigwell, big-time blackmailer, had a thousand enemies. The superb, unorthodox sleuth Arthur Crook plays a tense game with the murderer. **$2.00 at Bookstores.**
"Brilliant crime detection." **Chicago Sunday Tribune.**
"Skillful, exciting . . . unusual." **New Republic**
"Dark deeds, smart sleuthing, creepy atmosphere, with emphasis on suspense." **New York Herald-Tribune.**

THE UNICORN MYSTERY BOOK CLUB GUARANTEE

In each monthly volume we guarantee club members four selected mystery novels which cannot be bought elsewhere in book form at less than $2.00 to $2.50 apiece. We further guarantee that only Unicorn Mystery Book Club members can get this genuine $8.00 to $10.00 value at $2.00 plus mailing cost.

Unicorn Mystery Book Club
Brooklyn 1, New York

Please enroll me as a member of the Unicorn Mystery Book Club, starting with the current monthly volume containing the four mystery novels described on this page. Each month hereafter you are to send me the club selection for that month.

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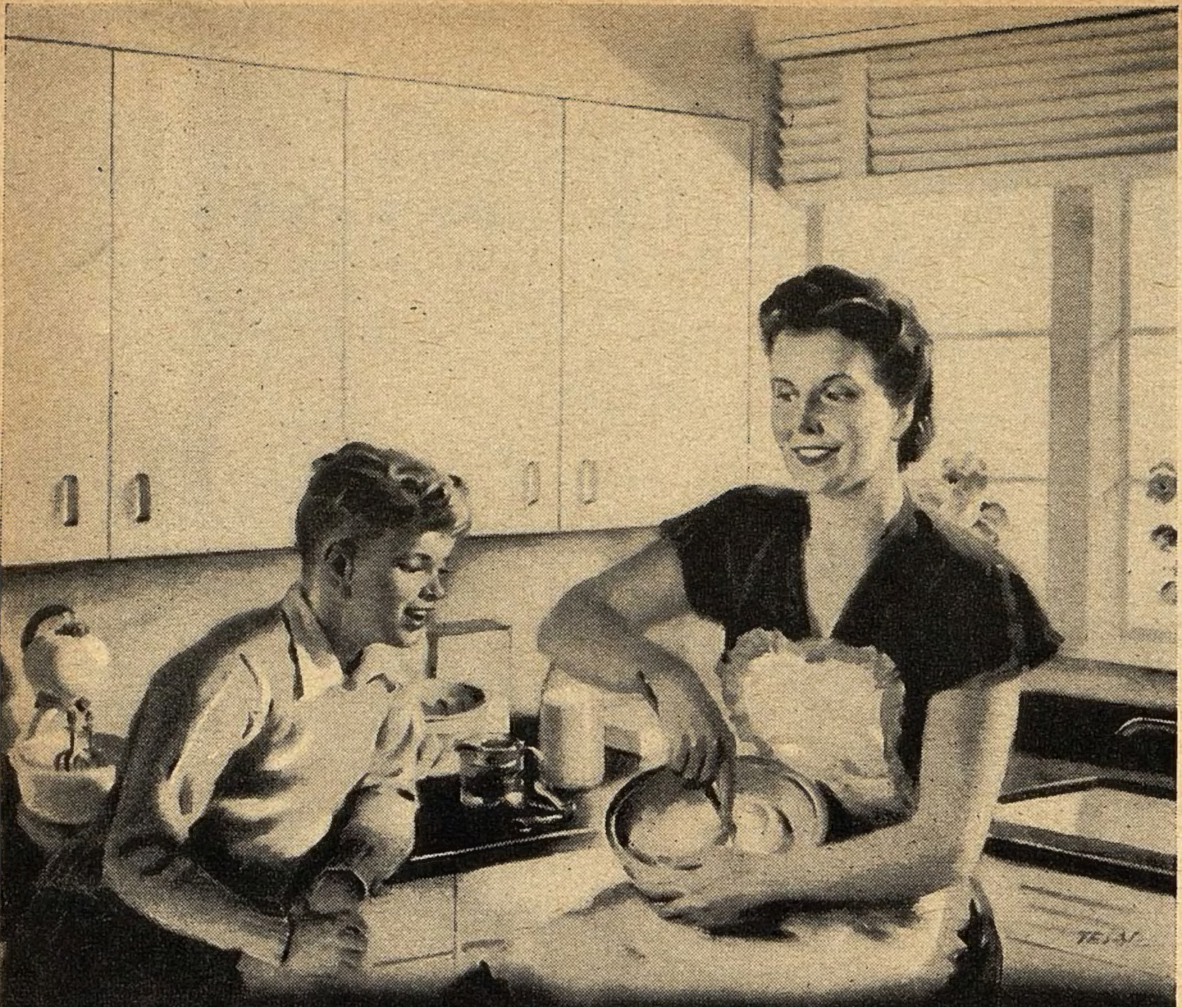

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More than a half century of united purpose has instilled a devotion, and established the reputation for craftsmanship which LEE of Conshohocken tires enjoy.

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

IF MEN WERE CABBAGES

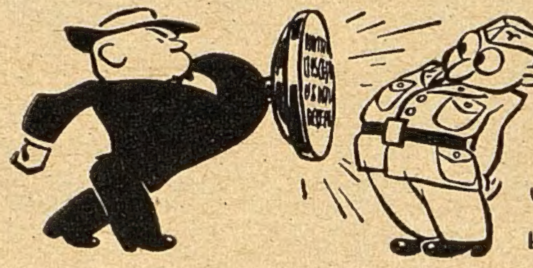
CHICAGO, ILL.—Under a picture of Eugene Talmadge (Camera Eye, September 14) the caption reads, "The constitution says that all men are equal." I do not think this is true. It would be no more correct than for me to say that all cabbages are equal.—*D. Davidson.*

The caption should have read, "All men are *created* equal." That lets out the cabbages. —VOX POP EDITOR.

ON THE BUTTON

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—Colonel Bond stated in Vox Pop (September 7) that "there is no such thing as a 'discharge button' (honorable or otherwise)."

I think the colonel has overlooked a little button the Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard issue to a dischargee. It reads "Honorable Discharge, U. S. Naval Reserve."—*B. Trione.*



ROW, ROW, ROW

OSHKOSH, WIS.—I have owned several rowboats in my time, but the one drawn by Victor Kalin to illustrate Gordon Malherbe Hillman's story, A Happy Man (September 7), is a honey. The right oarlock is way back of the seat, while the left is well to the front. It's good rowing, if you can do it.—*Harry G. Walsh.*

You might be able to do it, but we don't agree it would be good rowing.—VOX POP EDITOR.

CITRUS UTOPIA

ESCONDIDO, CALIF.—May I ask where Dickson Hartwell, the author of Billion-Dollar Orange Squeeze (September 7), got the impression that the orange grower's day begins at seven and ends at five? Can it be that he has never gotten out of bed at 2 A.M. on a frosty morning, with the bottom falling out of the thermometer, to go out and light the smudge pots? Doesn't he ever have to get up in the middle of the night to shift hose or turn his irrigation water into new ditches, or doesn't he put water on his trees?

Or has he found the Utopia of the citrus grower?—*R. J. Carter.*

RELAX AND LAUGH

WEST MONROE, LA.—I'd like to express my gratitude for the short short story, Pretty Larceny, by Adrian Spies (August 31). It's always a treat to read a story that relaxes you so completely and has an inevitable laugh at the end.—*Everette W. Johnson.*

TRIBUTE TO TOLEDO

TOLEDO, OHIO—For the information of B. E. Spence (Vox Pop, September 7), who points to Toledo's ten-day transportation strike as evidence that the Toledo Plan doesn't work, it was through the direct effort of that plan that the L.M.C. (Labor, Management, Citizens Committee) was able to settle that strike when all hope for a quick settlement seemed gone. The plan really works and has for many years. Your article (July 20) was a fine tribute to it. —*James E. Harris.*

MEN OR MICE?

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Tom Quinn calls the great game of football fiendish, outmoded, and uncivilized (Vox Pop, September 7). Did it ever occur to him that football creates the competitive spirit and good sportsmanship that is the basis of all that's fine in democracy?—*O. K. Thackrey.*

PORTLAND, OREG.—It takes brains and quick thinking to play football, as well as strength and power. What did Tom Quinn do at fourteen—play tiddlywinks?—*Dave McGuire.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Mr. Quinn had better think twice about the manly sport of football. Does he wish his son to grow up to be a man or a mouse?—*E. W. Patterson.*

Apparently he wishes his son to grow up—period.—VOX POP EDITOR.

MAN OF HORROR

ABILENE, TEXAS—Joseph Wechsberg's article, Horrors! (August 24), was interesting, but we object to Boris Karloff's being set up as an example. He was referred to as "The Grand Old Man of Horror."

All we have to say is, "Move over, brother, for a wonderful young man of horror with looks as well as talent. —Lon Chaney, Jr.!"—*Pat Pilson, Norma Roberts.*

Just look at that reaction—
to the attraction of P.A.*

P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**—

Women love the looks of a pipe in a man's mouth. They call it "impressive" . . . "smooth." Like crisp linen, fine leather, good tweeds, a pipe *is* smart, manly, and . . . so comfortable!

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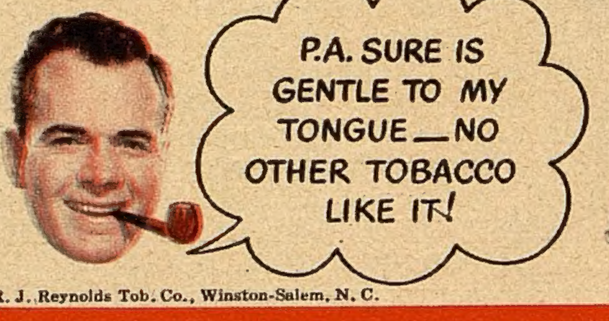
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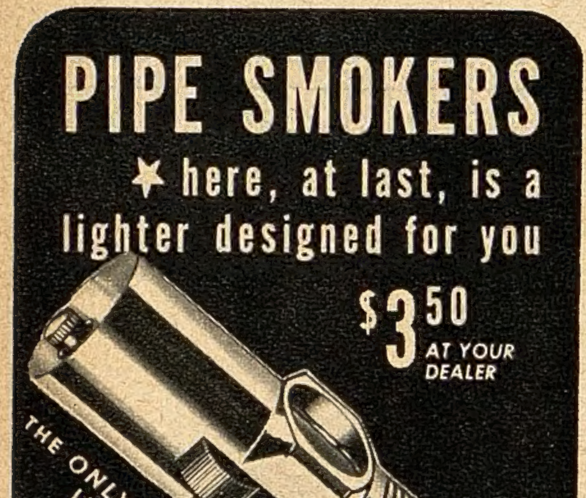
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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

ALTHOUGH 85 per cent of its membership is composed of men who fought in World War II, the top offices in the Veterans of Foreign Wars continue to be held by those who served in other wars.

This was the most contested issue at the Boston encampment, but the young vets didn't get to first base with any of their candidates for the top three national offices. And unless they take an active part in the affairs of their local posts, they may even have trouble winning the junior vice-commandership at the next encampment.

They've got to begin grooming their candidates now if they expect to get representation at the top level in the VFW.

In top office

There is no denying the VFW's appeal to men who saw combat. And therein lies one of its greatest appeals: combat-zone service is a necessary requirement for membership. The overseas atmosphere of its clubhouses also appeals to the men who saw service abroad.

Its members also place great value on the aid and counsel given to veterans and their dependents by the Service Offices scattered throughout the 8,000 VFW posts. The VFW National Rehabilitation Office records show that $142,000,000 in claims against the government have been collected for veterans.

Many find its bonus stand attractive. VFW wants every World War II veteran paid a bonus, or what some call adjusted service pay on the basis of $3 a day for service at home and $4 a day for overseas service, with a maximum of $3,500 for home service and $4,500 for overseas duty. It would also add an extra credit of $500 for any disability as a result of enemy action.

Even though so great an expenditure as this would naturally have to be paid in the years to come by the veterans themselves, as William K. Jackson, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, pointed out at the recent encampment, the delegates didn't ease up their top demand for a $5,000 bonus.

The VFW dangles other attractive membership bait, such as its all-out effort to force a settlement of the veterans' housing situation.

And if you talk to VFW men in the smaller communities they'll tell you that "I joined because VFW is doing the most in my community. It provides a fine clubhouse and its social gatherings mean plenty to a fellow back from overseas. Joining just seemed to be the right thing to do."

* * *

P. C., Birmingham, Ala. As a World War II veteran, you have only until December 31, 1946, to take advantage of citizenship short cuts. Temporary regulations in effect until that date eliminate periods of waiting and other rigid citizenship requirements. You are not the only one involved, because estimates show that 112,000 veterans who went into service before December 28, 1945, are affected.

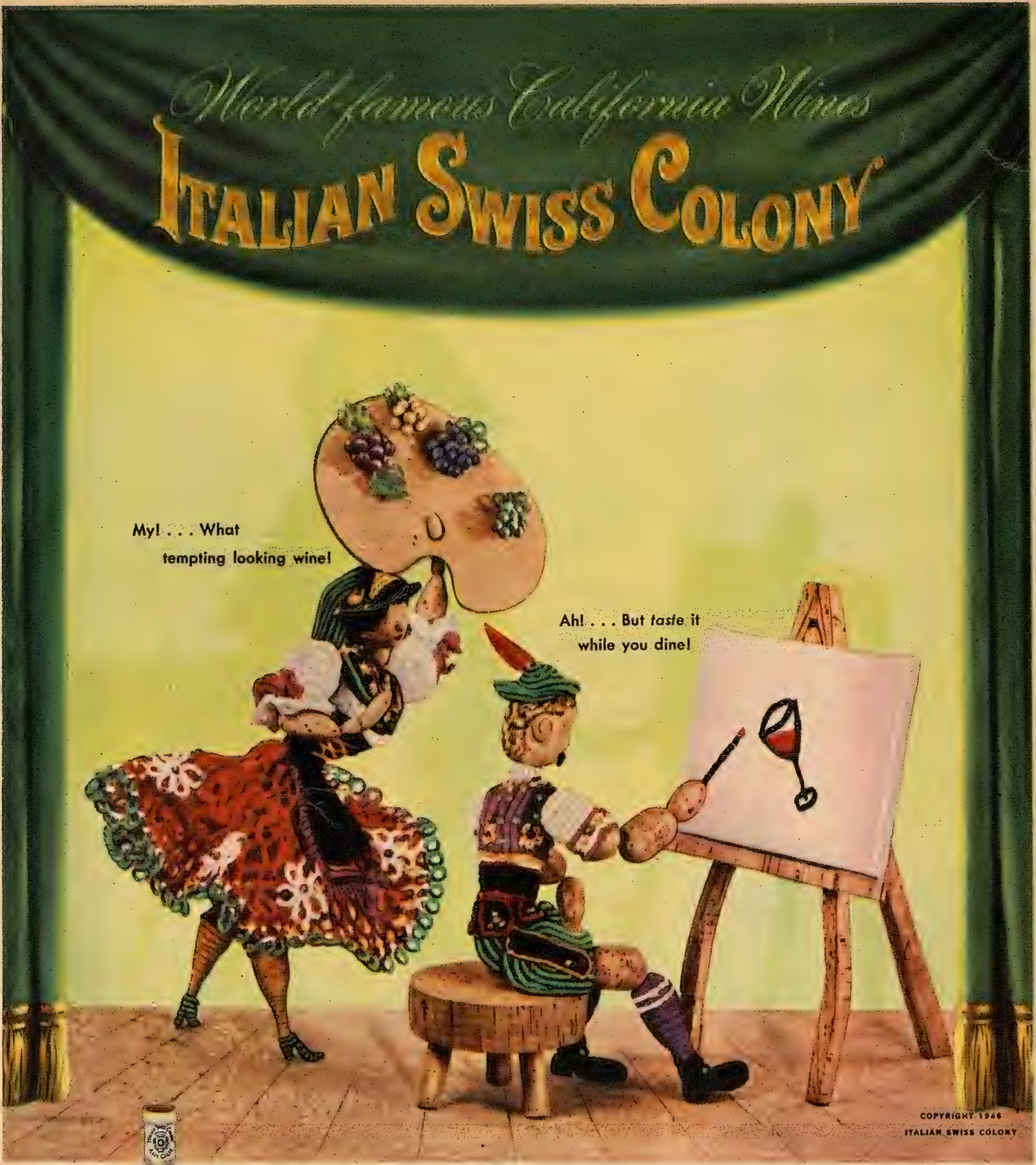
* * *

Mrs. J. N., Tulsa, Okla. The decision as to whether to marry again or not is one I cannot make for you. But I can tell you that if you do marry again, then, according to law, you lose all rights of continuing to receive compensation or pension of your late husband.

* * *

William Schultz, Brazil, Ind. All you have to do is state on your application blank that you do not know how much furlough time is due you, and send it to Finance Office at the place where you were discharged. They will check and figure it out for you.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.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ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
My! . . . What tempting looking wine!
Ah! . . . But *taste* it while you dine!

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Italian Swiss Colony
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One picture may be worth ten thousand words . . . *but* ten thousand *pictures* can't equal *one* taste of Italian Swiss Colony wine.

For the art of wine-making *is* an art with the vintners of this historic California colony.

Here, *sun* and *soil* join with *skill*, handed down through *three* generations, to give you jewel-clear wines — joyous wines — with glorious fragrance and flavor. Tonight, with your meal, enjoy one of the Colony's finest dinner wines — one with the famous Private Stock label. *There* is a picture of pleasure!

Also try Private Stock dessert wines. Delicious!

Tip...try Tipo Red or Tipo White, the Colony's *pampered* dry dinner wines. So light, so dry, so delicious!

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Besides serving 64 cities in 23 states, Eastern Air Lines planes will fly to Puerto Rico and Mexico. The famous Mexico City plaza and Cathedral are shown in the illustration.

To help maintain its high standard of service, Eastern Air Lines, like the majority of others, specifies dependable Champion Spark Plugs for the planes of "The Great Silver Fleet." Such testimony in favor of Champions is powerful evidence they make every engine a more dependable and better performing engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS DEMAND CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

ON THE BEAM

So fog's canceled your flight? Hard luck—but it does cost air-line operators heavily to play safe for themselves and for you

BY WAYNE PARRISH

YOU might not believe it, but it takes 140 men and women to keep one transport airplane flying. For every plane in operation, the following are needed: 8 pilots and co-pilots, 3 stewards and stewardesses, 23 mechanics and riggers, 2 dispatchers, 14 hangar and field employees, 35 office workers, 18 employees on airports and airways, 31 in production, and 6 miscellaneous.

Every transport airplane keeps in the air from eleven to thirteen hours out of every twenty-four. Pilots average about eighty-five hours of flying a month. The airways, airports, and air-line organizations must be on the job twenty-four hours a day.

With this ratio of 140 persons to keep each airplane flying, it can readily be seen that if the airplane is idle, not just in the shop for routine checks and maintenance, or if it doesn't have a paying load, the deficits can mount pretty rapidly.

That's why the big goal of the air lines is to be able to fly 365 days a year regardless of weather. Such reliability is coming despite fogs and other unfavorable weather conditions, although the goal won't be reached for several years. If you are upset because your airplane flight is canceled because of unfavorable weather, just remember that every hour an airplane is not flying costs the operator a lot of money. He loses money by playing safe.

Flight cancellations by all air lines in the course of a year mount into the millions of dollars. But long ago the air lines found that it costs less to have their planes sit on the ground than to endanger them and their passengers by risking bad weather.

An Undeserved "Bad Press"

By this time the fleets of Lockheed Constellations which were grounded in July by the Civil Aeronautics Board are back in service on both domestic and international routes. You may have wondered why the airplanes had been permitted to go into service in the first place if the government later had to ground them until a series of modifications had been effected.

In the first place, the vast amount of sensational publicity in the press can be blamed largely on the inept handling of the whole Constellation matter by the government. Years ago a Fokker airplane was grounded for the making of certain changes to increase its safety, but on that occasion the government called in the air lines and the manufacturers and discussed fully what would be done before it issued the grounding order.

The government grounded the Constellations in the belief that the fire which caused the training accident at Reading, Pennsylvania, came from the engines. Subsequent investigation proved that this was not the cause and that changes in electrical wiring were needed.

Up until the Reading accident in July, the Constellations had flown through all experimental tests and 182,758,000 passenger miles of scheduled air-line service without any injury to passenger or crew member. And the deaths at the Reading accident were of crew members.

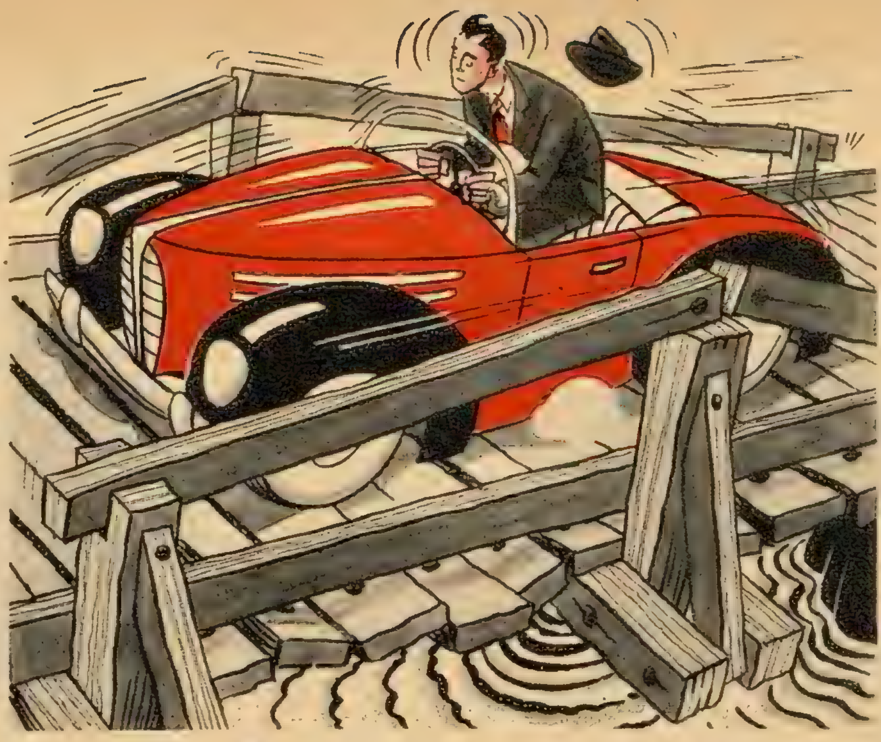
Every new airplane has "bugs"—troubles which can't be foreseen by the designers and engineers and which don't come to light until the airplane has performed under variable conditions over a fairly long period. The Constellation probably had fewer "bugs" than many other planes, and that great amount of unduly unfavorable publicity was unjust to a good airplane and a good manufacturer and to good air lines that were flying the plane. At this writing the Constellation record of passenger safety is the best of any transport airplane ever built.

For Disentangled Air Travel

Encouraging news for air tourists to foreign lands who are baffled by the red tape and barriers to easy and convenient travel is the formation of a Committee for World Travel, Inc., comprising such noted citizens as Donald M. Nelson, Admiral Emory S. Land, Robert H. Hinckley, and R. B. Marston, and headed by L. Welch Pogue, who retired last summer as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. The committee is launching a concerted drive to eliminate the present unnecessary barriers to international travel which are costing the public, Pogue says, "millions of dollars every year in loss of trade and in increased travel costs."

A Correction

In a recent issue of Liberty your On the Beam editor inadvertently misidentified the Indianapolis newspaper that had bought a Piper Cub Coupé for its aviation editor, Gene Dawson, and thereby scored many a news beat. It's the Indianapolis News that bought the Cub, and Dawson is the News' aviation editor. Our apologies to him and to the News for a slip of the typewriter!



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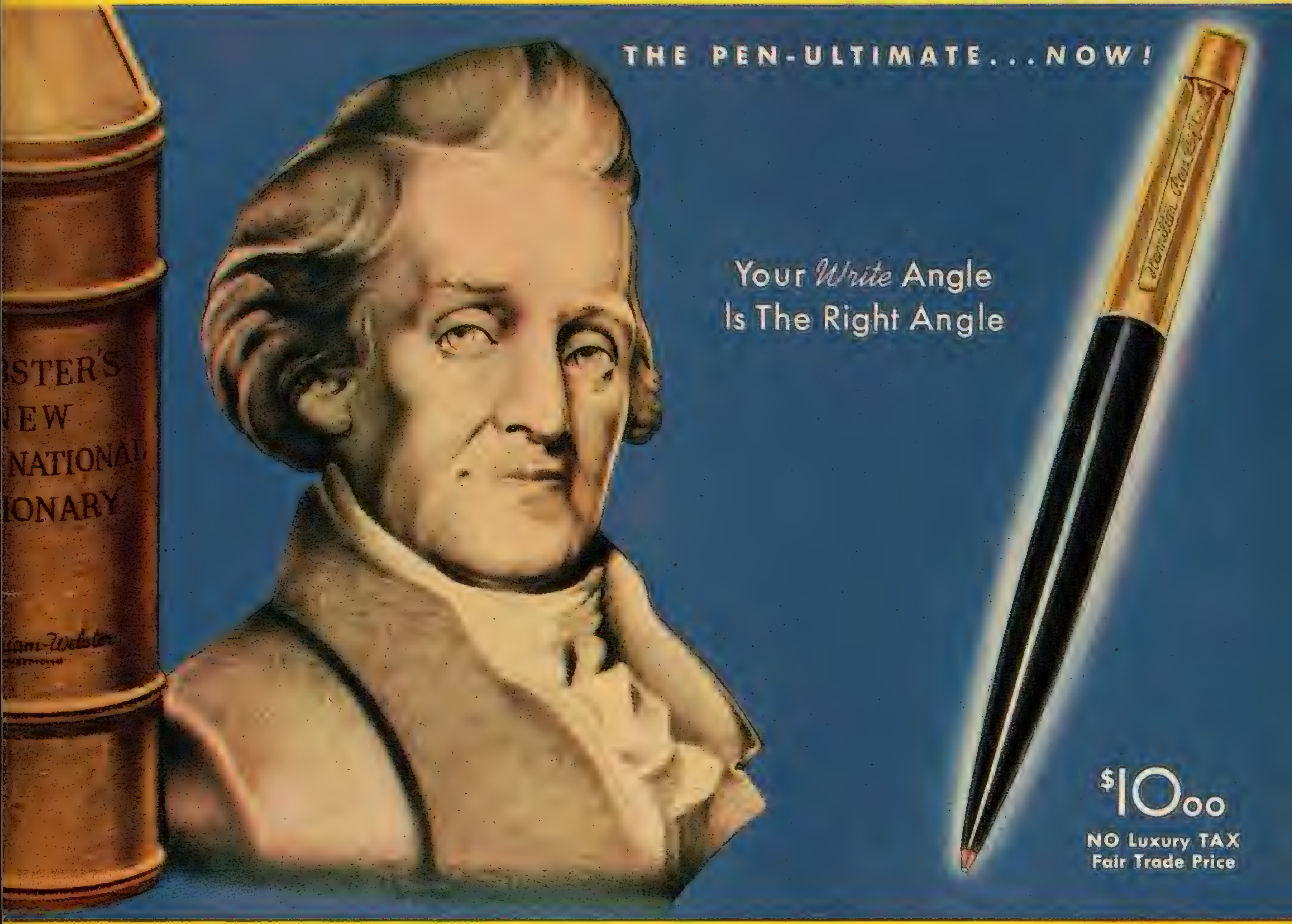

A WORDY GENTLEMAN...AND A WORTHY PEN

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A beautiful streamlined pen...fashioned with the artistry of fine jewelry.

A scientifically balanced pen made of solid rod aluminum. Its precision parts are geared for instant, accurate action.

Will not scratch, blot or smudge.

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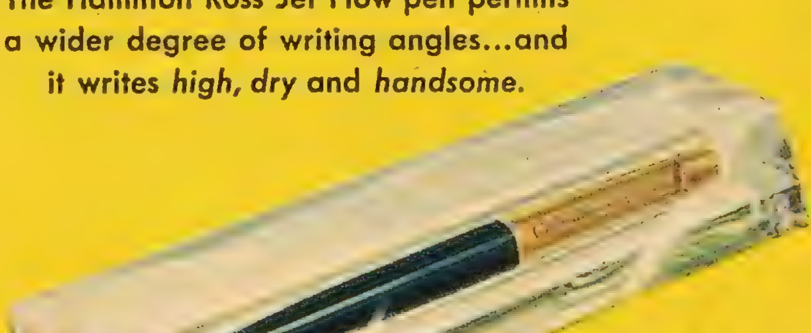
▶ **A half turn of the non-removable cap and click...out comes the point. Another half turn and click...the point is retracted for safe carrying. No loose caps to come off.**

The Hamilton Ross Jet Flow pen permits a wider degree of writing angles...and it writes *high, dry* and *handsome*.



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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Stassen meets the press—"Public opinion is one of the most potent factors in the continuing decisions of a government."

America's Real Secret Weapon

BY HAROLD E. STASSEN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota, looms large as the outstanding candidate for the 1948 Republican Presidential nomination.]

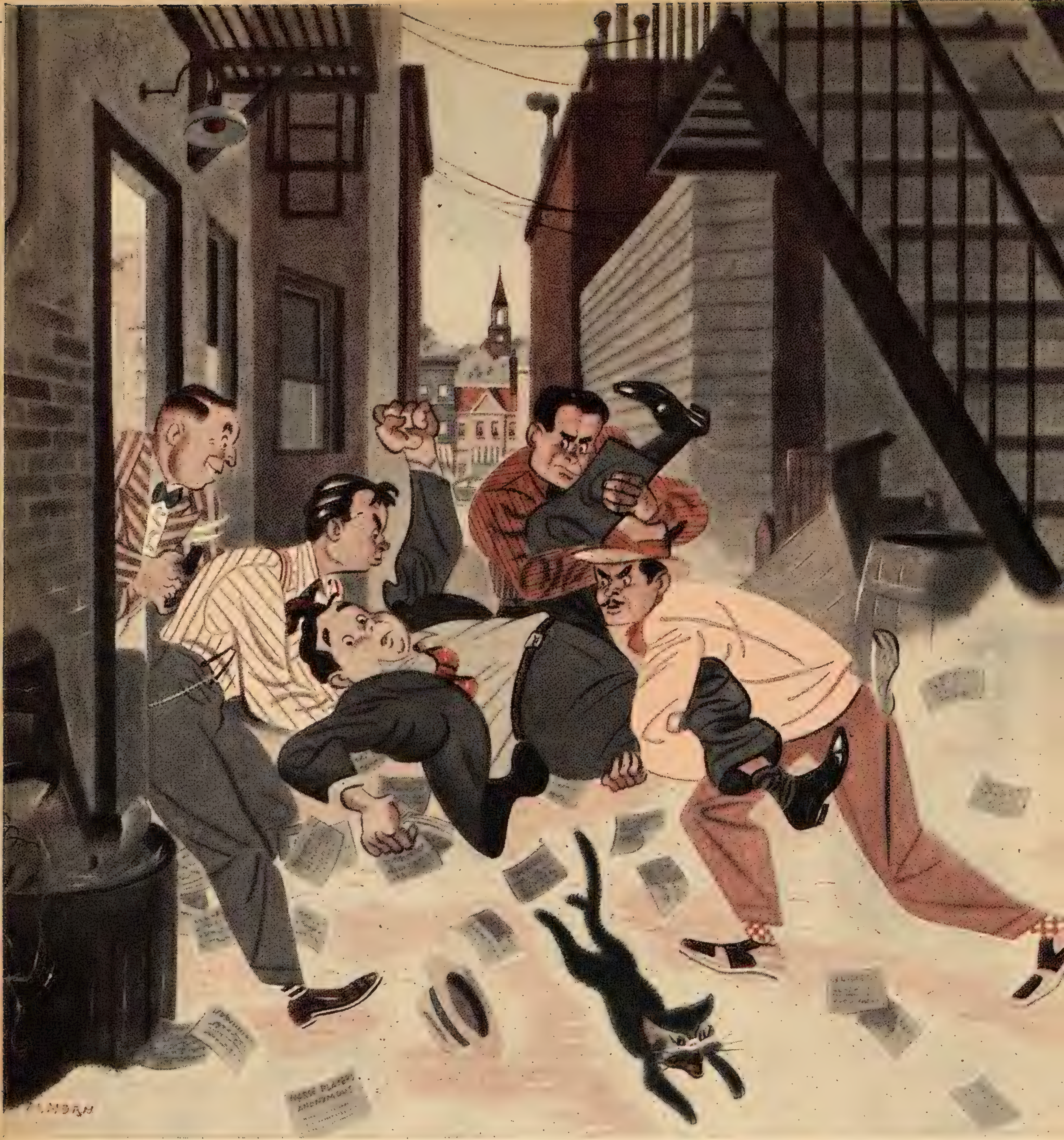
NEXT month a precious free ballot will be waiting for you. On it you can mark some very important Xs. Men have suffered and died to give you this privilege—a privilege which many of the world's people do not yet have. I appeal to you to exercise it.

Every election is important, but this election is especially so. Four hundred and thirty-two congressmen will be elected, for every district in the country (except Maine, whose election is held in September); in thirty-two states, U. S. senators will be elected; thirty-four governors; a host of local, county, district, and state officials; and many bond issues and numerous local charter revisions and state constitutional amendments will be decided.

Your vote, *and whether or not you cast it*, will influence future events not only in America but also in the world. Every country in the world will be watching our 1946 returns

(*Continued on page 82*)

Mr. Stassen tells why next month's voting will be the most significant in years—why, in this of all elections, every American MUST vote



At first Ossie is just a nuisance that is good for a laugh once in a while. But the set-up changes before long.

Horse Players Anonymous was out to rid the town of betting, but it was headed up by the slickest character ever to collect on a three-horse parlay

BY DON TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX HORN

HORSE PLAYER

I GUESS our town can claim credit for having the first and only chapter of Horse Players Anonymous. Ossie Bethlen sees to that.

Ossie was a horse player in his day. Before he reformed. I mean a real horse player. Not one of these guys that puts a buck to show on a beetle once a week, or maybe bets a hide because it's got the same first name as his wife's. I mean a real operator that can't breathe right outside the thick air of a bookie joint, a feeder that thinks money is something the government prints to swap for slips.

It's funny the way Ossie reformed. He's working as a salesman for a plumbing supply house, or anyway he has calling cards that says he's a salesman even if he don't waste time away from Tom Hendricks' or Odin's to go out and bother any customers, and the bookkeeper at this place is another real horse player and he is sending it in by Ossie. Well, one day this bookkeeper takes it on the Arthur Duffy and of course everybody expects the books to show up on the short side. But it turns out the books are O K. and nobody can understand why Ossie quits the races right there. Finally he explains:

"I'm getting ten per cent of that guy's winnings for bein' his runner," he tells us, "and I know he's way in front, but he keeps stallin' me. That's all right by me, because I know if I don't have the dough I don't play it back and I'm buildin' up a nice little bolt for a big play. I know he can't clip me, because it means our jobs if I squawk to the boss and his is worth a lot more than mine. So the day I get word of a live one goin' at Jamaica and I'm ready to ask for my dough or else, this guy does a creep with a blonde his wife don't know about. And my goat runs without a dime of mine on him and he wins for sixty-six eighty. Right there I decide if there's that many things stacked against me and this here bookkeeper ain't even short in his accounts so the cops maybe grab him, I'm through with the races."

Which is as good a reason for quitting the track as any, I guess.

That bookkeeper business does something to Ossie. They say there ain't anybody as smug as a reformed crook and Ossie certainly proves that, as far as horses go. He still drops in at the books, but after that it's strictly to preach the gospel against layin' them across the board.

"Y'see?" he'd say when a guy drops a close one. "Now, if you hadn't bet that dog, you'd still have the dough in your pocket and you could maybe buy the wife a nice little present with it, or somethin'."

Or if a guy won, he'd say:

"Be smart and quit now, while you're ahead. If you don't, you'll wind up playin' it right back."

It ain't hard to see this business don't set so well with the bookies, especially Long John Odin, that owns one of the biggest layouts in town. Ordinarily, Long John is a nice guy with a hearty hello for every customer, but Ossie begins to get on his nerves. Then, one day, Ossie collars a stabber that has just hit for a bundle and he gets him a convert. This character has practically been paying Long John's light-and-heat bill for years and Long John don't like it when he sees the stabber raise his right hand and swear he ain't gonna play no more horses, meanwhile stuffin' hunks of Long John's dough into his pocket with his left hand. Long John is hardly able to smile at all when the character walks out with Ossie trailin' him, beamin' happily.

"If that guy," says Long John, talkin' to anybody in listenin' distance, "ever steps foot in here again, I, personally, will be responsible for what happens to him. And I mean Ossie."

AFTER that, it is a common occurrence for Ossie to get the old heave-o out of Long John's place. Sometimes Long John takes care of the heave-o himself and sometimes he lets one of the flunkies do the job, but the result is always the same.

Ossie makes the rounds every day, irregardless. He would start at Tom Hendricks' place and then go to the Elite Billiard Club and then the Citizens Improvement Association and then Gus Appleton's cigar store and then Long John's place. Pretty soon he is getting the heave-o from all them places, although, personally, I never give him the rush from Hendricks', where I got an interest.

Ossie never varies his system. He would edge into a joint and then get the ear of a guy that's wearing that old gray look a man gets when one that was given to him as a kick-in has run in the can.

"I used to play the horses myself," Ossie would say, confidential. "Never had a dime. Kids didn't know they had a father. Not enough to eat in the house. I quit, and now look at me."

Well, between you and I, he still wasn't no candidate for a whisky ad. That family of his wasn't no threesome and he spent so much time in the bookie joints, crusadin', that he couldn't hold much of a job, so he generally looked like he was going to brace the guy he was talkin' to for a buck to eat on. But he had a sort of a glow on that round pan of his and his eyes used to light up when he gave with the horrors of bettin' the horses.

AT first Ossie is just a nuisance that is good for a laugh once in a while. But that set-up changes before long.

One day Ossie walks into Tom Hendricks' place wearin' a new suit, new shoes, and a hat that don't show any signs of havin' been gave the old heave-o along with Ossie. We all look at him popeyed. The guy at the phones is giving the call on the fourth at Keeneland, but none of us listen. Finally the phone guy looks and he stops giving the call, he is so surprised.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," Ossie says, like he's the mayor passing that bunch of City Hall steps loafers on the way to his office. "I have some cards to distribute if you'll kindly leave me have a coupla minutes of your time which you can spend away from losin' your dough to them beagles."

He marches up to the nearest horse player and hands him a card. I'm next in line and I take a quick hinge at what's printed on mine.

"HORSE PLAYERS ANONYMOUS," it says. "Dedicated to the Rehabilitation of Those Who Have Fallen into the Vicious Habit of Race Track Betting. It is never too late to turn over a new leaf. We want to help you. Your wife and children deserve the few minutes it will take to inquire into this great movement."

At the bottom of the card, in smaller type, is: *"Oswald L. Bethlen, President, H.P.A."*

Tom Hendricks finds his voice.

"What in hell," he asks, "is all this about?"

Ossie turns on him, giving him the old beam.

"Why, I am glad you are the first to make inquiry into this movement, which your wife and children

(*Continued on page 60*)

Wanted: A Baby

Medical science gives new hope to childless couples

BY LYNN COPELAND

PHILIP and Margaret Russell now have a hefty eight-pound boy. Two years ago they feared they were doomed to childlessness. For eighteen months before Philip was sent overseas they wanted a baby. After his return, the old cycle of hope and disappointment began again. Finally, fear of permanent sterility began to menace the five-year harmony of their marriage.

At this point some one told the Russells about a near-by fertility clinic. There, specialists discovered that a blockage of Margaret's Fallopian tubes was making conception impossible. The cure: A Rubin test, which opened the hair-fine passages, giving the spermatozoa access to the ovum. The result: a normal pregnancy, a healthy baby, and a happy couple.

The Russells' case is far from unique. About one out of every eight married couples is childless. Three quarters of these couples are eager to have babies.

Confronted by these unhappy people, specialists have made an all-out effort to solve the baffling mysteries of the ovum and the spermatozoa. Though the science of "birth release" is barely twenty-five years old, in the last decade alone scientists have made tremendous advances. Some doctors report success with one out of every three childless couples.

IT is such a new and complex branch of medicine that comparatively few family physicians have all the required knowledge. It is a long process too. Specialists often take a year testing and observing to determine the causes of infertility in a couple. Once diagnosed, the treatment may take even longer. In addition, it is likely to be an expensive business, and for that reason the new and expanding chains of fertility clinics attached to hospitals, to medical schools, or run by qualified organizations are a boon to low-income couples.

Most couples find it hard to believe that such problems would affect them personally. With Johnny back from the wars and the budget on a normal keel again, they start out to have a baby. But when months go by without any signs of pregnancy, doubts begin to assail them. Is Patricia barren? Is John sterile? The truth is that many couples—both of whose members may be quite fertile—could save themselves useless worry if they understood the essential facts of reproduction. Since conception can occur only during a limited time in the monthly cycle, knowledge of the normal reproductive processes is necessary if they are to get the laws of probability on their side.

In reproduction, the sperm and the ovum must have a meeting ground where fertilization can take place—the Fallopian tube—and a healthy place for development—the uterus or womb—where the tiny embryo can embed itself and grow.

Once a month, usually fourteen to sixteen days before the next menstrual period, the ovary drops an egg into the hairlike passage of one of the Fallopian tubes. This is known as ovulation. If normal, active male spermatozoa are introduced at this period, fertilization is likely to take place. The impregnated egg will slowly continue down the tube, growing as it moves on a four- or five-day journey into the womb. There it will take up the remainder of its 280-day residence for development into a baby.

It sounds simple enough. Yet what are the probabilities of pregnancy taking place? The late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University gives one answer to this question in his book, The Natural History of Population. He took case records of 199 couples who used no contraceptives whatever and found that these, on the average, needed 254 copulations for each pregnancy and 301 for each live birth.

Why is fertilization so difficult to achieve? Even though relations have taken place within the wife's fertile period, there are literally hundreds of other factors that may dim the chances of conception. That's where the fertility experts come in: Perhaps the egg doesn't meet a sufficient number of sperm cells. It may be inadequately nourished in the tubes or in the womb. The ovary may not be discharging eggs at all, even though menstruation occurs. Perhaps the tubes are closed by poor development or previous inflammation. Perhaps fluid in the uterus kills the sperm before they reach the egg. These are a few of the casualties listed by Dr. John Rock of Boston, leading researcher on fertility problems.

Doctors agree that if a couple has tried for a year to have a baby without success, they should ask for medical help before deep-seated neuroses have a chance to take root. But husband as well as wife must be willing to go to a specialist or fertility clinic to submit to tests. For newest findings show that the man shares 40 to 50 per cent of the responsibility for childless marriages.

While one mate may be "at fault" as often as the other, it is more frequently a combination of factors between the two. That is why specialists study an infertile *mating* rather than an infertile *individual.* We all know the story of Napoleon and Josephine, who were sterile together, yet each of whom produced progeny with other mates.

AN appointment with a family doctor is the first step for couples unable to conceive. He may refer them to a specialist or a near-by fertility clinic. What can you expect if you go to a clinic? Let's see what happened to the Russells.

The first step was an interview. A urologist—a doctor who specializes in male genito-urinary problems—took Philip's case history, while another—usually a gynecologist—got pertinent facts from Margaret.

Because sterility seems to occur more frequently in some families than in others, the doctors inquire particularly about family background. They ask also about such diseases as mumps, typhoid fever, venereal diseases, diabetes, and tuberculosis, as well as any history of thyroid disturbances. Margaret gives a complete account of her menstrual periods.

The most significant test for Philip is a microscopic examination of the seminal fluid containing the all-important male cells. It is now known that the presence of live male cells is not enough to produce a baby. Newest tests determine whether

(*Continued on page 74*)

PHOTO BY BANNISTER FROM RALPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Beautiful When Dumb

American women have ugly voices, complains the author. But they *can* make them vibrant and bewitching

BY STEPHEN J. MANSON

AMERICAN women are internationally famous for having the prettiest clothes, the prettiest legs, and the ugliest voices in the world. You don't have to travel far to prove it: ask the nearest man. Better still, if you're a woman, ask yourself—out loud, and listen while you ask.

During a survey conducted by psychologists of an Eastern university, an evenly mixed group of men and women radio listeners were asked to choose between male and female announcers. Ninety-five per cent preferred male. The criticisms most universally offered—women's voices are too high-pitched, indistinct, and monotonous.

There isn't a woman in America whose life would not be more enjoyable if she would spend a fraction of the time—not money—on her voice that she does on her appearance. Voice authorities assert that, barring physical defects, there is no such thing as an intrinsically bad voice: there are only bad habits in using it. Once you are aware of them, they can be overcome.

The first step is, naturally, to hear yourself as others hear you. This is not easy, for the bony structure of your head acts as a sounding board for low overtones, leading you to believe that you are speaking at a much lower pitch than you really are. To measure your innocent self-deception, read this sentence out loud normally, then place your hands in front of your ears, thumbs out, and read it again. *That's* more like the way you sound to others. A phonograph recording of your voice is, of course, an even better guide.

To find your natural pitch, here's a self-testing stunt suggested by the voice experts. Whisper, twice over, a familiar quotation such as "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and at the word "is" on the repeat, say the rest aloud. And if you think this pitch too low, remember it reaches your auditor's ears several notches higher!

Once you've established your proper pitch, it's only a matter of practice. Practice, and avoiding tension, that is; for letting your throat tighten with nervousness or excitement sends your voice straight up into the higher registers of shrill harshness. When this threatens, stop and take a deep breath.

Now for the second criticism, of indistinctness. You don't have to worry about this unless people frequently stop you with "What?" or its equivalent. If they do, you are not enunciating clearly.

Here are the simple exercises which, experts say, will overcome this: Starting with the mouth closed, drop the lower jaw by relaxing the muscles completely, until the thumb can be inserted between the teeth. Return jaw to closed position. Gradually quicken the pace without using the thumb, until the jaw appears to be swinging freely open and shut.

The practice sentence to follow this is: "I called to the hallboy to bring me some water."

To increase the flexibility of the lips: With lips together and teeth slightly apart, puff the lips apart with the breath (as for the letter "p" in the word "apart"). Repeat rapidly, and substitute "b" sound. In this sound a slight tone is added as the lips are about to open.

A practice sentence for this is the familiar "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

For clean-cut rapid enunciation, the tip of the tongue needs special exercises all its own. Drop the jaw to position for "ah," and slowly lift the tip of the tongue until it touches the palate just back of the front teeth. Drop it back and repeat slowly, then rapidly.

Monotony, the third criticism, is the result of speaking all on one note. Listen to stage, screen, and radio actresses. They have worked hard at exercises similar to those you have just been mouthing tentatively, and you can pick up many hints from them.

A new acquaintance is judged as much by her voice as by her appearance. It is a potent element in the balance between an attractive and an unattractive personality. Is it not odd that American women who spend millions annually on clothes and beauty culture can remain so sublimely indifferent to how they sound? Fashions in dress come and go their expensive ways. Fashions in voices never change.

THE END

Amazing are the cash gifts the Treasury receives from conscience-troubled citizens. And even a nickel gets them a letter of thanks

A Civil War veteran sent in $200 for the equivalent of a jeep—he had stolen a mule.

BY STACY V. JONES

Enclosed Find Check

IF you swiped a jeep when you left the service (and mind, we're not saying you *did*), you can square yourself with your conscience by sending a check to the U. S. Treasury. The Treasury won't tattle to the War Department about you. It will quietly drop your "donation" into its Conscience Fund.

The Treasury is used to the old soldier's tender conscience, for the fund has shown a bulge after every war since 1861. The boys of World War II are sending in most of today's contributions. Though none of them has actually paid for anything as big as a jeep, a colonel did send $800 because he felt that he had done some goldbricking in the army.

One ex-G.I. got religion and began making restitution for a sin he'd committed while traveling on army orders. He enclosed $6 in a letter to the Treasury. He explained that the army had provided him with $6 a day and meal tickets too. But it wasn't necessary to use any part of his daily cash allowance because he managed to get enough to eat on the meal tickets and kept the $6. As the trip took four days, he acknowledges that he still owes $18, and promises to send that when he's in funds.

Frequently the misappropriation of army goods is involved. A priest forwarded $41 on behalf of one veteran for goods he had sold overseas. An anonymous ex-soldier mailed in $50 for materials "lost" (the quotation marks are his).

The term "Conscience Fund" is really just a handy misnomer. The contributions of servicemen and others so listed aren't kept as a separate fund or account that can be used for any special purpose. Along with other donations that the Treasury receives, they go into the general fund out of which all expenditures of the government are made.

The military contributors took over the lead last spring from the followers of Father Divine of Philadelphia and Harlem, whose gifts were then coming in at the rate of six or eight a day. The Treasury indeed benefited through the qualms of many of the faithful who really didn't owe the government anything. Father Divine had instructed them to liquidate all their debts, no matter how old, and if they couldn't find the real creditors, to send the money to the Treasury. So the Treasury collected both for itself and for others, until Father Divine put his foot down on any further payments by his adherents. He was indignant because they could not vote or register their cars in their religious names, such as Holy Quietude, Angel of Rest, and the like.

Most peacetime years bring a conscience yield in only four figures. But since Pearl Harbor the fund has been increased by about $300,000, and the grand total turned in since 1811, when the fund got its first donation, now exceeds $950,000.

Through various wars, the pattern of soldier remorse and restitution has run pretty much the same. A Civil War veteran sent in $200 for the equivalent of a jeep —he had stolen a mule.

Citizens have bestowed cash gifts on the Treasury in three different ways: (1) since 1811 through the Conscience Fund; (2) since 1862 as unconditional donations; and (3) during World War II as donations for the war effort. Those with no strings attached, in the second group, have exceeded $6,000,000. Cash gifts during the war added nearly $7,500,000. With the Conscience Fund, the total is nearly $15,000,000.

Each donor of $5 or more (except to the Conscience Fund) gets a handsome engraved certificate. And even the donor of a nickel, if he is known, gets a letter of thanks.

The Treasury noticed a tremendous jump in nonwar "donations to the United States" beginning in January, 1942. They were coming, curiously enough, through the OPA. In all, the OPA has turned over nearly $4,000,000 in such gifts. It developed, however, that they weren't all voluntary. About three of the four millions were scared or shamed out of dealers accused of price violations before July 1, 1944, when the Price Administrator got authority to sue for treble damages if the consumer didn't. Since the OPA got the right to sue, settlement payments have gone into another Treasury account. Donations, however, are still coming in. They include sums that are really conscience money, received anonymously from merchants and consumers who have been black-marketing. Others come unsolicited from admirers of the OPA who want to further its cause.

To help finance the war, about fifty persons made regular contributions from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day. Another 150 sent contributions several times a year. Vincent Sardi, owner of a famous Broadway restaurant, gave the interest on his war bonds. The Buck of the Month Club at the Lockheed Vega plant in Burbank, California, sent in $1,000 a month.

The largest donation for the war was $400,000 from Horace E. Dodge and Anna Dodge Dillman of Detroit. It paid for construction of a gymnasium at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

In addition to the cash donations for war, Americans gave their government more than $10,000,000 worth of other things. These gifts came in through various departments and were in great variety, ranging from a greenhouse to 15,000 carrier pigeons.

With few exceptions, the gifts that arrive directly at the Treasury are in cash. But the Treasury's Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants isn't surprised at anything. Once someone sent in three light bulbs, evidently snitched from the Signal Corps.

THE END

YOU BRING ME *Luck*

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

When Señor Parker stepped down the gangplank, wild-eyed adventure, in the person of Pedro, stepped up to meet him

BY EDWARD STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

I SUPPOSE his mind began to hatch the scheme the moment he saw me disembark from the rusting tramp which brought me to Santiago de Cuba early that broiling Tuesday morning. He was leaning against a packing case on the pier, a brown Cuban cigarette dangling from his lips, his soiled white linen suit looking as if he had slept in it; and as soon as he saw me he darted forward and relieved me of my suitcase. Thin, wiry, a bit over five feet tall, he had a dark leathery face which appeared to have been ill used, and black eyes which gleamed shrewdly in the shadow cast by his shapeless panama.

"Welcome, señor! Pedro Alvarez is at your service." His English had but a trace of accent.

A moment later I was installed beside him in his ancient touring car. With a few leading questions he learned that I had just come from Inagua, where I had been chief engineer in the construction of a salt-from-the-sea processing plant, and that I was to remain in Santiago until Thursday, when a banana ship would take me back to the States. For his part, he confided that he was a keen admirer of the United States and hoped some day to visit that great land.

"Harlem!" he sighed rapturously. "Coney Island!" Then as an afterthought, or perhaps as a sop to my cultural sensibilities, he added somewhat less enthusiastically, "Symphony concerts!"

What happened subsequently I can only attribute to the inevitable magic of the tropics—after all, I had been on Inagua for the better part of six months—and to the fact that after fifty-seven years of prosaic respectability I probably decided that one small fling could do me no harm. Normally, I'd never have put myself in the hands of a fellow like Pedro, for he had rogue written all over him.

After I had checked in at the hotel, he took me to Morro Castle, to San Juan Hill, and to a sugar plantation. All of this, of course, was in the best tourist tradition; even Pedro's spiels had a slightly Baedeker flavor. Except for his driving, in which he seemed to put all his reliance upon his klaxon and none at all upon his brakes, the trip up to that point was uneventful.

Upon our return to Santiago, we stopped at a rum factory. Naturally, I assumed that I was to be conducted through the plant. Instead, Pedro took me to an outdoor pavilion where a five-piece orchestra was making strange rhythms and men and women, obviously tourists like myself, were drinking and dancing. We sat at a table near the bandstand and Pedro summoned a waiter, whom he addressed in Spanish. The waiter departed, to reappear a few moments later with two glasses and a pitcher containing a pale yellow cool-looking concoction. Pedro filled the glasses.

"It is free," he said. "Compliments of the management."

Except for an occasional sherry on festive occasions, I never touch liquor, but as I did not wish to offend the management and perhaps engender international ill will, I accepted the proffered glass. The drink was bland, rather like a punch, and as our tour of the dusty Cuban highways had left me very thirsty, I drank it with relish.

"Not bad," I said as Pedro refilled my glass. "Not bad at all."

MY memory of what occurred after the fourth drink is hazy. I do know that I rumbaed with a Cuban lady in a red dress. Of my partner, I recall only her wide laughing mouth, her imposing torso, which she employed with telling effect in the dance, and her whispered "Ah, *sí!*" whenever some gyration of mine elicited her approval. Our performance appeared to please the spectators, for they applauded us generously.

The next thing I knew, Pedro was shaking me vigorously. "Señor Parker! Señor Parker!" His anxious voice seemed to come from very far away. My head was throbbing and my mouth felt scalded. I was lying on the back seat of his car, and the black night was all around us.

"Ah, you sleep like the dead," Pedro said. "Come, we are late. The cockfights are already started."

"Cockfights? I want nothing to do with cockfights. I want to sleep."

"You must come. You are to bring me luck." He held a bottle to my lips. "Drink. You will feel better. Much better."

I drank, and after the corrosive action of the liquor had subsided somewhat, I did feel better. But not much.

Despite my protests, Pedro led me into what was apparently an abandoned warehouse, a ramshackle, stiflingly hot building. A few unshaded electric bulbs cast an island of baleful yellow light round the cockpit itself, but the outer reaches were in total darkness. Although cockfighting is legal in Cuba, there was something furtive about this enterprise which led me to suspect that it did not have official sanction. Perhaps the promoter had voted wrong in the last election.

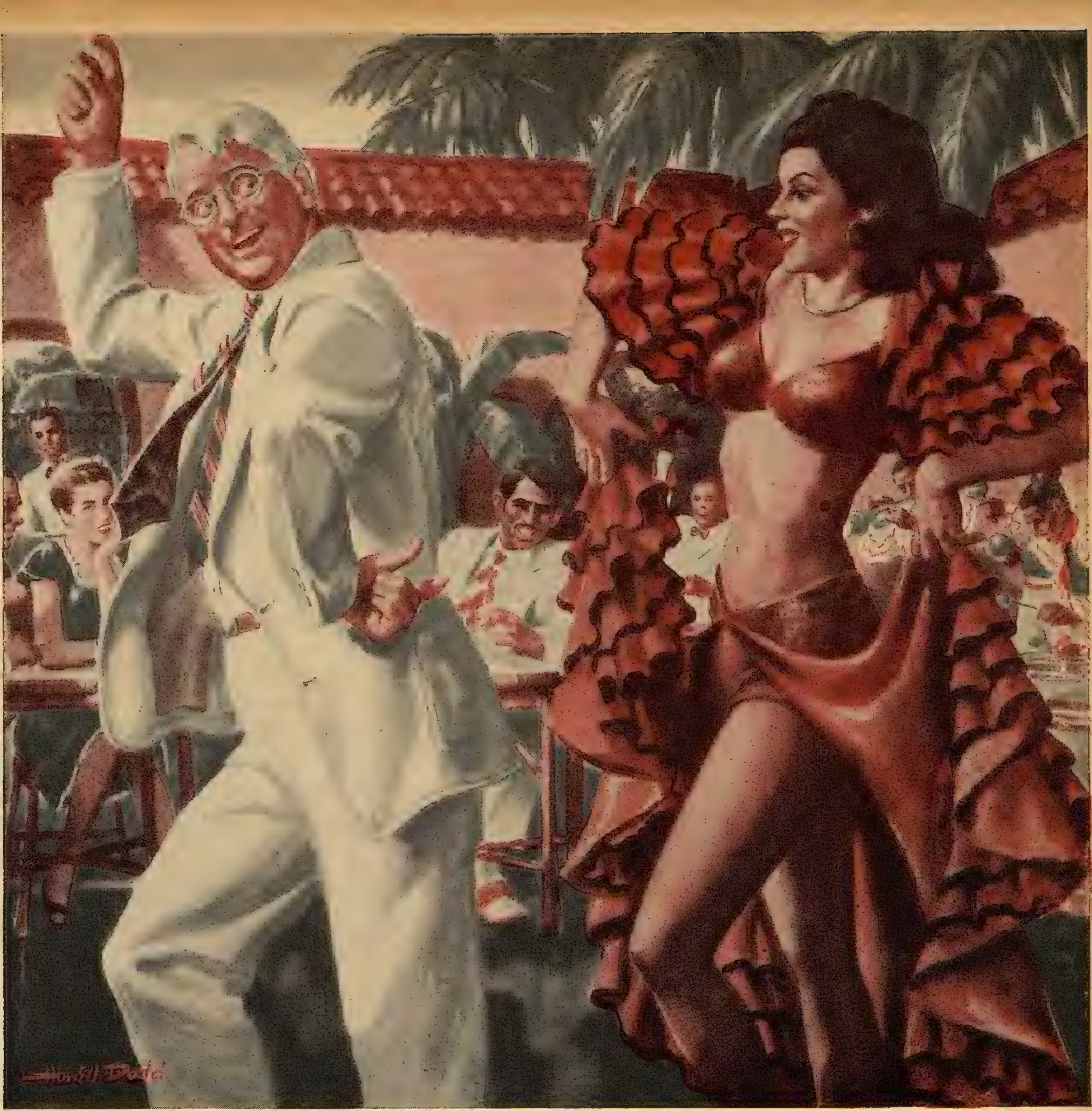
I DON'T suppose there were more than fifty-odd people in the whole place, but their excited jabbering made them seem much more numerous. Some looked like prosperous business men, while others wore the rough garb of field hands—a few still even wore their machetes in their belts—but all were voluble. As we approached the cockpit, a number of them turned and gazed at us with a mixture of suspicion and hostility, and several of them addressed contemptuous-sounding remarks to Pedro, who replied in kind.

"I want to go back to the hotel," I said.

"Soon," Pedro said. "First you bring me luck."

A fat man with an oily complexion and glittering little eyes bore down on us, seized Pedro by jacket, shirt, and quite possibly some loose flesh, and was apparently about to toss him bodily out when Pedro's rapid eloquence saved the day. The man released him and looked at me appraisingly. His expression underwent a startling change. He smiled, bowed, extended his hand. "Señor Parker," he said graciously.

"Who is he?" I asked Pedro.



My memory of what occurred after the fourth drink is quite hazy. I do know that I rumbaed with a Cuban lady in a red dress.

"The betting man," Pedro said. "Many time he take my money. Tonight you bring me luck. I take *his*."

"Pedro," I said, "I think I am going to be sick."

"No!" Pedro said sternly. He produced the bottle again. "Take some more of this. It fix you up."

I did not want any more of the vile stuff, but as it seemed to be a question of drinking or bringing American manhood into disrepute in a foreign land, I took a long, choking swallow.

The rest is fragmentary, like something seen through a fog which thinned and thickened capriciously. Happily, I remember little of the cockfights themselves except the fury of flying feathers and the wicked glint of blood-stained spurs. I was aware of noise and a sweaty, milling confusion all around me. The fat man came to me after each match and thrust money into my hands, and each time he seemed angrier than the time before. Once I tried to explain to him that I did not want his money, but this only caused him to spit wrathfully and prompted Pedro to give me a kick in the shins. At blessed last the final match was over. The fat man, now almost apoplectic, had handed me another fistful of bills, and Pedro had led me out into the welcome coolness of the night.

"Please take me back to the hotel, Pedro," I said as I settled myself beside him on the front seat of the car. "I think I am going to die."

"Si, Señor Parker," Pedro agreed. "But first, you give me the money."

"The money? Oh, yes, the money that fool in there gave me." I pulled wad after wad of bills from my pockets and handed them to Pedro. "Why did that idiot give all this money to me?"

"Because the birds you bet on have great luck and win all their fights."

"I didn't bet on any fights. Or *did* I?"

"No, señor. I bet on the fights."

"Then why did he give *me* the money?"

"Because I tell him it is you who is making the bet. He know I have no money, but a rich American, that is different."

"Good heavens, you bet in my name?" I cried. "What would have happened to you if your birds had *lost?"*

Pedro had arranged the bills in a neat pile and now he stuffed them into the inside pocket of his jacket.

"I would go to the hospital," he said sadly. "Same like last time."

THE END

King Cotten

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

FOR an actor who never caused a heart flutter until he was pushing forty, Joseph Cotten is doing all right. Today the forty-one-year-old star of David O. Selznick's $7,300,000 Duel in the Sun and of RKO's Katie for Congress has become one of Hollywood's top quickeners of the feminine pulse. He now gets 3,500 fan letters a week, nearly all of them from women.

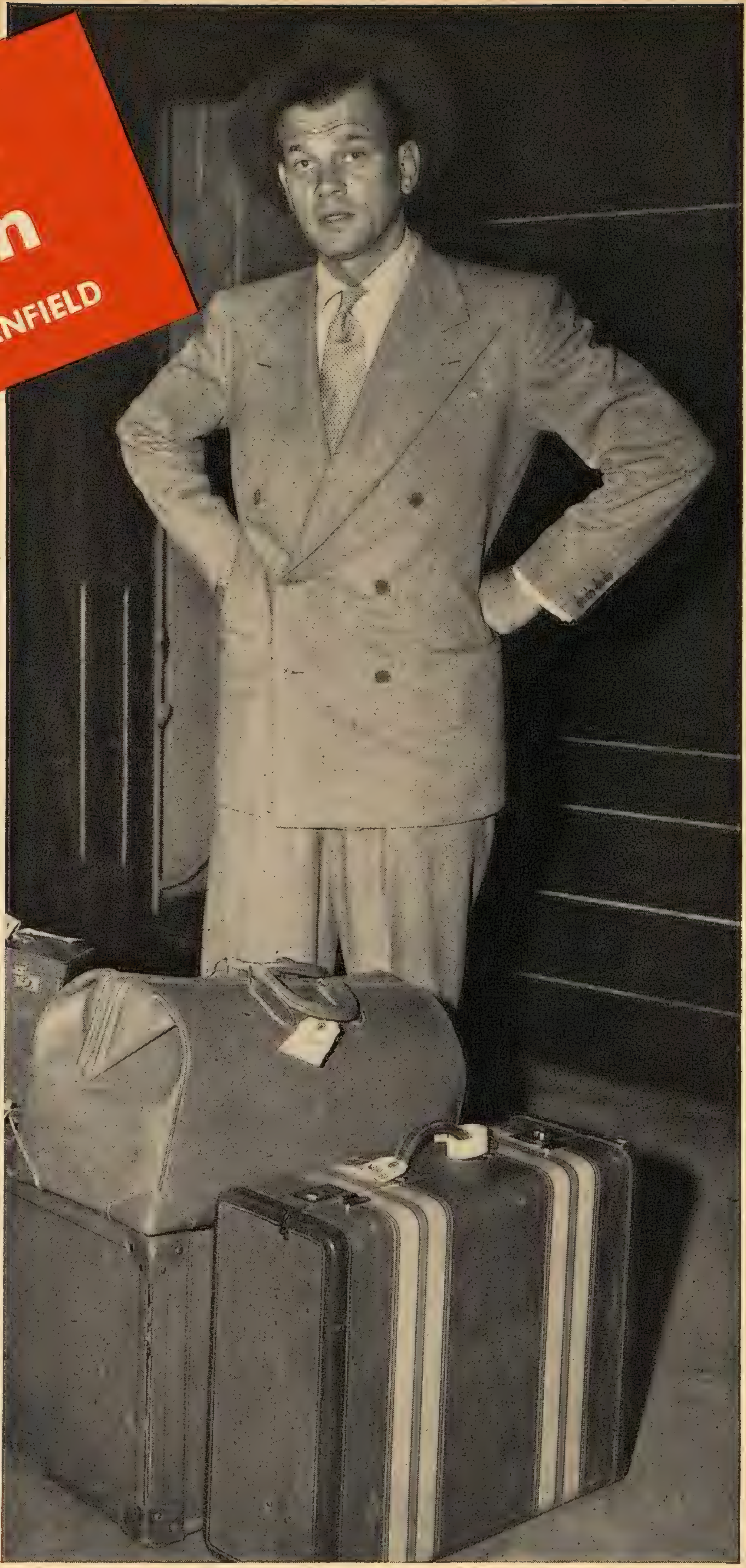
When you consider that the Gary Coopers and the Ray Millands have been making with movie romances for years, what Virginia-born Joe has accomplished at his age is quite something, even for Hollywood. For this new twist to his career, Cotten gives credit to Selznick.

Selznick had had his eye on Cotten ever since he had played the role of the octogenarian critic in Citizen Kane. Alexander Korda also had been impressed with that performance. So much so that he signed Cotten to a contract. They made a picture called Lydia. But it didn't turn out so well. Under a new contract, Korda and RKO shared Joe in a split deal. The option wasn't taken up by RKO when The Magnificent Ambersons and Journey into Fear received no great acclaim. It was then that Selznick signed him.

Today RKO is paying the more discerning Selznick a six-figure salary for the loan of Cotten for Katie for Congress. And Joe has a new contract with David O. that runs for seven years. Under it he has a choice of pictures, and, in addition to his fat salary, he has a percentage deal.

All this might lead you to think that movies have been a cinch for Cotten. Even after a successful year

At forty-one, Joe Cotten ranks among the top quickeners of the feminine pulse



Joe is six foot two and ruggedly built. Once a center on a pro-football team in Washington, D. C., today he keeps in shape by swimming, gardening, and playing hard tennis.

opposite Katharine Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story, it wasn't Joe the movie moguls tapped for the chief male role when the play was filmed. It was Cary Grant.

Cotten had made screen tests, but he looked awful in all of them. "I tried as hard as I could," he says, "but I just didn't come out a movie personality." Anyway, he wasn't interested in movies, or so he said.

Still, when Martha Scott, with whom Cotten was then doing a series of summer radio shows, had to leave New York for Hollywood, Joe and his wife, Lenore, went along—but, of course, just to continue the broadcasts. And since he was in Hollywood it wouldn't hurt to try again, so he made a test for Columbia Pictures.

"Even though I looked funny," he says, "the producer offered me the lead opposite a star, but the script was so bad I had to turn it down." Then, a little later, his friend, Orson Welles, gave him a role in Citizen Kane. Citizen Kane didn't go very far, but it brought Joseph Cotten to the attention of Selznick.

Joe was sixteen when the acting bug first bit him. That was twenty-five years ago, and at least half of those years were lean, if not downright hungry, for Joe Cotten of Petersburg, Virginia.

He gives the horse laugh to such studio press agentry as "some men climb to fame. Joseph Cotten pole-vaulted." Like many another, he got the brush-off during his first attempts to get on the stage in New York. That was after he'd taken a course in dramatics at a school in Washington. When he got hungry enough, he put acting down as a childish whim and went to work as a paint salesman. Broadway quickly palled on him then. Miami and the Florida land boom called. There were millions to be made in real estate. But not for Cotten. He had to do it the hard way. At various times he peddled paint, sold advertising for the Miami Herald, and on the side he started a potato-salad business. He was even his own potato peeler. He did very well until the drugstores found they could make their own potato salad—and cheaper.

It was in Miami that the stage bug bit him again through a little-theater group. That was where he met his wife, Lenore Kipp, who played the piano backstage. The first time he saw her, Joe told a friend, "I'm going to marry that girl."

Joe returned to New York and finally got into the big time in a small way. Later, in Boston, when he was the leading man in the Copley Theater, he and Lenore figured things were going well enough for them to get married. That was in 1931. Then the depression struck, and he did everything *but* act on the stage. He posed for "before and after" ads. He worked in commercial movies. Later he was in a lot of plays, but they were all flops. Accent on Youth was the first play he was in that ever had a run, and he became a featured player in the theater.

When conjurer Orson Welles was spellbinding the multitudes, good friend Cotten allowed himself to be vanished in a trunk.

Mrs. Cotten was Lenore Kipp when she met Joe in Miami fifteen years ago. She was a pianist for a little-theater group.

Joe today is a contradiction. On the one hand he is a dilettante, a mere dabbler; on the other, the best handy man a wife ever had the good fortune to marry. The only thing Joe can't fix is the plumbing.

He has an acid tongue, particularly for autograph seekers. He gets no pleasure from recalling how he and his wife were chased by a bunch of kids and had to take refuge in the New York Racquet Club where no woman had ever been. "They"—the club guardians—"said Lenore had to go out, and we said we weren't going out in that mob, with kids spitting in our faces. Those little monsters were trying to break the door down. Finally the management sneaked us out the back way. You should have seen the cook. He almost cut his finger off when he saw a woman."

OLDER residents of Petersburg, where Joe was born May 5, 1905, remember him in a velvet suit, wearing long curls. He learned to fight at a tender age as a defense against cries of "Yah! Yah! You're a sissy!" His father, postmaster of Petersburg, finally had the curls cut off, to the immense relief of Joe and the tears of his mother and grandmother. Little Joe was gone, and in his place was a guy who figured he had to be tougher and more incorrigible than anyone else to erase the "sissy" label.

In grade school, Joe worked summers in his uncle's box mill. He also had a magazine route. While in high school, he found himself involved in many boyish pranks. So it was not surprising that he met with little family resistance when, at sixteen, he decided to go in for dramatics. He studied at the Hickman School of Expression in Washington, D. C.

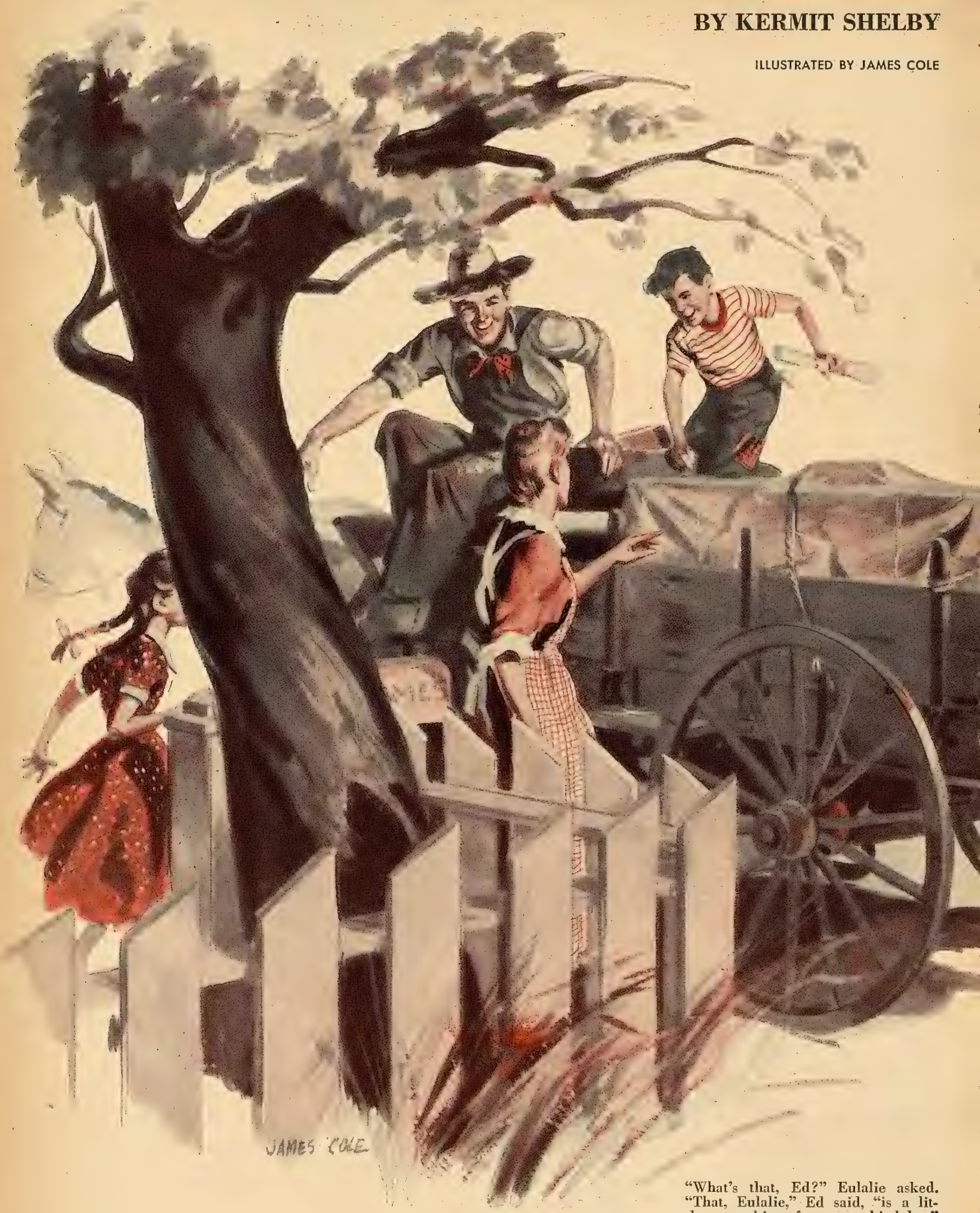
He admits that was the period when he learned some poetry which he used effectively on his girl friends. He wows 'em en masse these days. And if you think he's turning the clock back a bit too far to play a twenty-eight-year-old lawyer in Duel in the Sun, his feminine fans will quickly tell you that Joe Cotten is one actor who looks younger with every picture.

THE END

Loafing and fishing are every man's dream, but there's a stronger dream that only work can make true

BY KERMIT SHELBY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE



"What's that, Ed?" Eulalie asked. "That, Eulalie," Ed said, "is a little something for your birthday."

THE WATERMELON Song

WITH their breakfasts still warm inside them, Jody and his father waded through the August dew of the watermelon patch, loading melons on the wagon. The sun had not yet risen. Chill dampness penetrated Jody's overall legs and the Missouri sand coated his toes.

"Whoa, Maud," Ed Ames called to the mule. "Come night, you won't be so fidgety. Lor-dee!" The last word was an extended yawn. He was a big man in his early thirties with sleep-tousled thick hair and boyish blue eyes. "Come Monday, Jody, I aim to sleep a week solid."

Ed lifted a particularly big melon—the kind, back in 1915, as it was then, you called a fifty-center. Jody carried the little melons, because he wasn't yet twelve and the wagon was tall, and if you dropped a melon it was good-by. But some day he would carry the big ones.

"If you sleep a week, dad," Jody said, "that'll leave us only one more week before haying season starts. And you promised to teach me to float on my back. You promised."

Ed grinned as simultaneously they looked toward Blue Ditch, which all summer long had been their mecca. Blue Ditch was to be their reward for tending the crops. Ed had a way with him, looking forward to these two weeks of rest to come, that all through the long hot days they had worked together planting melons, hoeing melons, plowing melons, and now, at long last, loading melons made it sound as if, after melons were loaded, everything was going to be pure heaven. They had even made up a song about it. The Watermelon Song. You sang it to the tune of Old Black Joe and Jody's sister Marge, just nine, could play it on the organ.

After melon season
  I aim to take my ease,
Lolling on old Blue Ditch
  In the summer breeze.

Ed will catch the catfish,
  Jody put 'em on a string;
Home to chicken and dumplings—
  Marge will get the wing.

Eulalie had owned the organ when Ed married her thirteen years ago, and it was kind of wheezy now, but Marge could do wonders with it. Ed claimed that last verse wasn't quite right because it left out the most important member of all—Eulalie, the get-up-and-go gal who kept them all stepping.

"Shucks, Ed," Eulalie told him, pleased for being noticed, "don't you know the cook gets all the smells?"

Sometimes it seemed to Ed that's all Eulalie had got out of the deal. Smells.

"BEST crop of melons we ever had, Jody," Ed now said for Jody didn't know the how-manyth time. "If we get a good price—and we ought to, ours are earliest—I'm studying some little pretty for your mama. What you think she'd like best?"

"Well," Jody said, pleased, "she could use a new dress. Her birthday's coming up, too, dad. Nineteenth, ain't it?"

"Nope," Ed said. "Fourteenth. I always get it mixed up, but this year I wrote it down. Why, Jody"— Ed paused with a melon half lifted—"*tomorrow's* the fourteenth! It is, for a fact."

Jody said, "She likes gingham best, for Sunday."

"I'm not studying gingham, Jody," Ed said. "I'm studying silk. Pure best silk."

"Gee whillikers!" Jody sat suddenly down in the melon patch at this idea of grandeur, too great to stand under. "Gee! Mama never had a silk dress, did she?"

"Yes," Ed said soberly. "When she married me. I'll never forget how it rustled—how proud it made her step." Ed scratched his mop of tousled hair, nostalgic, shaking his head slowly. "Jody, you ought to of been there."

"Dad," Jody said, "sometimes you talk awful."

Ed laughed. "Whoa, Susie." Ed looked up. "Here comes your sister, walking like she was on eggs. What's up, I wonder."

Marge came closer, a spot of blue color. The rising sun outlined her pigtails. She was slender and small-boned, like Eulalie, with a taut sensitivity. "What is it, sister?" Ed asked.

"Mama said to be sure and stop by the house before you leave. She's got a surprise for you." Marge turned hurriedly.

"Now, ain't that just like a woman?" Ed said, grinning. "Curiosity arousers, every one. Even the little one."

"I bet mama wants us to drop off Mrs. Suggs' washing on the way to town," Jody guessed.

"Jody, your mama plumb aggravates me, washing for that Suggs outfit. It ain't as if she was a widder woman."

"It's because she wants all those things, dad."

"What things?"

"New outfit for Marge before school starts. And new music. Miss Plunkett told mama she wouldn't charge for Marge's music lessons, because Marge has got aptitude. But Marge has to buy her own music."

"Brains are nice," Ed admired, "and I'm proud of Marge. But sometimes, Jody, I think your mama's *too* ambitious. Next thing she'll be wanting to wash out a piano for that young one."

WHEN Ed and Jody stopped the wagon before the house, Mrs. Suggs' washing was waiting. "But that's not the surprise," Eulalie told them. Eulalie's hair was screwed up and she had on her old tennis shoes, which meant this was ironing day. Work thinned Eulalie, but she was high-charged as a copper wire. "I fried up one of these young roosters that's been crowing his head off. That'll save you at least a dollar, Ed, trash you and Jody won't have to buy. Don't eat it till dinnertime."

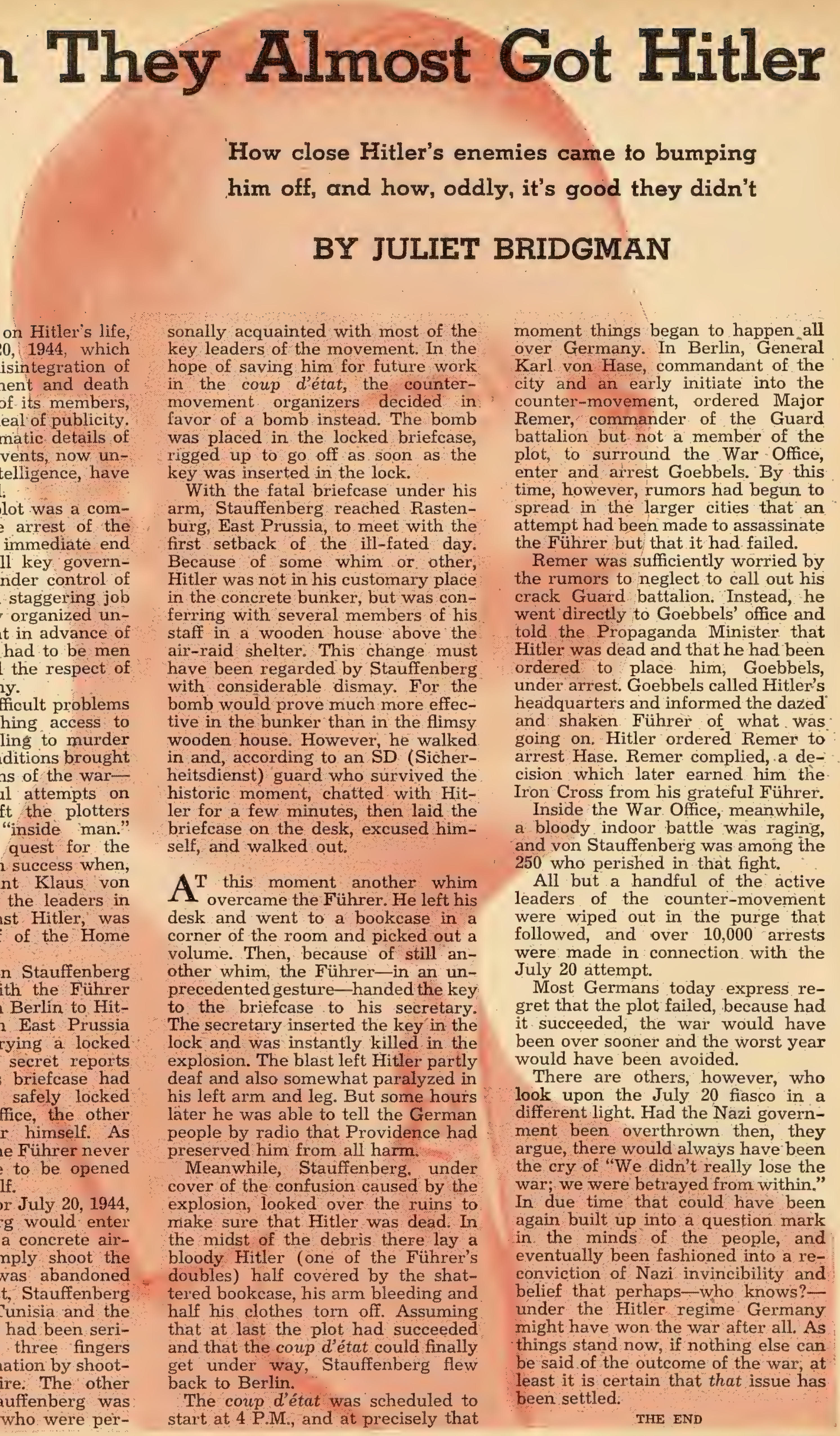
Ed took the shoebox, sniffing. "Eulalie, you'll spoil us."

"Couldn't." Eulalie's blue eyes twinkled. "Nature did that before I found you. I washed up your fishing pants, Ed. I've got Marge hunting up the fishhooks."

"Now you're talking." Ed winked down at her. "Don't look for us till you see us. What you want me to bring you pretty?"

Eulalie looked quickly around,

(*Continued on page 54*)



When They Almost Got Hitler

How close Hitler's enemies came to bumping him off, and how, oddly, it's good they didn't

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

THE final attempt on Hitler's life, made on July 20, 1944, which resulted in the disintegration of the anti-Nazi movement and death and torture to most of its members, has received a great deal of publicity. But many of the dramatic details of the historic July 20 events, now uncovered by Army Intelligence, have never been described.

The object of the plot was a complete about-face, the arrest of the Nazi leaders and an immediate end of hostilities, with all key government posts coming under control of the plotters. It was a staggering job that called for a fully organized under-cover government in advance of the coup. Its leaders had to be men who would command the respect of everybody in Germany.

One of the most difficult problems was that of establishing access to Hitler by a man willing to murder him. The changing conditions brought on by the ramifications of the war—and two unsuccessful attempts on Hitler's life—had left the plotters without a single "inside man." Finally, the ticklish quest for the right person met with success when, early in 1944, Count Klaus von Stauffenberg, one of the leaders in the movement against Hitler, was made Chief of Staff of the Home Army.

In this position von Stauffenberg had daily contact with the Führer himself. He flew from Berlin to Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia every afternoon carrying a locked briefcase filled with secret reports for the Führer. This briefcase had two keys. One was safely locked away at the War Office, the other was kept by Hitler himself. As Stauffenberg knew, the Führer never allowed his briefcase to be opened by anyone but himself.

The original plan for July 20, 1944, was that Stauffenberg would enter the headquarters, in a concrete air-raid bunker, and simply shoot the Führer. This plan was abandoned for two reasons: first, Stauffenberg had lost an arm in Tunisia and the hand of his good arm had been seriously injured, with three fingers missing. Thus assassination by shooting might go haywire. The other reason was that Stauffenberg was among the very few who were personally acquainted with most of the key leaders of the movement. In the hope of saving him for future work in the *coup d'état,* the counter-movement organizers decided in favor of a bomb instead. The bomb was placed in the locked briefcase, rigged up to go off as soon as the key was inserted in the lock.

With the fatal briefcase under his arm, Stauffenberg reached Rastenburg, East Prussia, to meet with the first setback of the ill-fated day. Because of some whim or other, Hitler was not in his customary place in the concrete bunker, but was conferring with several members of his staff in a wooden house above the air-raid shelter. This change must have been regarded by Stauffenberg with considerable dismay. For the bomb would prove much more effective in the bunker than in the flimsy wooden house. However, he walked in and, according to an SD (Sicherheitsdienst) guard who survived the historic moment, chatted with Hitler for a few minutes, then laid the briefcase on the desk, excused himself, and walked out.

AT this moment another whim overcame the Führer. He left his desk and went to a bookcase in a corner of the room and picked out a volume. Then, because of still another whim, the Führer—in an unprecedented gesture—handed the key to the briefcase to his secretary. The secretary inserted the key in the lock and was instantly killed in the explosion. The blast left Hitler partly deaf and also somewhat paralyzed in his left arm and leg. But some hours later he was able to tell the German people by radio that Providence had preserved him from all harm.

Meanwhile, Stauffenberg, under cover of the confusion caused by the explosion, looked over the ruins to make sure that Hitler was dead. In the midst of the debris there lay a bloody Hitler (one of the Führer's doubles) half covered by the shattered bookcase, his arm bleeding and half his clothes torn off. Assuming that at last the plot had succeeded and that the *coup d'état* could finally get under way, Stauffenberg flew back to Berlin.

The *coup d'état* was scheduled to start at 4 P.M., and at precisely that moment things began to happen all over Germany. In Berlin, General Karl von Hase, commandant of the city and an early initiate into the counter-movement, ordered Major Remer, commander of the Guard battalion but not a member of the plot, to surround the War Office, enter and arrest Goebbels. By this time, however, rumors had begun to spread in the larger cities that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Führer but that it had failed.

Remer was sufficiently worried by the rumors to neglect to call out his crack Guard battalion. Instead, he went directly to Goebbels' office and told the Propaganda Minister that Hitler was dead and that he had been ordered to place him, Goebbels, under arrest. Goebbels called Hitler's headquarters and informed the dazed and shaken Führer of what was going on. Hitler ordered Remer to arrest Hase. Remer complied, a decision which later earned him the Iron Cross from his grateful Führer.

Inside the War Office, meanwhile, a bloody indoor battle was raging, and von Stauffenberg was among the 250 who perished in that fight.

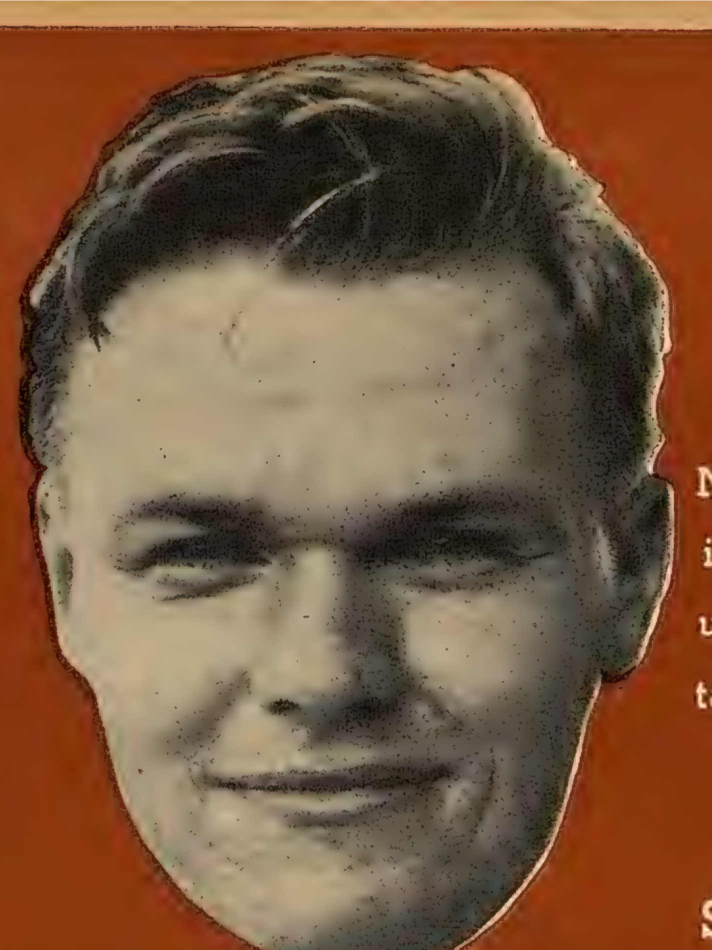
All but a handful of the active leaders of the counter-movement were wiped out in the purge that followed, and over 10,000 arrests were made in connection with the July 20 attempt.

Most Germans today express regret that the plot failed, because had it succeeded, the war would have been over sooner and the worst year would have been avoided.

There are others, however, who look upon the July 20 fiasco in a different light. Had the Nazi government been overthrown then, they argue, there would always have been the cry of "We didn't really lose the war; we were betrayed from within." In due time that could have been again built up into a question mark in the minds of the people, and eventually been fashioned into a reconviction of Nazi invincibility and belief that perhaps—who knows?—under the Hitler regime Germany might have won the war after all. As things stand now, if nothing else can be said of the outcome of the war, at least it is certain that *that* issue has been settled.

THE END

Good Scout



No wonder "Duke" Mara is the shrewdest sizer-upper of pro gridiron talent. He started at seven

By

STANLEY FRANK

WELLINGTON MARA, the most astute pro-football talent scout in the trade, appears too diffident to sign for a special-delivery letter, yet he has put the finger on twice as many potential stars as any other sleuth in his tough, competitive business.

What's more, Wellington, known as the Duke, never played on a formal team in any sport. But his judgment of athletic ability on the hoof is so uncanny that the National Pro Football League charged him with the responsibility of drawing up the official draft list, the source of new players for all brothers in the lodge, back in 1935 when he was a callow towheaded youth of nineteen, and continued to use it until he went into the navy seven years later. This was an unusual act of faith when you consider that the Duke's father owns the Giants. The draft list literally is the life line of a professional team. The Duke's surveys were so thorough and authoritative that the nine other teams in the league used the list he had made for the Giants as a guide to their own selections.

Tuffy Leemans, the Giants' best player of the last decade, was a first-class example of the Duke's perspicacity in assaying raw football material. Although Leemans was the works of Giant teams that won three Eastern championships in four successive years, he virtually was unknown to the trade when the Duke sought him out at George Washington University one December day in 1935. And that was after G.W.U. had been well thumped by Alabama, 39-0, and by Rice, 41-0.

The Duke was the only one in the Giant organization who considered Leemans a prospect. He was so insistent about it that his father, to humor him, told him to offer the guy $2,500 a season. Coach Steve Owen saw Leemans in an All-Star game in New York just before the 1936 season opened, and had such a dim view of the rookie's worth that he bet the Duke a hat his find wouldn't remain on the payroll. There wasn't a more rugged or resourceful back in the league for eight years.

The Duke credits the spinner on a dollar cardboard baseball game with starting him on a career as a scout. He was seven years old at the time.

"The family went to Luzerne, Pennsylvania, for the summer," he explains, "and Johnny Roff, the kid next door, played that silly game with me all day long. He was a National League fan and I was an American Leaguer because of the Yankees. We'd pick all-star baseball line-ups and make changes every Sunday when we got the papers with the latest batting averages. After a while each of us had two teams and we played a regular schedule and kept records of all the players. Johnny always beat the ears off me.

"Around Thanksgivingtime Johnny would visit me in New York and we'd play a spinner football game, using Grantland Rice's All-America teams for our players. That's how I became interested in following players. It was just a kid's hobby."

It can be mentioned parenthetically that a childish hobby never has paid more elegant dividends.

The Duke's remembrance of things past is concerned chiefly with baseball. He was born less than a mile from the Polo Grounds and his mother began taking him to ball games when he was six. Yet he confesses that nobody in the family was interested particularly in baseball or football.

The Mara interests, and fortunes, changed abruptly in 1925 when big Tim, strictly a horse-racing man, bought the New York franchise in the National League for a mere $500. Mara, who had never seen a football game in his life, got the $500 back before the season ended. The franchise could be sold for a million dollars today if Mara was of a mind to pull out.

The first player the Duke steered to the Giants was Ed Danowski, and it was purely a case of hero worship. The Duke entered Fordham University in 1933 when Danowski, a senior, was playing brilliant football. The freshman sold him such a convincing bill of goods about the Giants that Danowski got a release from a contract he already had signed with the Redskins. Danowski promptly blossomed as the league's best passer until Sammy Baugh's advent, completing 48.5 per cent of his throws over a seven-year span.

Having scored spectacularly with Danowski and Leemans, the first two players he recommended, the Duke began to give serious attention to his self-appointed job of discovering new talent. And he's been at it ever since, except for his years of combat service as a radar officer in the navy.

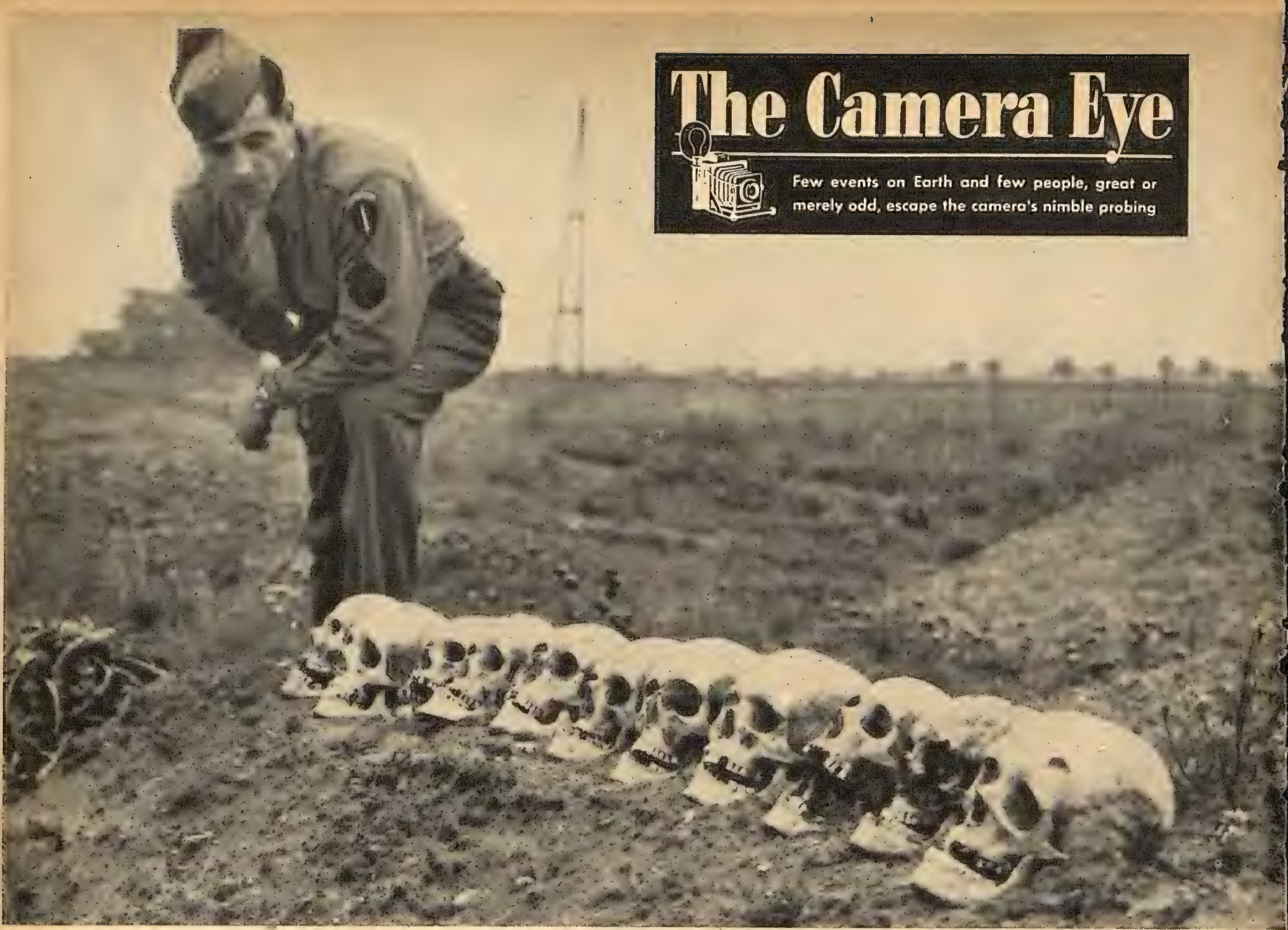
It may be sheer coincidence, but while the Duke was in the navy, the Giants had their most barren stretch in a decade, winning only one Eastern title during the four war seasons.

Now that their seeing eye and finger man is back working his old college beat, the Giants are following a familiar routine. The competition hires extensive scouting staffs, but the Giants are getting on famously, making muscles at the championship with the sinews the Duke finds in such improbable places as newspapers, letters, and old hats.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



SKULL ROW—These are the skulls of some of the Russian prisoners of war unearthed at a German concentration camp in the Soviet zone in Germany. Corporal John J. Arnold, jeep driver for newsmen who viewed the site, looks on grimly.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

GREASING UP—for a 21-mile swim from New York's Battery to Coney Island are Lon Reing (l.), who missed, and George Burgmuller, who made it.

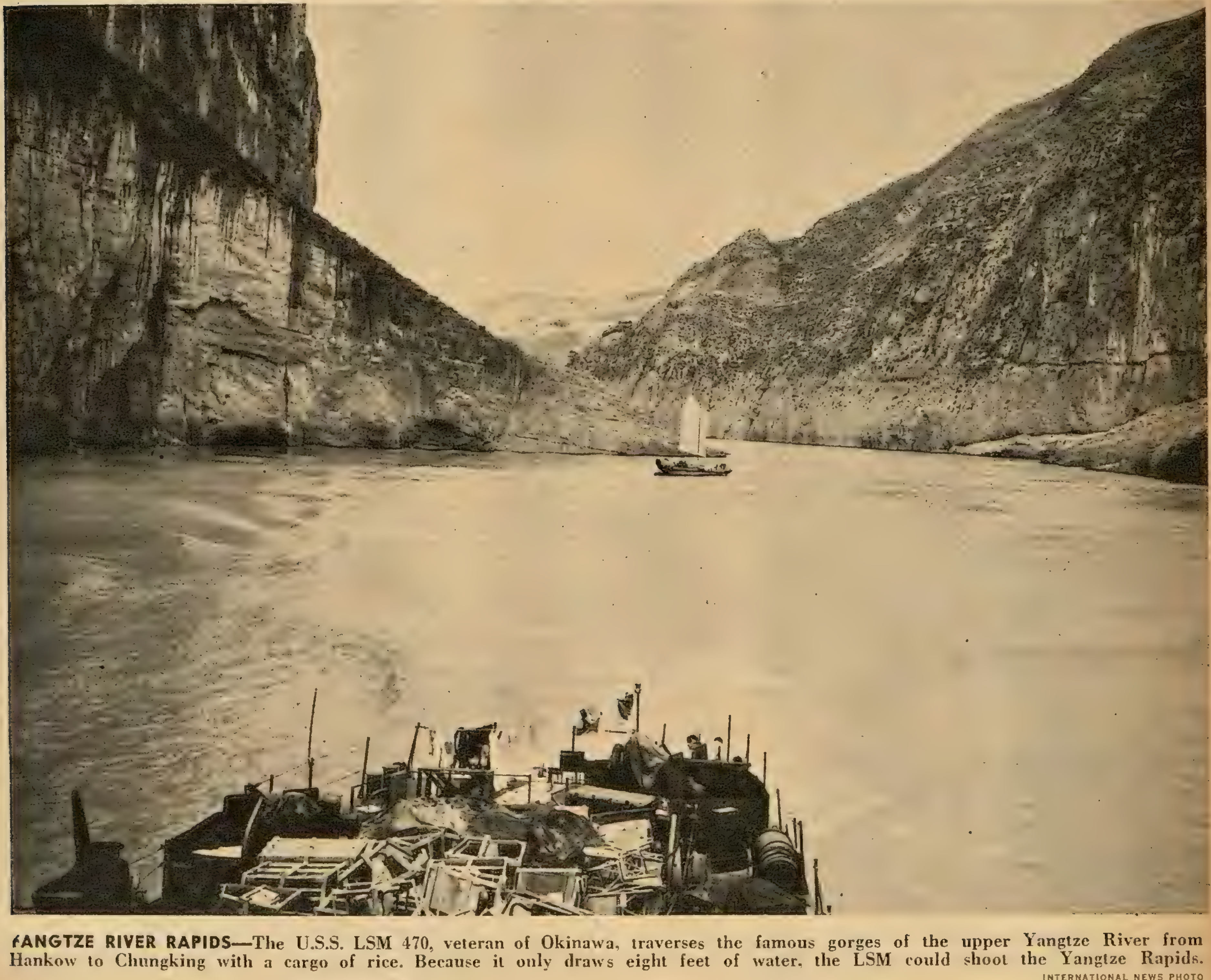
ACME PHOTO

LEATHER PUSHERS—Tony Pellone (l.) winces with pain as Billy Graham tees off and tries to follow up with a pay-off blow during their recent bout at Madison Square Garden. Pellone rallied and took the decision in this ten-round set-to.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

NEW ROLE FOR BRUCE—SAME PART FOR GARBO—Film star Virginia Bruce and Ali M. Ipar, Turkish writer now in the U. S. Army, were married recently in the film star's home. Miss Bruce was once married to John Gilbert, whose torrid love scenes with Garbo made film history.—Greta recently arrived in New York from her beloved Sweden and made her usual cryptic comment.

KEYSTONE PHOTO



YANGTZE RIVER RAPIDS—The U.S.S. LSM 470, veteran of Okinawa, traverses the famous gorges of the upper Yangtze River from Hankow to Chungking with a cargo of rice. Because it only draws eight feet of water, the LSM could shoot the Yangtze Rapids.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

A daring treatment of a challenging question: Should a woman tell her husband of her past indiscretion?

WOMAN with a PAST

BY ALLENE CORLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

SHE pulled on her narrow blue wool suit skirt and zipped it up the side and slid her feet into high-heeled dark-blue sling pumps, and Pete came up behind her and slid his arms under her arms and pulled her back against him and bent his head and laid his lips against her bare deeply tanned throat.

They had been married in March and now it was August and you would think... "Darling," she said, "we have to go now."

It was only six miles into town and they made it in seven minutes. Even so, Pete had just time to buy her ticket and push her onto the train. But it didn't matter, because they had already said good-by to each other back there in that house by the sea where for two, nearly three months now they had been so completely happy.

It wasn't much of a house, but that didn't bother them because they were almost never in it. They lived on the beach. They ate there and swam there and sunbathed there and she even worked there. It was funny how, after all these years of not being able to work if anyone was in the same room with her, she could work with Pete just a few yards away. She'd written the first three installments of the new serial down there on the beach, and Sheldon had O.K.'d the first two, but he didn't like the third.

"In other words," she had told her agent, Dave, on the phone, "Sheldon wants me to tear up what I have written and write a new third installment."

Carlie knew. She hadn't been writing serials for Sheldon Warren all these years not to know. So here she was on the train on a hot clear morning in mid-August on her way to New York.

She took off her hat and curbed an intense desire to kick off her pumps. After nearly three months of wearing practically no clothes, her pumps felt too tight and so did her suit.

I've probably gained pounds, she thought and knew she didn't care, except that if she had, it would mean buying a lot of new clothes, and *that* she certainly couldn't afford to do. It was incredible how money slid through her fingers. Dave was always at her to save more, and once, a long time ago, Morgan Bennett had made her open a savings account and had gone with her when she deposited that first five hundred dollars. But she had had to draw it out almost immediately and send it home so they could install a new oil burner.

"That damned family of yours," Morgan had said, "they'll mooch on you the rest of your life, you wait and see." But what he didn't realize was that those checks she sent home each month meant that she, Carlie, could live here in New York completely free and independent of them all. She had literally bought her freedom and made him, Morgan, a present of it. It had been expensive, but it had been worth it then, and it was still worth it. Only now it was Pete instead of Morgan; only now it was the real thing instead of—but no, that wasn't fair. What she and Morgan had had—that had been real, too, and for a while it had made her happy—for a while.

When, exactly, had she known it was over? Two years ago? A year ago? It was hard to be sure. It was impossible to say, "Labor Day week-end I was still in love with him, but by Thanksgiving, I wasn't."

At the end, everything had happened very suddenly. They'd gone to that party at Myra's, an enormous party. It had been at that party, oddly enough, that she had met Pete. Someone had introduced them and she'd smiled at him and said something polite and unimportant and a moment later she'd forgotten all about him, so meeting him couldn't have had anything to do with what had happened when she and Morgan got back to her apartment.

IT had been very late but he'd come up with her and they had made coffee and fried eggs and made sandwiches. She could remember just how they had sat and eaten the sandwiches and drunk the coffee, and then she could remember her voice telling him, quite calmly, that she wasn't going to see him any more.

He had stood up and walked away from her and she could remember just how he had looked standing there in front of the fireplace, his coffee cup still in his hand. He was taller than Pete and much more compactly built, and although he was not quite forty, his hair was already quite gray. His face, which was such a contradiction of toughness and sensitiveness, had looked curiously guarded. Even his eyes had told her nothing. In that moment he might have been just any man getting ready to say good night.

She didn't know quite what she had expected from him, but certainly not this. She had waited. And then he had spoken. "You really mean that, don't you?" he had said. "You're not just talking. You've been thinking about this for a long time and you really mean it."

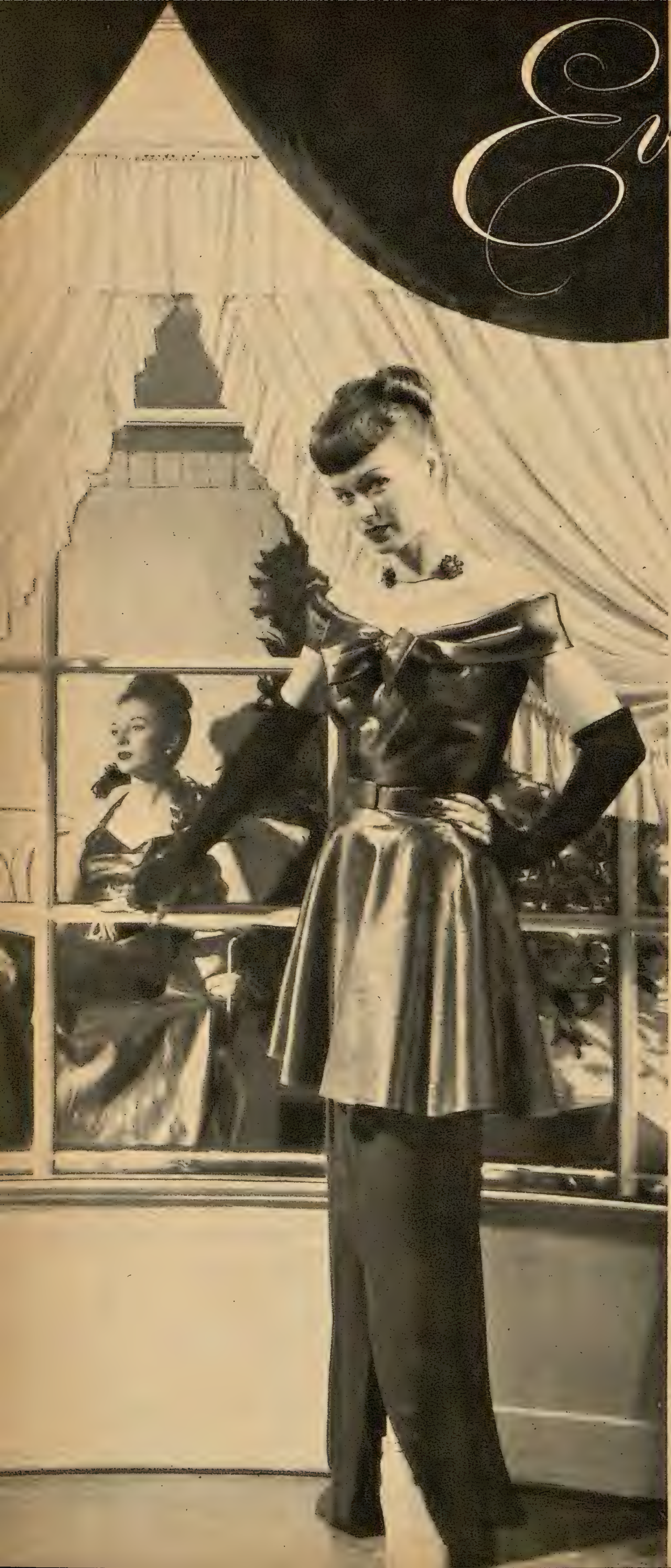
"Yes," she said, and suddenly she had relaxed. "Yes," she'd repeated, I really mean it, Morgan."

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked, "or isn't there anything to say?"

"I suppose," she said, "that there is a lot to say, only it's rather pointless, isn't it, to say it? I mean," she explained, "what's the use of putting

(Continued on page 67)

Pete came up behind her, pulled her back against him, and laid his lips against her tanned throat.



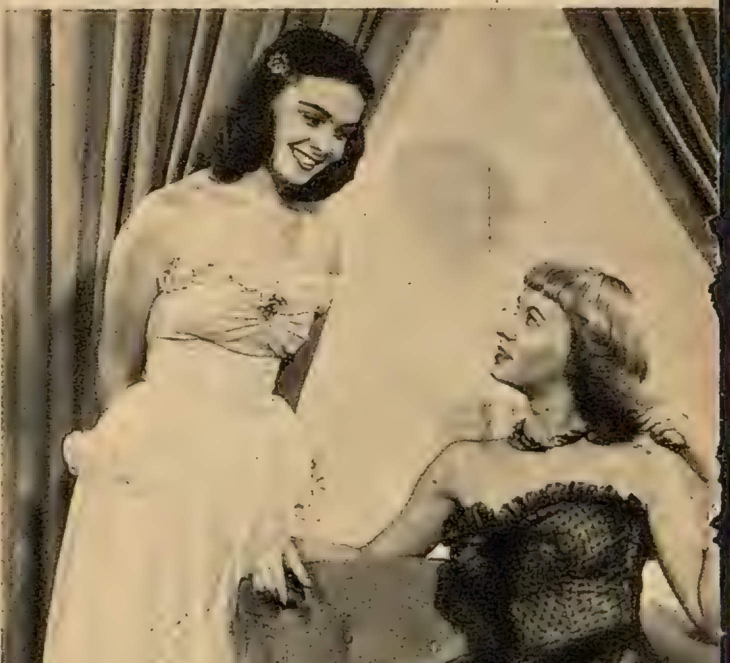
Evening Gowns

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

GOING FORMAL: That's when ev
Cinderella becomes a queen. And
magic wand is her formal gown. This ye
crop of gowns are really TNT by-the-y
They are calculated to cause many
mantic explosions in the stag lines. Des
their high-powered look, they cost o
fifty dollars and less.*

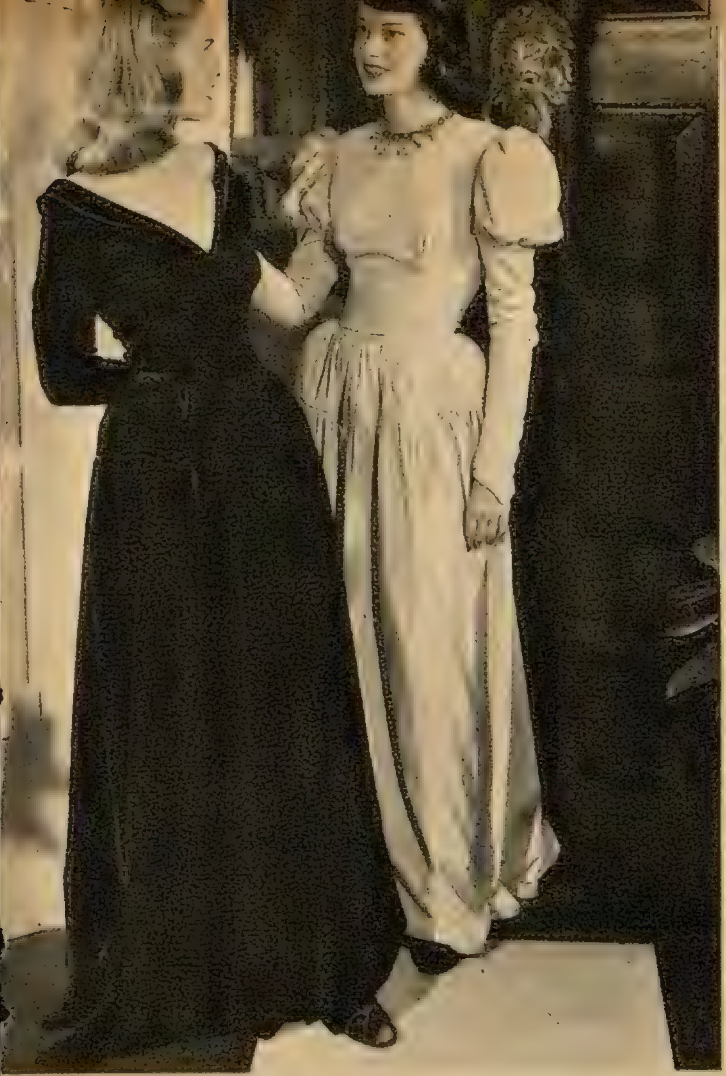
JEWELS by CORO • GLOVES by ARIS
PHOTOS by EMIL HERMAN in Hampshire
House — a Kirkeby hotel — New York

*Ask your local store for these dresses.

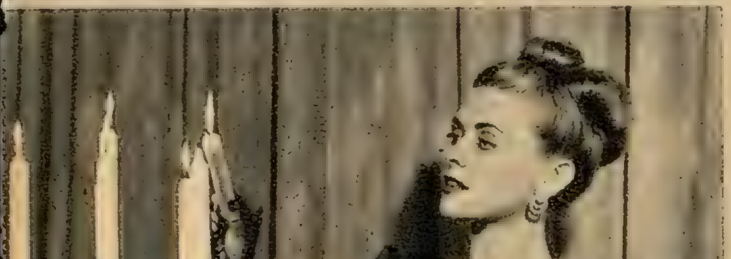


Fluff and ruffles, ideal for dainty young figures. They do justice, too, to the bare-shoulder style. From Junior Formals. About $35.

Burnished gold; example of postwar metallic fabrics. The slit hobble skirt is revived! Both gowns are by Jack Herzog. About $50.

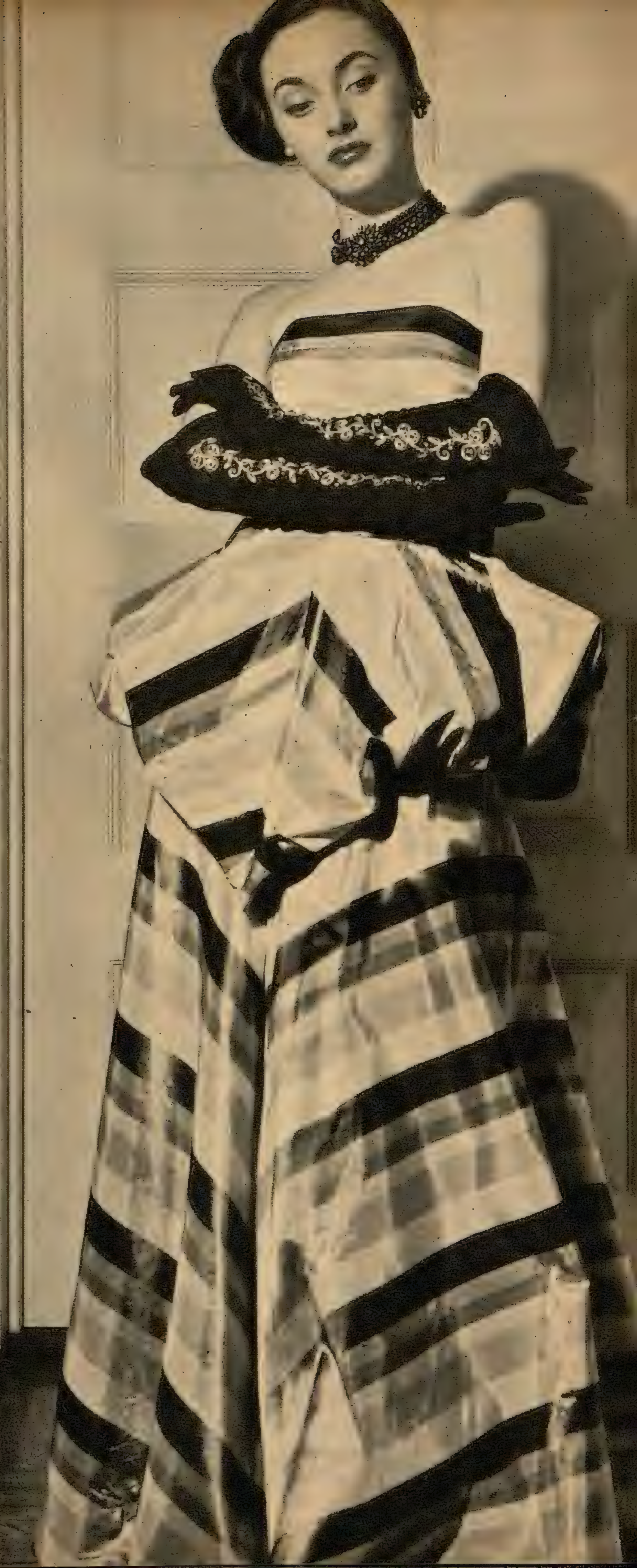


Sleeves like King Henry VIII's. Padded hips like Queen Elizabeth's. Fabric of rich velveteen. Yet it all adds up to a brand-new 1947 look! Junior Formals gowns. About $40.



inged shoulders, easier for average woman
wear than bare-top, strapless gown. Ele-
ance in faille, by Ceil Chapman. About $50.

eil Chapman is famous for spectacu-
silhouettes like this with its bil-
wy bustle, bold stripes, bare top, and
vishy taffeta fabric. The cost—about $50.



Funny Phony

Mr. Sims' fantastic impersonations of statesmen, savants, and other notables throw serious gatherings into chaos

BY DAVID VERN

EMIL HERMAN

William Stanley Sims at his ebullient best as a French diplomat. Sims revels in outlandish names, mustaches, and double talk.

WILLIAM STANLEY SIMS is a bright-eyed middle-aged gentleman who for almost twenty years has been impersonating scientific savants, medicos, military officers, minor statesmen, and other notable figures. He has made a good deal of money at it, but his police record is limited to a recent summons for illegal parking. His impostures have hoodwinked as many as a thousand people at a time, but they seldom last for more than an hour. When they end, they are apt to end with a bang.

At least once, this was literally true. Posing as a celebrated French chef at a dinner given by a gourmets' society, Sims gave an illustrated dissertation on omelettes *flambeau*. The concoction exploded in a display of fireworks and clouds of black smoke.

"When the smoke lifted, I was gone," Sims recalls with satisfaction. "It was a lovely exit from every point of view."

Last year he spent an average of six days a week professionally hoaxing such organizations as the District of Columbia Bar Association, the Order of the Canary, the Bronx Landlords' Protective League, and the Holstein-Friesian Cattle Grange. He is usually presented as an eminent foreign authority on the subject of particular interest to his listeners. He then proceeds to harangue them with a speech so skillfully compounded of apparent erudition and blatant nonsense that it's sometimes an hour before they rub their eyes and catch on.

Last year, when he addressed the American College of Physicians and Surgeons as Dr. Franz von Austerlitz, one of the members present was heard to remark that the effect of catching on to Sims compared favorably with coming out of ether. Later that same afternoon, Professor Tubbe, a scholar of wide repute in Sims' repertory of charlatans, was an honored guest of the directors of the Mutual Broadcasting System. He spoke to them on Creating an International Code of Radio Ethics. "I told them," Sims remembers, "that we of ze Old World felt in subliminal harmony with ze sweeping approach of American wave lengths, integrated with paramagnetic knowledge. They loved it."

Both functions were held at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. As an incidental result, Sims almost had ze sweeping disaster on his hands. When he changed beards in a hotel elevator on his way to the radio people, he was promptly delivered to a house detective.

Sims' beards are part of a large collection. His wardrobe includes resplendent uniforms from Luxemburg to Latvia. He can wear monocles and pince-nez with patrician ease.

His passion for detailed perfection has stocked his home library with reference books. He spends hours boning up for an engagement. But no matter how artful his deceptions, their function is to build a yock finale. A yock is a roar of laughter; a yockola is a prolonged yock that incapacitates an audience for several minutes. The dream yockola is as yet unrealized, but Sims feels that he came close once.

The occasion was an undertakers' convention at St. Louis, where he was presented as Nahru Bey Rhumme, an Egyptian embalmer with a revolutionary formula. He provided an exhibit, a casket containing a cadaver laid out in full dress. The cadaver was actually a hired confederate of Sims. The open casket inclined against a wall behind the dais, and the amazingly lifelike corpse remained motionless for close to half an hour.

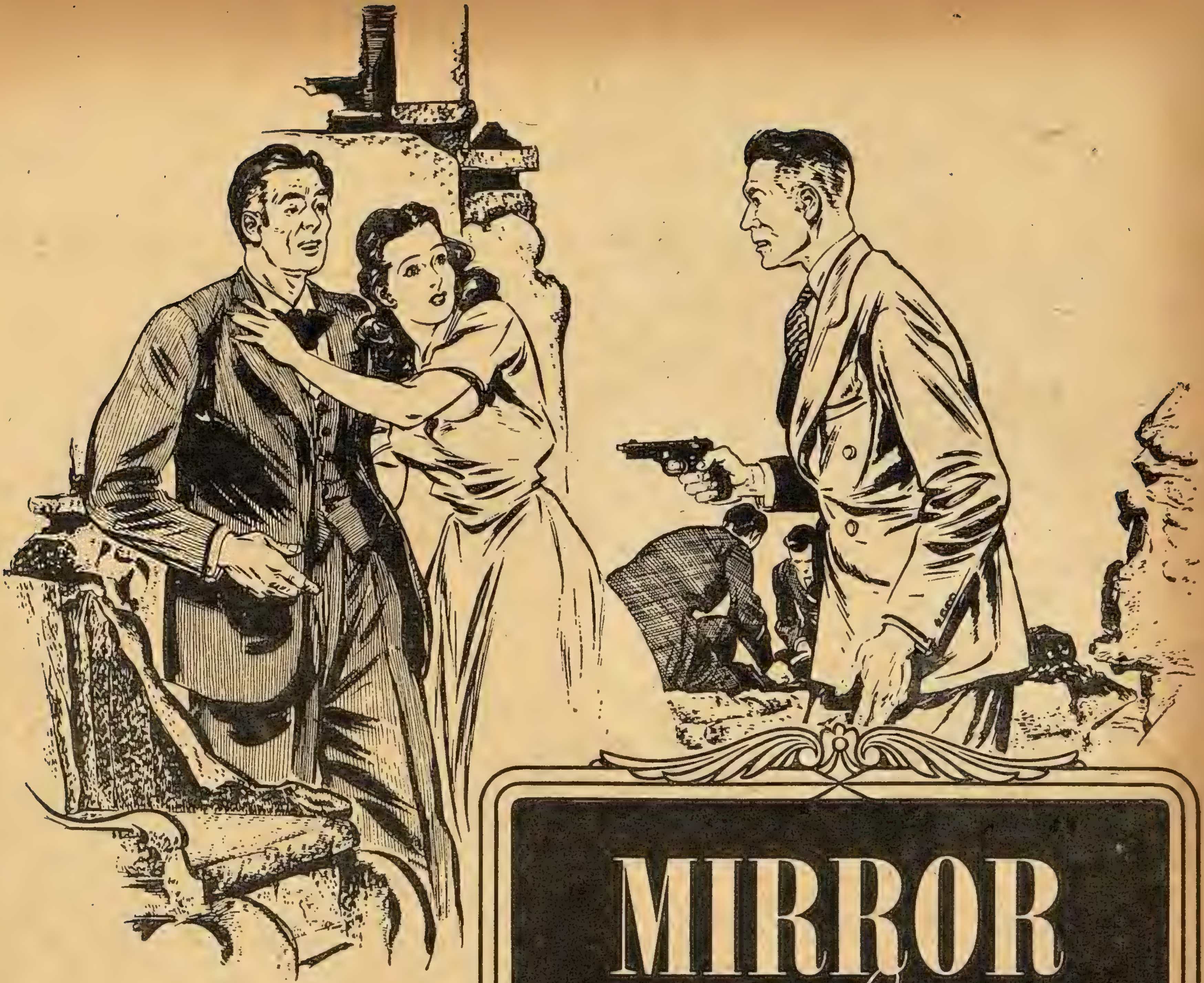
Meanwhile, Sims had himself a field day in an accent that defied analysis. Finally he dictated the components of his formula: attar of roses, liquid latex, and Snodgrass. Then the undertakers filed past the casket with murmurs of admiration and delight. Many of them shook hands with Sims. When they resumed their seats, he acknowledged their plaudits with a courtly bow, then turned and bowed to the cadaver. It bowed to him and walked off the platform arm in arm with him.

A native New Yorker, Sims was educated here and at universities in France, England, and Germany. He majored in mathematics, received an M.S. and a B.C.S., and went to work as an accountant for a New York textile house. For a man of his talents this was dull employment, but he stuck to it until the firm failed.

He had been panicking private gatherings with burlesques of the speakers he had encountered at business affairs. Friends encouraged him to try that professionally. He bought his first goatee, hurried to a lecture bureau and introduced himself as an Italian Embassy attaché. After half an hour of strutting and storming, he confessed his identity and purpose. The bureau people sent him to pep up a dinner being given by a department store employee group. He was presented as the store's new efficiency expert. He promptly fired half the people present, encountered his first mob with blood in its collective eye, and was off to a running start.

Sims has refused many offers to go on the stage. Playing the same character night after night repels him. The life of a nomad hoaxer offers the constant challenge of new situations, he says. And when he says "challenge," he's not hoaxing.

THE END



MIRROR *of* DELUSION

By MARY REISNER

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE TETZEL

George Eaton tried hard to get rid of his wife's companion, young Charlotte Clarke. But Charlotte, despite her fear, felt that she had to stay to protect the beautiful Justine from her husband's apparently inexplicable rages. This is the fascinating story of a violent nature that finally destroyed itself.

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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AFTER the big liner had passed beyond the Alexandria breakwater, and beyond sight of the low-lying shores, Charlotte still stood leaning on the rail, glad that Egypt lay behind her. She had had her brief day, dancing in Shepheards' ballroom, followed and admired by young men and old, the short, feverish haze of a young girl's first success. Miss Charlotte Clarke, as Mrs. Kingham's American niece, a guest in Mrs. Kingham's house in Gezira for one short winter season, for whom her aunt gave expensive parties, was somebody whom the social world treated with respect. On the other hand Charlotte Clarke, who turned out to have no money of her own, who was no longer visiting her aunt, and who at the end of the season was *not* engaged to Mr. Jack Guildford of the Blankshire Fusiliers—who was now very little more than a glorified ladies' maid—to her the world wore a very different face.

It was Aunt Clara's friend Mrs. Baines who first told them about the American lady—Mrs. Eaton—a tourist in Egypt, who had been delayed for months by a serious illness, and who wanted a companion for the homeward journey. "She will pay for your trip home," Aunt Clara had pointed out; and Charlotte had quickly accepted the job, though her heart had sunk at the idea. Mrs. Baines was sailing on the same ship too, and would, Charlotte knew, keep a managing eye on her.

The sound of footsteps coming along the deck behind her aroused Charlotte from her thoughts. In the deepening dusk she saw a tall man with fair hair, his darkly sun-burned face tired and lined.

"Miss Clarke?" George Eaton said in a deep low voice, his manner rather formal. "I've been looking for you."

"Oh," said Charlotte. "Does Mrs. Eaton want me? I'm so sorry. I forgot the time."

"She's lying down before dinner. Perhaps you'd help her unpack a few things?"

"Of course. I'll go at once." George Eaton must have caught something in her tone, for he looked at her more closely.

"What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

He sounded natural and kind, and that made her feel small and ungracious.

"Oh no," she said quickly. "I'm only tired." She was worn out from the hot train journey down to Alexandria and the strain of meeting her new employer, whom she had only seen once before in Cairo. Coming on top of long weeks of unhappiness, it had been a little too much for her.

After a moment's pause he said, "You'd better stay on deck until dinner-time. I'll go down and help my wife unpack."

"Oh no, of course not!" The considerate tone, the impersonal kindness, had touched her with an unexpected feeling of gratitude. She suddenly realized that she was very close to tears—the senseless tears that come from physical and mental weariness. What would he think of such stupid behaviour?

"I'll go down now," she said hurriedly, turning away. She had the feeling that he was still watching her—a rather small, childish figure trying to look dignified and competent as she walked quickly along the deck in her high-heeled shoes.

She found Mrs. Eaton lying on one of the twin beds, her eyes closed, her features very clear-cut and still, the lashes showing very black against her pale cheek. Charlotte stood just inside the door. Mrs. Eaton's eyes opened, and she turned slowly.

"Oh, it's you, Charlotte."

She sat up, pushing back the lovely robe of old-gold satin, so that it slipped down from her smooth naked shoulders. It was warm in the cabin, and she had pinned up her golden brown hair loosely on top of her head for the sake of coolness. She was very beautiful; a perfectly shaped head set gracefully on a slender neck, a narrow face with flat cheeks, and features so faintly aquiline that they still looked small and delicate. It might have been a cold face, except for the rich curves of the mouth, and a certain softness in the depths of the long hazel eyes.

"Did I wake you?" Charlotte said. "I'm sorry. Your husband said you wanted me to unpack for you."

"Oh no," Mrs. Eaton said, "I wasn't asleep. But I told him not to call you. I want you to have a good time on this trip."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Eaton."

"And you're to call me Justine."

"Yes, Justine."

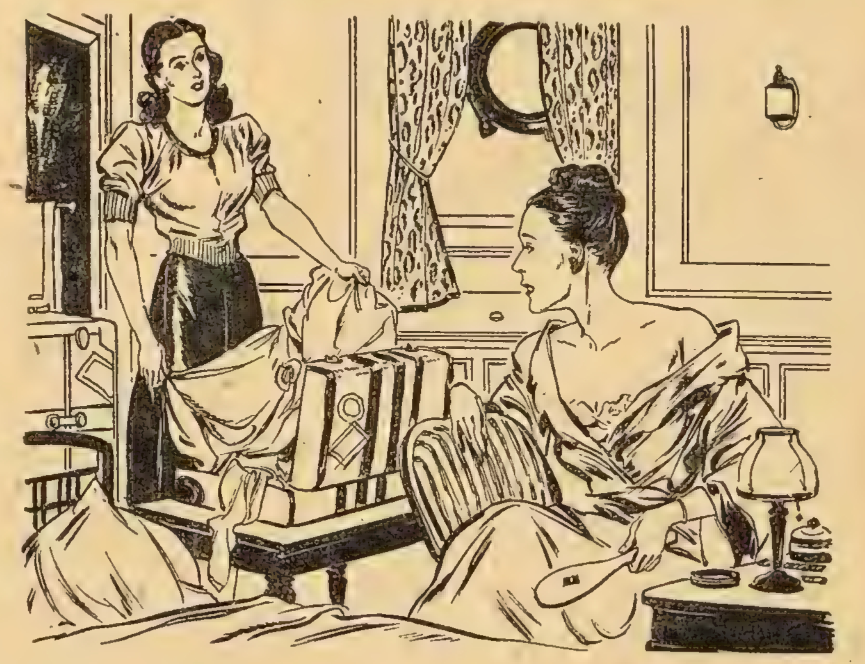
"How old are you?" Justine asked, looking at her curiously. The girl seemed very young, though one could see faint lines of weariness in her pale face. Her features were delicate and pretty, her chief beauty was her unusual colouring, the fair skin and dark hair, the deep blue eyes with black lashes and finely marked black eyebrows.

"I am nearly twenty-one," said Charlotte. She added rather primly, "I hope you don't think I'm too young for the position."

"Too young?" Justine laughed. There was an electric warmth in her voice, in her rich liquid laugh. "You don't know how glad I am to have someone young and pretty to look at, after weeks in that horrible hospital. And then, after I came out, I had a tiresome old nurse following me around, and telling me 'Don't do this!' and 'Don't do that!' I know you'll do me good, and we'll have fun together."

"Yes, I'm sure we shall," Charlotte said, looking around her. "What a lovely cabin this is."

"Yes, it's nice," Justine agreed. "They must have given us the bridal suite. And you are to share it with me." Her laugh was rich and low, like music.



"It seems too bad that Mr. Eaton—" Charlotte paused, feeling rather awkward at the idea that she was turning him out.

"They had to put him in a cabin with another man because the boat was so full. Otherwise you might have had a cabin to yourself. But you don't mind being with me?" Justine asked.

"Mind! Oh no!"

Justine got up and moved over to the dressing-table. "Just open that suitcase over there, the big one. You'll find my white evening-dress on top. It's so long since I've worn an evening-dress that I've almost forgotten what it looks like."

Charlotte carefully lifted out the white dress, and Mrs. Eaton slipped into it.

"How crushed it is! If only I had my electric iron," she said. "But—but I didn't bring it with me."

"I have one," Charlotte said. "That is, it's in my trunk. I'll get it out when we get to Athens."

"That will be a great help," Justine said. She turned sideways to the mirror. "I've got thinner; thinner than before—it doesn't hang quite right any more."

There was something in her eagerness and anxiety about the dress that touched Charlotte with a queer sense of pity. She slipped into her own dress, quite forgetting to think of the last time she had worn it, at the last dance to which she had gone with Jack Guildford.

AFTER dinner a weak but obliging orchestra played for the handful of people who had energy enough for dancing on deck on a warm September night. Charlotte watched Justine Eaton in her husband's arms. She was tall enough not to make her partner look out of proportion; and they danced in silence, their faces grave and intent, as though lost in the sensuous pattern of the music. Charlotte's own partner, Captain Siever, whom Mrs. Baines had just introduced, was a pleasant, well-mannered young man, but no dancer. As the music paused, they turned by mutual consent to go back to their seats at one of the green wicker tables where Mrs. Baines and her husband sat watching them.

When Justine returned with her husband to the table Mrs. Baines admonished her. "Your husband mustn't let you overdo."

George Eaton looked quickly at his wife, and said, "That dance was rather long, wasn't it?"

"Oh no, no!" she said. "That was my favorite waltz! It couldn't be too long. I haven't felt so well in months," she assured Mrs. Baines. "I can't tell you how glad I am to get out of Egypt. The doctor told me I ought to go straight home, but my husband wanted to do some painting in Greece, and I didn't want to interfere with his work. And we were told that Athens would be quite possible in September. So the doctor finally decided it wouldn't do me any harm to stop off there for a few weeks."

Mrs. Baines put her hand on Charlotte's arm, and said with one of her abrupt irrelevancies, "I saw a friend of yours the other day. Diana Steele came to say goodby to me, which I thought was very nice and thoughtful of her. The young people nowadays are not always so considerate, even when they have been entertained repeatedly at one's house."

"Oh," Charlotte said. She had known the girl casually. "Is she still in Cairo? I haven't seen her for a long time. How is she?" It was the perfunctory question that expects no answer.

"Of course you know," Mrs. Baines said, "that she's engaged to Jack Guildford." Mrs. Baines was looking keenly into her face. Under the stare of those bright black eyes, Charlotte's smile froze. "I heard it just now from Captain Siever. Apparently it's not yet announced, but one of Guildford's brother officers told him about it only yesterday."

Mrs. Baines leaned back in her chair. Justine's eyes were full of interest. Even George Eaton was looking curiously at Charlotte. Then Captain Siever rose to the occasion, getting up from the table abruptly and asking Charlotte to dance. She accepted mechanically, hardly knowing what she was doing.

"I thought it kindest to tell her at once," Mrs. Baines remarked as she watched them go.

"Oh," said Justine, "there was something between them, was there? Charlotte and this Guildford?"

"My dear, I'll tell you all about it." Mrs. Baines lowered her voice almost to a whisper, leaning closer to Justine's ear. "Of course he couldn't marry her."

"Why not?" Justine's eyes narrowed a little.

"No money. These young men none of them have any money. They can't afford to marry a poor girl. Last winter, when it began, I warned her aunt. I told her she'd better speak to the girl. But Charlotte wouldn't listen. She wouldn't look at anyone but Jack Guildford."

"And Charlotte didn't know about his engagement to this other girl?" Justine said.

"No, evidently she didn't. *I* only heard it from Captain Siever this evening, after we got on board the boat. I'm glad I told her at once, It's best she should know."

"Much the best," George Eaton remarked gravely.

WHEN she wakened in the morning Charlotte felt tired and spiritless. Her thoughts were curiously detached. She saw Jack Guildford and Diana Steele quite clearly, as though they had nothing to do with her.

Late in the afternoon George Eaton found her on deck when he came out of the smoking-room to get a breath of fresh air.

"Does Justine want me?" she said mechanically.

"I don't know," he said. "Mrs. Baines—" he began. "But I forget that she's a friend of yours."

"She's a friend of my aunt's," Charlotte said.

"I see." He gave her a brief glance. "I was only going to say that a very little Mrs. Baines goes a long way."

Charlotte smiled in spite of herself. There was something soothing about his tone, as though he considered Mrs. Baines rather unimportant. In another moment he seemed to have forgotten her. He said, almost as if he were talking to himself, "Tonight we'll be among the islands; and tomorrow we'll see the sun rise behind the barren coastline of Greece."

Charlotte turned her face to the wind. "It doesn't seem possible that Egypt lies only a few hundred miles behind us!"

"How glad I am!" he said softly. "Only a few hours—and already I can hardly remember it clearly. I can't see anything now but the sea tumbling between us." He was staring out to sea, as though he had forgotten her presence. She looked around, thinking it was nearly time to dress for dinner, and saw Mrs. Baines coming relentlessly down upon them.

"Charlotte, my child," she shouted in her penetrating voice against the wind, "you're wanted in the cabin."

As Charlotte turned to walk along the deck, Mrs. Baines took her arm saying, "I think she's feeling a little neglected, my dear."

Justine, in a lovely frock, was sitting at her dressing table.

"I'm afraid you tired yourself last night," Charlotte said, feeling rather like an echo of Mrs. Baines.

"Oh no, *that* didn't tire me," Justine said. "It makes me feel much better to get out. I *was* very ill, of course; and I very nearly died. But that's all over now." She went on after a minute, "I had an accident, you know."

It seemed only natural to say, "How did it happen?"

"I fell. There was a step down from the balcony. I might have gone over the railing."

A curious little chill had passed over Charlotte. She had seen Justine's face in the mirror—pale, eyes staring at something unseen.

"There was a concrete pavement," Justine went on, "three floors below." She was looking up as Charlotte stood beside her. Her features were blank of expression. "As it happened, I went backwards into the room."

"Was your husband there?" Charlotte asked, shaken.

"Yes. He was there."

"But he wasn't able to save you?"

"No." A little pause. "He wasn't able to save me. I was pregnant. I lost the child, of course."

No wonder that Justine should have moods of depression, Charlotte thought; no wonder her husband could not bring himself to talk about it.

Justine took up the hand-glass. "You'd never think there was anything wrong now, would you?"

"No," said Charlotte, "you look so lovely."

The first bell began to ring and Justine said, "Why, Charlotte, you haven't even begun to dress!"

Charlotte mechanically pulled off her sweater and skirt, and changed into the black lace she had worn the night before, an old dress, rather limp from the sea air. Her immature little face, the still almost childish figure, seemed like a pale shadow beside the glowing beauty of the woman in flame-coloured velvet.

"WE must all go to bed," Mrs. Baines declared after dinner. "You must get some sleep, Justine, to prepare you for disembarking tomorrow." She appealed to George Eaton. "I think she has had enough dancing for tonight. You must be firm with her."

His eyes went quickly to his wife's face. But Justine only laughed a little—the low, musical laugh that Charlotte found so enchanting.

"Firm?" she said. "Are you going to be firm with me?"

"Shall we have one more dance, Justine, before we go?" he said.

As he held out his hand to her, Charlotte looked away from them. Even though it was in public she had a queer feeling, as if she were intruding on the privacy of lovers.

Captain Siever asked Charlotte to dance; and she accepted, but she could not help watching Justine and her husband. They were talking and she was leaning back in his arms and looking up into his face. Then Charlotte forgot to watch them, as the band played a waltz, and she had to concentrate on Captain Siever's rather inhibited version of the dance.

"They've gone down," Mrs. Baines said when it was over. "You'd better hurry."

"Did they say good-night?" Charlotte asked, surprised.

"No, but I saw them going down the companionway."

"Oh!" Charlotte moved off hurriedly. "Good-night! Good-night, Captain Siever."

She ran all the way down. Only the heavy green curtain hung over the doorway, and she pushed it aside and stepped into the room. She paused, in some embarrassment. She had not expected to find Justine's husband there. She had evidently burst into the midst of a private discussion.

George Eaton turned slowly, looking at Charlotte with blank eyes. Then she saw that he was holding Justine's hand-mirror, and that the glass was broken in a star-shaped crack. Justine was leaning back against the dressing-table, her face white under the rouge, her eyes very large and bright. Then George Eaton, with a brief, low laugh, flung the broken mirror on the bed, turned, and walked past Charlotte out of the cabin.

Justine burst into passionate tears. "He broke it! Oh, he broke it!"

He came back in a few minutes. Justine stopped crying then, and became quiet. He gave some directions about a sedative, which the doctor in Cairo had prescribed, and he waited while Charlotte prepared it and gave it to her. Justine slept through the night. When she awoke she seemed almost like herself again. She went easily through the excitement of getting off the ship, the confusion of the customs, and being driven at break-neck speed over the hill toward Athens.

THE manager of their hotel showed the Eaton party to a small suite on the second floor.

"Charlotte and I will have the large room," Justine said.

The bath was between the two rooms, so that it could be used from either side.

"You wouldn't rather have a room to yourself?" she turned to Charlotte. "Perhaps we can get you one later on."

"Oh no, Justine; I think it's better for us to be together—in case you don't feel well, or anything."

She was beginning to unpack one of her own suitcases when George Eaton came to the door.

"Miss Clarke," he said, "will you come out here for a moment? I want to speak to you."

Charlotte stepped out into the hall. George shut the door, and walked a little way down the corridor until they were out of earshot of his wife's room.

"Miss Clarke, I'm afraid you won't do for this job. I'll pay you a month's wages and you can get on the next boat and go straight home."

"But why?" she said. "Why won't I do?"

"Because you're too young," he said. "I want someone older, with more experience. You can tell Justine that you want to get home to your family."

His tone was as calm as if he had proposed the most natural thing in the world.

"You want me to tell Justine an untruth?"

"Yes," he said, "if necessary. Call it a lie, if you will."

"Why don't you speak to her?" Charlotte suggested. "If she says she's not satisfied, why then of course I'll go. We'll leave it to her to decide."

"No," he said in a curiously flat tone, "it's for you to decide. If you won't—" He stopped with that little shrug of his and walked away.

"Do you want to go, Charlotte?" Justine asked, when Charlotte told her.

"Oh no, of course not!" Charlotte answered. "I should feel very badly at leaving you! And I hope he'll think differently when he knows me better."

"And you won't leave me—no matter what he says?"

"No, not as long as you want me to stay."

After all, Charlotte thought soberly, nothing in this world is ever quite smooth. With an employer so charming as Justine Eaton, it was probably too much to expect that her husband should be equally charming.

EVEN Mrs. Baines could not spoil the pleasure of wandering through the old streets of Athens, losing oneself in the crooked byways, and looking for the funny little Byzantine churches; of stopping to drink coffee in the Constitution Square.

The fashionable *rendezvous* at tea-time was at Zonars' famous *café*, and there, between six and seven every afternoon, Justine and Charlotte and the Baineses were usually joined by Captain Siever and Jerry Marshall. The latter, an American, was a vice-consul whom the Eatons had met somewhere before. He was a large young man, with clear gray eyes and a pleasant freckled face; one of those sandy-haired men whose age is difficult to tell. He might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five.

George Eaton was out all day long; but he never showed even a sketch or a drawing, nor did he talk about his work. At dinner he always dressed in a rather conservative manner, and never even wore bright colours. In fact there was nothing artistic about his appearance; there was something solid and massive about him, a sort of latent force more like a soldier than an artist.

One evening when they left Zonars' Charlotte said she was tired, and would go back to the hotel and rest before dinner. The others started for a walk.

It was getting dark when she got to her room and, stepping out on the balcony, she could still see the dark outline of the Acropolis against the evening sky. She leaned on the railing, and began to think about Egypt; about those early days when everything had seemed new and exciting, when she had met Jack Guildford. Presently she was startled by a small sound in the room behind her. It was the click of the communicating bathroom door. George Eaton must have looked in, to see whether his wife had come in to dress for dinner.

She waited in silence, expecting him to leave the room. Then she heard his footsteps going across the floor. He had not turned on the light. The next sound she heard was a slight creak, like a drawer being softly pulled open, and then a sudden splintering crash. She heard George Eaton's voice, using unmistakable language. The light flashed on.

He swung sharply around, and stood staring at her blankly. At his feet was a shattered flower-vase, the water and roses spilling over the uncarpeted floor. In the half-darkness he must have knocked it off the top of the bureau.

"Charlotte!" He looked completely taken aback. "I didn't know you were there."

"What did you want?" she asked, embarrassed and annoyed.

"I was looking for something."

"Among my things?" The incriminating drawer still stood open.

"Oh!" he said, disconcerted. "Are those yours? I thought they were my wife's."

"What were you looking for?"

He hesitated a moment. "It doesn't matter. I'm sorry about the flowers."

He got down on the floor, collected the roses and handed them to her. "Where's Justine?"

"She'll be here any minute now."

"I'll try and clean up this mess before she comes," he said. He swore as he cut his hand on a piece of glass and then looked at her. "Forgive me for swearing."

A key turned in the lock, and in another moment Justine stood there looking at them. George had got to his feet. Blood was running over his hand. As Justine looked at it, her face grew pale, her eyes fixed and staring. Then she slowly, as if with an effort, raised them to his face. There was something there that Charlotte did not understand. They stood, all three of them, as if frozen.

Charlotte snatched a clean handkerchief from the bureau-drawer, and wrapped it inexpertly around his hand. "I'll get you something to stop the bleeding."

"There's some stuff in the bathroom," he said, coming to life again as she touched him. He moved away.

Justine's eyes followed him. "How did he cut his hand?"

"He was trying to clean up this mess."

Charlotte got down with a piece of damp cotton, and began to wipe up the remaining splinters of glass. George had not shut the bathroom door, and she could hear the water running.

Justine leaned against the chest of drawers. "He broke it?" she said.

"He knocked it off the top of the bureau," Charlotte explained.

"Oh!" It was a scarcely audible sound. "What was it this time? What made him do it?"

Charlotte's impulse was to say: "It was an accident; I saw it happen." But she did not say it. She realized that she had not seen it. She did not know what he was doing in the room.

Then, as George came out of the bathroom, both girls turned with frightened faces, wondering if he had heard what they were saying. Charlotte shrank back involuntarily as he turned towards her.

"Here's your handkerchief," he said. "I washed it out. Thank you."

She took it from him. He turned away without a word more, and walked through into his own room, and she heard the door on his side of the bathroom close. At the sound Justine relaxed. She moved mechanically over to her dressing-table, and sat down, hiding her face in her hands.

In the bar of the hotel an hour later, Charlotte finished her drink and made an effort to pull herself together. She still felt very uncomfortable, but her nerves were beginning to calm down somewhat. And she was filled with admiration as she watched Justine, sitting between Captain Siever and Jerry Marshall, talking and laughing, a little pale perhaps, but looking more lovely than ever. No one would have suspected that there was anything wrong.

At dinner George Eaton sat in his usual bored silence, listening to the others. They were discussing a trip to Delphi that he had been planning. Everybody else had advice to offer, or some warning about the state of the roads and the shortcomings of the Greek hotels. As Mrs. Baines launched into a long harangue, Jerry Marshall turned to Charlotte.

"Aren't you and Justine going with him?"

"It hasn't been decided yet," Charlotte answered.

"If you do," Jerry added, "I might be tempted to go along. My vacation begins next week, you know."

"That would be very nice," she said, politely noncommittal. "But it depends on how Justine feels."

He went on in a low voice: "I could drive you all in my car. I know the roads. We can stay overnight in Livadhia, and see the monastery of St. Luke; and then we'll go over the Aràkhova road to Delphi."

Mrs. Baines' long story had finally come to an end, and in the ensuing silence Jerry's words were audible.

"What is all this?" Mrs. Baines exclaimed. "My dear Justine, you are not thinking of going on a trip like this?"

"It depends on—whether he wants us to go." Justine glanced quickly at her husband's expressionless face.

"Nonsense, my dear! Let him go alone; he won't mind roughing it. But it's not at all the thing for you. Especially as I shouldn't be able to go with you. Lady Plumley is arriving next week, on her way back to Cairo; and I must be here when she comes."

Jerry was looking at Charlotte. His back was turned to Mrs. Baines, and he winked without moving a muscle of his face. It caught her unawares and she very nearly laughed. It began to dawn on her that this was a part of his plan, to circumvent Mrs. Baines' constant supervision and interference. After all, it was not such a bad idea. If Jerry went with them, it would certainly make it more pleasant for Justine and herself than being alone with George Eaton in an out-of-the-way place.

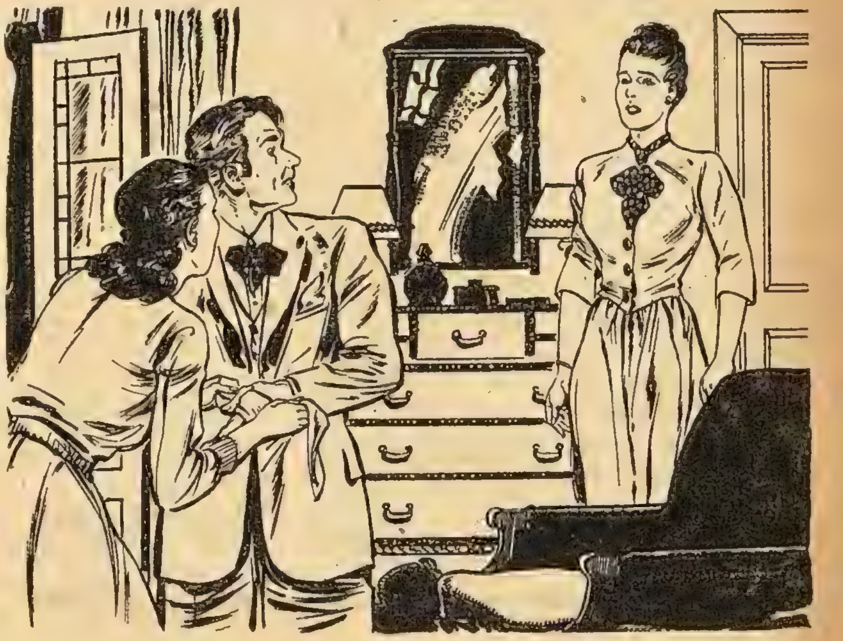
THE next day Captain Siever, who was going on to England to visit his family, proposed, as a farewell excursion, a climb up to the top of Mt. Lycabettos. It was something that Justine had been longing to do; but so far she had been prevented by her husband and Mrs. Baines, who both thought it was too much for her. This time Justine insisted on not letting them know, and the two girls went with Captain Siever and Jerry Marshall.

The climb, however, proved almost too much for Justine. When they got back to the hotel, she undressed quite submissively and went to bed. She closed her eyes and seemed to fall into a doze, while Charlotte tiptoed softly around the room, making her preparations to press the white evening-dress. She had taken the electric iron from the bureau-drawer, had plugged the cord into the wall, and was waiting for it to heat up, when there was a knock on the door. A servant had come to call Mrs. Eaton to the telephone.

"Oh," said Justine, rousing, "you'll have to answer it, Charlotte."

Charlotte went downstairs. As she crossed the hall she saw someone coming in through the front door and for a moment fancied it was George Eaton. But he never came home as early as this.

She went to the telephone, to find that it was Jerry, who wanted to know how Justine was. They talked for a few minutes, and Charlotte cautioned him not to say anything about the climb. "You see, he—Mr. Eaton—doesn't know; and he might be angry."



As she rang off, she suddenly thought of the electric iron. Had she turned it off when she came downstairs? She began to run up the dark, creaking staircase. As she reached the second floor, a voice came clearly through: "Charlotte! Charlotte!" There was something in the tone that frightened her. She ran down the corridor, and burst into the room.

Justine had got out of bed. George Eaton was standing there, with his hands on the iron, pressing it down on Justine's dress. Charlotte could smell the scorching material. She saw the filmsy folds of chiffon ripped to pieces by the point of the iron. She saw Justine cover her face with her hands, sobbing helplessly. "Oh, my dress! My pretty dress!"

Charlotte did not say a word. She gave him one look as she threw her arms around Justine. Then he laughed, as he had laughed when he broke the mirror. He walked out of the room, still laughing.

Charlotte snatched up the iron and examined the ruined dress. Justine had flung herself on the bed, crying and laughing, and saying over and over again: "My poor dress! My poor dress!"

Holding her in her arms, Charlotte was ineffectually trying to soothe and quiet her when George came back into the room. Charlotte felt a sort of sick disgust at the sight of him. There was in his deep-set eyes neither shame nor embarrassment nor remorse—only blankness.

At his entrance Justine had stopped crying. She shrank back in Charlotte's arms, staring at him.

"All right," he said quietly, "you win, Justine." And then, as she still looked at him without saying a word, he added: "I'm sorry about the dress." His tone was absolutely without expression.

"Better get her to bed," he said in the same tone to Charlotte. "She'll be quiet now."

As he paused with his hand on the door, Charlotte saw the blood. When he caught hold of the electric iron he must have wrenched open the half-healed cut on his hand, and the blood was soaking through the bandage. At the same time he became aware of the injury. "Oh, hell!" he said, almost in a whisper; and then he glanced quickly over his shoulder. His look at Justine was the hasty look of guilt. But Justine was lying with her eyes closed. Then his eyes met Charlotte's; and whatever he saw in her face silenced him.

Using his left hand, he opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

A dose of sedative put Justine to sleep quickly, and Charlotte watched over her. After awhile, as if drawn by some irresistible compulsion, she went to the wardrobe and examined the white evening dress hanging there. As she looked at the burnt shreds of material hanging down, a sort of chill came over her. She stepped into the bathroom, and paused to listen. There was no sound from the other side of the communicating door. Then her hands were on the bolt, pushing it home with a sharp click.

Her hands were shaking, her heart was beating violently, she was almost breathless with fright.

JUSTINE was easily persuaded to stay in bed next day. Toward five o'clock, while she was sleeping, Charlotte opened the door at a knock and saw George Eaton standing in the hall. She stepped outside the room and closed the door behind her.

"How is she?" he said. His voice, always very deep and low, was a husky whisper. She wondered if he had been drinking.

"She's asleep."

"She was all right, after—?" He paused.

"She slept right through the night."

"Did she tell you—how it happened?"

"No," she answered with cold contempt. "She didn't need to tell me anything. I saw."

"Yes," he said, "you saw it. That was enough." He looked strange, and his speech was slow and uneven, as though he found it difficult to enunciate. "Who has been with her all this time?"

"Who?" Charlotte was still more indignant at that. "Who did you think would be with her—when you went off and left her? Of course I've been with her every minute."

"You ought to get out of here," he said slowly.

"And who will stay with her?"

"Surely Mrs. Baines would come for a while?"

"You have wanted to get rid of me all along," she said, now thoroughly aroused.

"Yes," he said in the same expressionless tone, "you should have let me send you home."

"You didn't want me to see the truth!" Her voice shook in her angry excitement. "It's very fortunate I didn't go. Who knows what might have happened, if I hadn't been here?"

"Who knows, indeed?" The odd answer brought her up short like a slap in the face.

"You're not responsible for your actions, Mr. Eaton," she said, when she could speak. "You should see a doctor —before you do something absolutely irrevocable!"

He was staring at her so strangely that she shrank back, frightened. "Is that what it is?" he asked, and walked away down the hall, as if he were drunk. Charlotte had a sudden terrified impulse to rush after him and stop him, as one would try to stop a wounded animal that was going off to hide somewhere beyond reach of human help. Never, so long as she lived, would she forget his face.

THAT night Charlotte lay awake, the useless circle of her thoughts and fears and doubts swinging round and round. She had heard of the disappearance of men of unbalanced mind, of loss of memory, even suicide. The foolish words that she had uttered without thinking might have pushed George Eaton finally over the border, as he realized the doom that lay before him. From the moment when he walked off like a drunken man, no one had seen or heard anything of him.

Some time in the night she got up, felt for her robe in the dark, and put it on. Then, in her bare feet, she made her way into the bathroom, and closed the door softly behind her. She stood for a while in the dark, in front of the door into his room. No line of light showed under it. If she could only know that he was safe there, she could go back to bed and sleep, she thought.

At last she nerved herself to slip the bolt, very quietly. There was no sound from the other side of the door. She turned the knob, pushed the door open, a tiny crack. It showed no light. The door swung back a little further. Her eyes, accustomed to the dark, could see everything quite plainly. There was no one in the room.

She could see the dark bulk of a bureau, the counterpart of her own; and on top of it, propped against the wall, a squarish shape that she recognised as a drawing-board. She could make out a faint design against the white background. That picture, the creation of his unbalanced fancy, might reveal, perhaps, far more than the words and actions of the man who painted it. A sort of horrible fascination drew her forward. Inside the room she felt for the electric button. But before her fingers found it, the room was flooded with light.

George Eaton was standing within a yard of her, his back against the wall, his left hand on the light-switch. In his right hand he had a heavy stick. He blinked, then took a step towards her. She looked up at him, thinking: "I am going to die; and he will be shut up in an asylum."

He was close to her now, towering over her.

Then her hands were on his wrist, trying to wrench the stick away from him. She was saying, "No, no, George! Don't do it!" like a grown-up person reasoning with a child.

His fingers loosened, and the stick slipped from his hand and fell with a clatter on the floor at their feet. "Charlotte!" he whispered. "It's you!"

Her eyes were still looking into his. His right hand was limp in her grasp.

"I was worried about you," she said in a calm and soothing voice. "I was afraid you were ill."

He was in the same clothes he had worn out that afternoon. She let go his hand, stooped down, and picked up the stick from the floor. She moved back, standing in the doorway. "You'll be all right now, won't you? You'll go to sleep?"

"Wait, Charlotte!" He took a step towards her. "You don't know—" He stopped.

She took hold of his hand. She was no more frightened than if she had been dealing with a recalcitrant small boy. "I know," she said. "You feel bad. But it will pass off. In the morning you'll be all right again."

As she tried to draw her hand away, he grasped it more tightly. "No, Charlotte!" he said. "No, wait!"

"I must go," she said gently.

A look of strange indecision passed over his face. Then he said: "Yes, you'd better go."

And he bent and kissed her hand. The gesture surprised her so much, that she stood looking at him blankly, without moving, until he took her by the shoulders, quite gently, pushed her out of the room, and closed the door on her.

The next morning Justine insisted on getting up and having her breakfast on the balcony. She looked much better, though there was a restless sort of uneasiness about her.

They were both dressed when a knock came. Charlotte's hand shook as she opened the door. George was standing there in the dimness of the hall. He did not look as if he had slept much.

He spoke to her as formally as though he had not seen her in his room in the middle of the night—or as though he had no recollection of it.

"Yes, she slept through the night," she answered mechanically. "She's better today."

"Is that you, George?" Justine had come up and was standing behind her.

"I'm glad you're better, Justine." His tone was flat and lifeless.

"You're sorry—for what you did?" Justine spoke almost in a whisper.

"I'm sorry for—what happened. Whatever it was."

Charlotte's heart sank. She said, almost without thinking, "Don't you remember?"

Then, as he turned to her, she was half frightened, wishing that she had not spoken.

"Never mind," Justine said. "It doesn't matter how it happened." She spoke quickly.

"No," he said, "it doesn't matter." And he turned and walked away down the corridor.

"Oh, Justine," Charlotte whispered, "think what it would be if you didn't have full control of your faculties? If you had lapses, when you couldn't be sure what you had done yesterday? If you thought, perhaps, that you had been on the point of doing something dreadful—"

"Don't!" Justine screamed out. "Don't talk about things like that!"

CHARLOTTE was packing with a heavy heart. It had somehow been tacitly decided they were to go to Delphi. It was evidently impossible to reason with George Eaton and quite as impossible to let him go alone.

She was alone in the room. She had persuaded Justine to go on to Zonars' as usual, and had promised to join her in time for a late tea. But the packing had taken longer than she expected. It was not so simple, after all, to decide what they were to take, and what to leave behind.

At a knock on the door she looked up with some annoyance. Then there was the click of a key turning in the lock, and the door swung open. It was the maid, who had let herself in with the pass-key; and behind her stood George Eaton.

"Oh," he said. "I didn't think there was anyone here. So I got the maid to let me in."

"What did you want?" she said with cold formality.

"Well—" He hesitated. "I'm getting together the things I'll want on the trip. If I could have my stick—"

He stopped, and stood looking at her startled face.

"Oh, your stick?" she said. "I'll get it for you tomorrow. I'm busy now."

"But tomorrow," he said, "we're leaving very early in the morning. I'd like to have it now, if you don't mind. We're going out in the country, and I might want it for protection. In case there are dogs, you know."

It gave her an unpleasant shock, as once again in the middle of a perfectly sane and reasonable conversation, he suddenly came out with something absolutely silly and meaningless.

She answered quickly and soothingly, "Oh, no, that won't be necessary. You won't need a stick. I didn't think you'd want it—so I gave it to the waiter," she invented quickly. She should have got rid of it long since, of course; and she would do so now.

His eyes had a helpless and bewildered look.

"And now," she said quietly, "you'd better go along, and let me finish my packing." She held out her hand to him. He made a slight movement, as though to take it. For a moment she thought he was going to kiss her hand again. But instead, he swung abruptly away from her, without another word, and walked off down the passage.

LEAVING Athens next morning Charlotte found herself in the back of the car beside George Eaton, who leaned in the other corner, staring out of the windows on his side. The road was very rough, and full of blind turns, on one of which they narrowly missed a heavily-loaded truck tearing madly along towards Athens. Charlotte began to feel nervous, watching each curve that lay ahead of them, and wishing that Jerry would go more slowly. The drive seemed interminable, and after three hours she saw that Justine had sunk down in her seat, as if asleep. George had not said a word since they left Athens; nor had Charlotte, except when Jerry spoke to her over his shoulder, to point out some landmark on the way. And then, quite suddenly, they came upon Livadhia, the little town where they were to spend the night. They drew up in the little square in front of the hotel.

George disappeared after lunch, probably to sketch. Later the others walked down through the lower part of the town, towards the outskirts. The road twisted and turned, crossing and re-crossing the river, and quite suddenly, in the dusk, they came upon George Eaton leaning on the parapet of an old stone bridge. He turned from the drawing he was making.

"We wondered where you were." It was Justine who spoke.

"Did you?" he answered.

"A funny little town, isn't it?" Jerry said in the cold, conversational voice he used in speaking to George Eaton.

"Very picturesque," George answered, in almost the same tone.

Even at that moment the dislike in the two men's voices struck Charlotte as it had never done before.

George's eyes were on Jerry, and he was not noticing her. She came softly up behind him, her low-heeled walking shoes making no noise on the ancient stones of the bridge. Then she was standing close to him, looking over his shoulder. He had made no effort to cover up the drawing, which rested on the parapet. But there was nothing in it that gave any clue to the man's mind. It was merely a rough reproduction of the scene that lay before her eyes. She looked up, and caught George's eye upon her. She moved away quickly, and walked on across the bridge, anxious only to escape from him.

She heard the others following her, and kept ahead of them, past another bridge, and on up the narrow street. And so she came to the last bridge, at the mouth of the gorge. Somewhere to the right there should be the springs coming out of the foot of the cliffs—the springs of Memory and Forgetfulness. She could hear the trickle of water. Below the bridge were other and bigger springs rushing out of Mount Laphystion to feed the Hercyna. In the deepening dusk she walked over to look at them.

Fascinated by the strange sight of the water gushing out from the earth, her ears filled with the noise of it, she was unaware that anyone had come near her. It was only when he spoke that she became conscious that George was standing beside her. She turned to walk back toward the bridge, sharply conscious of the tall, shadowy figure that followed behind her.

"And these are the springs of Lethe and Mnemosyne?" she said, as she paused by the bridge, looking back at the shadowy cliffs.

"Yes, the springs of Memory and Forgetfulness." He said softly, as if to himself, "If we could drink the waters of Forgetfulness, and omit the rest of the procedure—" He broke off, turning with a restless movement. "Let's go. This is not a healthy place for us."

Her heart sank. Again, in the midst of a perfectly reasonable conversation, the symptoms of his malady had suddenly appeared, causeless and inexplicable.

Once, on the way down, she stumbled in the darkness and fell against him. His hand grasped her arm. She had a frantic impulse to break away from him, and run screaming down the road. Then, somehow, the moment passed. As they crossed over to the hotel, he released her arm. She became sharply conscious of Justine and Jerry standing on the steps.

"What took you so long?" Justine said later when the two girls were in their room. "Jerry and I were just coming back to look for you."

"Oh, were you?" Charlotte tried to make her tone very casual. Justine must not suspect that she had been frightened. "I was looking at the spring, and I didn't notice you'd turned back."

Justine was taking a makeshift bath. She looked over her bare shoulder. Standing on a newspaper, and washing herself with the small quantity of warm water in the basin, she seemed quite unconscious of her beautiful naked body.

"Better close the windows." She shivered. "It's rather draughty."

Charlotte closed the windows, and began rather unwillingly to pull off her dress. She wanted a bath, but she hated to have anyone watching her while she took it.

She was still only half undressed when Justine began to put on her clothes again. She was always quick and impatient in everything she did. Even making-up her face, though she did it with care, never took her very long. As she seated herself before the small flawed mirror, she went on thoughtfully.

"I was rather surprised," she said, "when we got back to the square, and I looked around and didn't see you. I thought you were just behind us. We waited for a while. And then I began to feel uneasy."

"Uneasy?" The word startled Charlotte, coming so soon after her recent fright.

"After all, you are only a young girl. I ought to have warned you. . . . I suppose you still have illusions about men. In Athens, where you saw so little of him, it didn't matter. But now that you are likely to be alone with him, in these out-of-the-way places, it's not right that you shouldn't know the sort he is." She added, hesitatingly: "It might have been unpleasant for you. If he'd tried to kiss you—"

The blood rushed into Charlotte's face. "Oh no!" That Justine should think it possible offended every feeling of fastidiousness and good taste.

"My poor child," Justine said, "don't look so shocked! You must know something about life." Her eyes passed over Charlotte's half-naked figure with a certain curiosity. Almost without knowing what she was doing, Charlotte gathered up her slip, and held it in front of her. It could not conceal the graceful curves, not so beautiful as Justine's, not yet fully formed, but with all the charming possibilities of a young girl's figure.

"You must know," Justine repeated softly. "After all, you were engaged to a man in Egypt. And you can't be quite without experience, after that year in Cairo. From what I gather, it's not exactly a school for *jeunes filles*. The men come out from England with the idea of having a good time. They don't marry the girls they meet there; they don't have any intention of marrying them. They go back and marry some nice young girl at home, who doesn't know so much. You learned that. That stupid young officer never meant to marry you, did he? Though of course he'd have married you, if you'd had money. In that case men are apt to be much less particular."

"You are implying something that is untrue and ugly," Charlotte said, beginning to tremble with anger and excitement. "I hardly know what you *are* implying. Of course I was engaged to him, and I let him kiss me, naturally—"

She broke off, with a sense of violent distaste. It sounded horribly vulgar and silly, as any defense of one's virtue always does.

"Of course there was nothing," Justine said soothingly. "My dear Charlotte, you take everything so seriously. But, after all, you can't live forever in a pleasant dream-world of your own imagining." She paused and added in a lower tone: "I once lived in my own dream-world too—and I awoke from it, with a rude awakening."

THE next day Charlotte kept wishing she could escape from the confinement of the car, where she was imprisoned hour after hour so close to George Eaton. She wished that they had been going straight on to Delphi, instead of making the detour to the little village of Stiris to see the famous monastery near by.

They came in through the gateway of the monastery just as the clock in the tower overhead was striking the hour of noon. They were in a courtyard surrounded by the living quarters of the monks. In the middle was the church of St. Luke the hermit. As they stepped inside it was a strange effect, as one came from the light and heat of the empty mountain-side into the rich and somber dignity of its interior.

Adjoining it at the back was a small white-washed chapel, with a dome supported by Byzantine columns with beautifully carved capitals. Something about the place touched Charlotte's fancy more than all the splendor of the main church; and she lingered there after the others had gone. The quiet soothed her. Long afterwards she remembered the white light that flooded the chapel, the clear tone of cowbells on the hill outside, the loneliness of the surrounding mountains.

She turned to go, and the spell was broken. George Eaton was only a few feet away from her, half-hidden by one of the columns. Then, as she looked at him, she saw that he was not even aware of her presence. He was looking up at the beautiful dome, the tired lines smoothed out of his face as though he had forgotten every ugly thing that lay behind him.

She moved quietly, meaning to steal off. But he turned sharply, and a change came over his face, as though a shadow had fallen over it. He looked ten years older. She stood there stupidly, unable to move.

Then Justine's laugh sounded and she came through the doorway saying, "Oh, so there you are! I wondered what had become of you. Jerry says it's time to go."

Though her tone was casual, there was a quick look at her husband.

When they got back to the car Charlotte no longer minded the fact that George Eaton was sitting beside her. Sheer physical exhaustion had dulled her senses. At any rate it was pleasant to be on their way again.

Just beyond the outskirts of the village, two big black sheep dogs sprang out from the roadside, snarling savagely, and chased the car some distance.

Jerry said as he pressed his foot down on the accelerator, "The Greek shepherd dogs have an ugly reputation. I never go out in the country without a heavy stick, or a weapon of some kind, in case I should run into them."

"You didn't bring your stick along this time," Justine said.

"No," Jerry said, slowing down again. "But I have a revolver here"—he patted the side-pocket of the car.

They were on the upgrade now, and Charlotte looked out to her right into an immense void, as though the earth had suddenly opened far beneath her. The road was barely finished, and there was no parapet except in two or three exceptionally bad places, and then only a few feet at a time. Presently they were going downhill fast. And then they came to a bridge, over an appalling chasm, with no parapet at all.

As Jerry came up to it he had to make almost a right-angle turn, which obliged him to slow up. Charlotte shut her eyes. She opened them again, not in terror but surprise. George was leaning over, and drawing her arm through his. They were actually on the bridge, hanging over a gorge that split the mountainside for perhaps a thousand feet. In another moment they had crossed safely over.

She never remembered anything very clearly after that, only that they came at last to Aràkhova, a village perched high up on the side of the mountain. The car rushed through it and downhill towards Delphi, which came into view and then disappeared behind the shoulder of the mountain. Almost at the last bend Jerry stopped the car, and Charlotte managed to withdraw her arm, as they sat for a few minutes looking down the valley.

LATER, from her balcony Charlotte watched the setting sun shining on the bay. In the roadway before the hotel the servants were taking the bags off the back of the car, and beating clouds of dust out of them.

"I hope the dust hasn't got into our clothes," Justine said. She had come in unnoticed while Charlotte was on the balcony. They had been given separate rooms here, adjoining but not communicating.

"The roads are certainly pretty bad," Charlotte said.

"Especially that last part, eh?" said Justine. "That scared you, did it? Oh, I saw you," she added, with a little laugh. "I saw you two in the car."

"I don't like heights," Charlotte admitted. "They make me dizzy."

"And were you dizzy when you stayed behind with him in the chapel?"

"I didn't stay behind with him," she said coldly. "I didn't even know he was there."

"The warning I gave you yesterday doesn't seem to have made much impression on you."

"You don't mean," Charlotte said incredulously, "that you think I was deliberately flirting with him?"

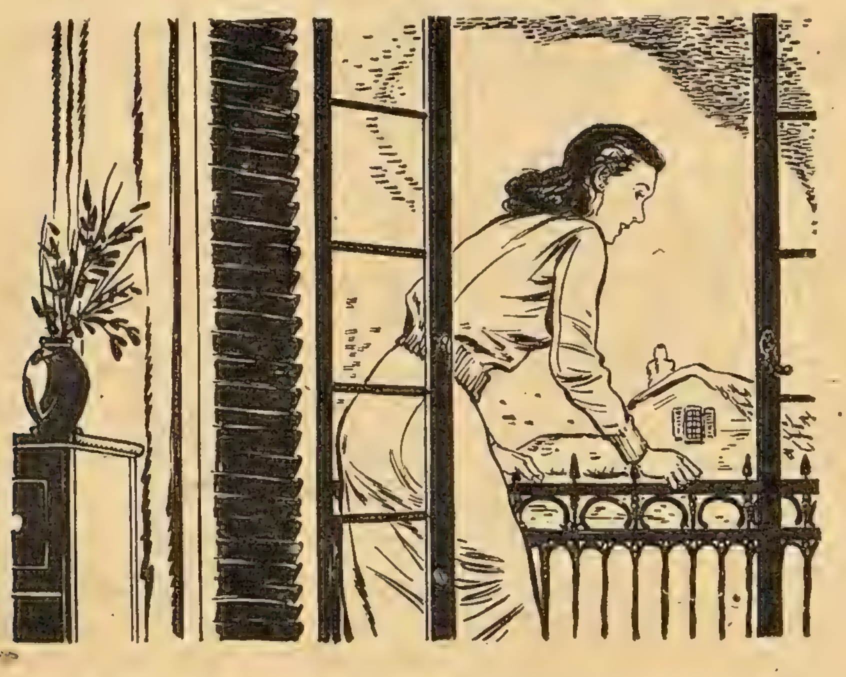
"What am I to think when I see you going off with him in corners, and letting him hold your hand? I should have known that you would be taken in—just as they all are—by that long-suffering air and those sad eyes."

"You don't think—that I *like* him?" Charlotte forced the words out. She felt a strange sort of heavy breathlessness.

Justine said in a low voice, "I hope to God you don't."

"How could I be taken in," Charlotte went on, still speaking with that same queer breathlessness, "after what I know about him?"

"Yes, you know about him. But you don't know everything. If you did— Believe me, Charlotte, you wouldn't want to be alone with him even for a minute. You wouldn't want him to touch you." Then she laughed faintly, and walked out of the room.



AFTER tea, Charlotte walked up the main road through the village. She wanted to get away from the others. It was warm and windstill. In the dusk beyond, the road ahead was lost to sight. She had a sense of isolation from all ordinary well-known things; a sense of strangeness, even about herself. The girl whom she had always believed herself to be, and the very different sort of girl that she appeared to Justine—which of them was the real Charlotte?

And then she saw the tall, shadowy figure coming towards her.

"Charlotte?" George Eaton said. "What are you doing out here alone? It's nearly dark."

"I was just going to turn back," she answered.

He turned too, and began to walk along beside her. Every moment she expected to meet Justine and Jerry coming the other way. She stopped irresolutely.

"You needn't bother to walk back with me," she said. "It's not necessary."

"Why?" he said, rather sharply. "Why do you say that?"

While she still stood hesitating, he burst out, "Good heavens! What is it now?"

She started, in spite of herself, shrinking back a little.

"Don't!" he said, as if she had hurt him. "Don't look at me like that. I'm not going to beat you. You shall go back by yourself like a good little girl."

"Yes," she said nervously, "I think I'd better. Justine will be wondering—"

"I should have known! So she saw me in the car, did she? How stupid I've been! Stupid in every way. What a risk to take—and for nothing!" He began to laugh in that crazy way. "Merely for the sake of being allowed to hold your hand when you were so dizzy you didn't even know I was there! Just to give you my arm in a lonely road, when it was too dark to see where you were going. I never even kissed you! I might have had that anyway—if I'm to get credit for it."

He was looking down at her. Before she could move he kissed her. It was an oddly ineffectual caress that brushed the side of her mouth and cheek.

She stood there without moving, her heart beating very fast.

"That was unforgivable," he said. "If I ever do that again, you must slap my face. Do you understand? After all my precautions—to be so stupid! To let you run risks without knowing what you are doing. You must never again come out here alone. You must keep away from me. Do you hear? You must not come near me. It's not safe."

She saw that he was raving again.

"Yes, yes," she said soothingly. "Don't get so excited. I'm going now."

"It will be quite dark in a few minutes," he said. "Don't stop anywhere on the way."

"No," she answered. And she walked slowly away from him.

THE next day George Eaton did not come to lunch. When Justine and Jerry went into the *salon* for their coffee, Charlotte made her escape to her own room. Closing the half-open shutters, she lay down on her bed, and fell asleep. When she awoke her watch had stopped, and she did not know what time it was. She could hear someone moving about in Justine's room. The walls were thin and there were sounds as if Justine were dragging her suitcase across the floor. It darted into Charlotte's mind, with another sharp twinge of conscience, that she had not unpacked Justine's things; she had never even thought of it until this moment.

She got up and dressed hurriedly, and went out into the hall. Justine's door was ajar, and she softly called her by name. There was no answer, and she hesitated. Then she pushed the door a little wider, and stepped into the room. It was empty.

Charlotte pushed open the shutters, and stepped out on the balcony, and looked down into the road beneath her. There was only one balcony beyond, only one more room beyond Justine's. Voices came through the closed shutters of that room, and then Justine's low musical laugh.

A few words of hers emerged distinctly. "She thinks you came because of her."

Jerry's voice broke in, and then Justine's contemptuous laugh again. "How conventional you are!" And after a moment, "Are you afraid of him?"

"If he came in now . . . he'd kill us both!" It was Jerry's voice.

Justine was saying something about ". . .a right to come into my husband's room."

"I thought you never went into his room!" He was speaking without caution now, and roughly. "He'd hardly understand it now! . . . Will you go?"

Justine's voice was angry and suspicious. "I don't understand you. You have been different ever since we came here."

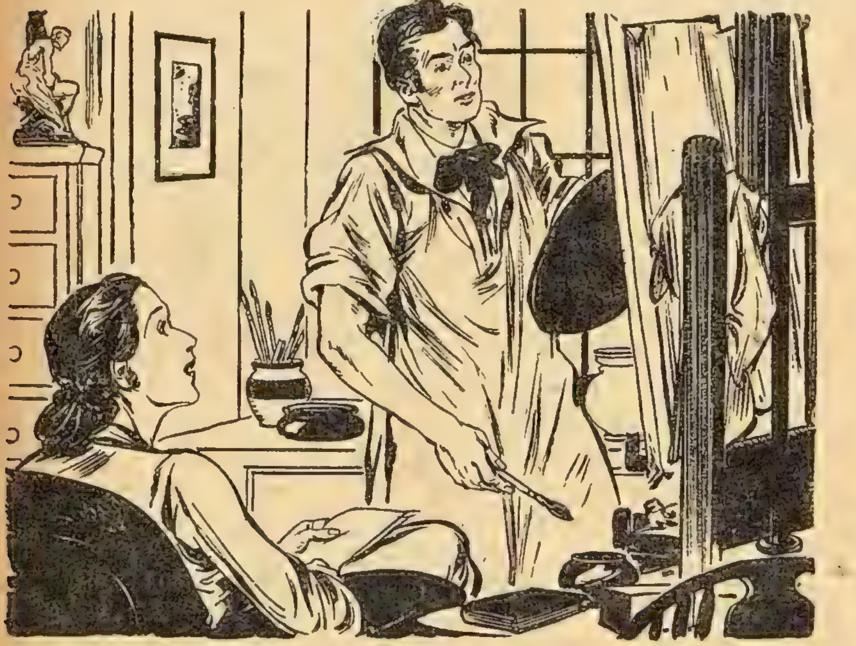
"It was different in Athens, where there were always other people around. Here it's much more dangerous. I've seen him watching you . . . I came to protect you. I wouldn't let you go alone with him, with no better protection than that foolish little girl!" Charlotte lost some words about "what happened in Egypt . . . you ought to have told me the whole truth in the beginning . . . I can't let you take chances like this."

"All right—I'll go. But—"

Charlotte had heard enough—and too much. She ran from the room pursued by a sense of evil—shrinking against the wall as she heard a door open somewhere behind her—creeping down the stairs and through the front hall, and out of the house.

She climbed up the steep ascent of the Sacred Way through the great temple of Apollo, and up the stairway to the theater of Dionysos. And here at last she stopped to rest, though her thoughts rushed on. It was evident that Justine had told Jerry things she had never told Charlotte, and there was no explaining away the things she had seen with her own eyes. The broken mirror, the burnt dress, the stick, George Eaton's violent moods and irrational talk. She saw his face as he stood there in that room, waiting, with the stick in his hands. She saw the look in his eyes. She heard him saying: "Charlotte! It's you!" When that door opened so slowly, he was waiting—for what?

She was suddenly quite madly frightened. Footsteps were coming slowly up the stone stair toward where she was sitting. Then she remembered she had seen a guard as she came up through the lower levels of the sanctuary It was probably he who was coming to look for her. She began to make her way down to the floor of the orchestra The man she saw did not wear a guard's cap. The moonlight shone on his fair head. Charlotte flung herself down the remaining tiers, and into his arms, frantic with relief saying: "You're all right! You're safe!"



When he stopped kissing her, George Eaton said, "What are you doing here alone, anyway, at this time of night? And why were you frightened?" As she did not answer, he drew back a little. "What has she said to you?" he asked sharply.

"Such ugly things," Charlotte whispered. "She warned me to keep away from you. Tell me something, George. That night, when I came into your room—you never meant to kill me with that stick?"

He threw back his head and burst out with a laugh that reverberated through the ancient theatre.

"My dear child, when you opened that door I was so scared you could have knocked me over with one touch of your finger."

"And when the door opened—what did you expect to see?" she asked fearfully.

"I expected to see death, my dear. And when I saw your prim little face staring at me you could have taken the stick and knocked me on the head with it."

"I'm so glad!" she said. "I'm so glad!" As his arms tightened around her, she put her face against his shoulder. "And you never hit a woman, did you?"

"Only in self-defense."

"Oh no!" she said. "Don't joke about it!"

"It's no joke, I assure you. My dear child, I'm glad you don't regard me as an unmentionable brute, as you did a while ago. But don't lose sight of the probabilities. It's not healthy for you to be here with me, at this hour, alone."

He spoke with a bitter sort of humor, half laughing and half savage. Then he began to kiss her again, and his words and her thoughts, all that she had meant to ask melted away in the confusion of her senses. He released her at last, and took her arm, holding it tight in his, and together they walked down the steps to the temple, and on down to the highroad. As they approached the last bend before the village, she stood still in the roadway, her mind filled with the confused mass of things that she wanted to say and to ask. He had told her nothing. Instead, he was going to kiss her again, to silence her altogether. Sh turned her head to avoid his lips.

He kissed her cheek, gently; and then, as she did not respond, he released her arm and stood there, not touching her. She stood very still, looking back the way they had come. She felt as though she had never been alive before. She was intensely conscious of his presence as he stood there, waiting, tall and silent and motionless. As she turned and he put his arms around her, she felt a strange sense of inevitability.

AFTER dinner that night Charlotte meant to go straight to bed. But very shortly there was a knock on her door and Justine's voice spoke sharply: "Charlotte! Let me in!"

She came in and sat on the edge of the bed while Charlotte, half undressed, stood waiting, feeling that something unpleasant was coming.

"You were in my room this afternoon—weren't you. I saw you going along the corridor. You left the door open—you had just come out of my room. What were you looking for?"

"I only came to see if I could help you unpack."

"It was rather late for that," Justine said contemptuously. "I had done it and I only left the room for a few minutes to speak to Jerry. You thought the worst—didn't you? You thought you'd found out something against me. And then you went running off to my husband," she added with scorn.

"No," Charlotte whispered, "no, I didn't."

"Where were you all afternoon, then? Weren't you with him?"

"I didn't go to him." This was true enough; and so was the rest of it: "I didn't tell him anything."

Justine seemed to relax a little as she leaned back on the bed.

"Thank God you didn't! If you had gone to him with such a story—!" She broke off, shivering as she pulled her yellow robe more tightly around her. "He'd have believed it—because he wants to believe it! He'd never have given me a chance to explain. It's what he's waiting for—the excuse he wants."

"Excuse?" said Charlotte.

"I went to Jerry because I was frightened. Because I was alone and helpless—because you have turned against me too! You have been so strange ever since we left Athens. I didn't know what to do, or whom to turn to. That's why I went to Jerry—because there is no one else I can trust now."

"He's in love with you."

"Oh yes, I know he's in love with me," Justine answered with a shrug. "I *had* hoped he might get fond of you. That's why I encouraged him to be with us so much. But it didn't turn out that way. He told me yesterday. He's been in love with me ever since that first day in Athens. But there has been nothing wrong—I swear that. I only went to him this afternoon because I was frantic with loneliness and fear. I couldn't stand it when I saw that you had deserted me too. I knew that George had turned you against me. He turns everyone against me in the end!"

"He never said a word," Charlotte answered.

"No," said Justine, "he doesn't say anything. He doesn't need to. He looks at you with those sad eyes—and you forget everything you know about him. You forget reason and common-sense. You are like all the rest! Before, I couldn't bring myself to tell you the whole truth. But now I must." She had got up, coming toward Charlotte and lowering her voice almost to a whisper. "You don't know what it's like to be married to him. Those insane fits of rage—he had one less than two weeks after we were married, when we were on our honeymoon. Every time another man looked at me, or spoke to me he threatened to kill me—to strangle me! A week after we got back from our honeymoon—he beat me."

"It's not true," Charlotte said in a quiet tone.

"You don't believe it?" Justine said with savage bitterness. "You can't believe that he would hit a woman? And yet you saw him that night on the boat, with the broken mirror in his hand. You saw him pressing the iron down on my dress, burning it up. I'll never forget how you came in—how angry you were—how you looked at him! And he slunk away. He was afraid of you, because you knew too much. I was afraid to sleep in the same room with him. After what happened in Egypt—I was leaning on the balcony, looking down—there was a cement pavement below. And then—he came up behind me—" Justine had come quite close now. "Oh, Charlotte, I *am* frightened! You see, I don't know—whether he meant to do it!"

Justine's lovely face was twisted with the expression of a frightened child. She put her arms around Charlotte's shoulders.

Then Charlotte screamed, senselessly and uncontrollably. She thrust both hands against Justine's shoulders, and pushed her back. The two women stood there, with three feet of space between them, staring at each other, Justine without any expression.

Then the door burst violently open, and George Eaton was in the room. His eyes went from Charlotte's face to his wife's.

"What are you doing here?" he said roughly.

Justine laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh. "I might ask what *you* are doing—in Charlotte's room?"

"I heard her scream."

As his eyes turned upon her, Charlotte suddenly realized that she was half naked. She snatched at her dress.

"What was the meaning of that scream? What happened?"

"Nothing," Charlotte said, "nothing!"

He turned to his wife. "Why did she scream like that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Justine answered with a shrug. Her glance passed contemptuously over Charlotte's half-exposed figure. "Perhaps she wanted you to come in—and see her like that."

Charlotte whispered, as her eyes met his, "Oh, please go!"

"You hysterical little fool," he said. "If you ever make another disturbance like that, you'll be sorry! Do you know what I ought to do? I ought to turn you over my knee and give you a good, sound spanking!"

Charlotte only looked at him, utterly speechless. Justine laughed, an insulting little laugh. And she walked out of the room after her husband.

CHARLOTTE went downstairs purposely late for breakfast—and there he was, alone. He got up with ceremonious politeness, and pulled out her chair for her. As she sat down, he bent over and whispered in her ear.

"What happened?"

"I told you, nothing happened," she said coldly. "I was nervous—that's all. You were outrageously rude!"

"I had to talk like that, before her. If I'd spanked you, in front of her, it would have been much better for your health, my dear. Only I was afraid you wouldn't understand."

"I certainly shouldn't!" she answered indignantly.

"Well, you had better understand that in future I'm going to be rude to you every time I speak to you—in public."

"You are rude enough in private," she retorted.

"Well," he said, "don't you ever frighten me again unless you *are* being killed. And now stop sulking. Any minute now she'll be coming in and then I shall stop speaking to you. Listen, Charlotte, I've got to talk to you. I'll meet you in the theatre this evening, about sundown. Wait for me there. If I don't come, you'll know it was because I couldn't. There are things I've got to tell you. She's coming now."

When his wife reached the table, he got up, as if he had only just seen her.

The morning passed somehow in a curious mood of unreality. At lunch Jerry proposed a drive in the car, down the mountain to Itea. Justine was anxious to go; when Charlotte declined, on the excuse that she disliked mountain driving, he invited a woman who sat at an adjoining table to take her place. Justine did not look too pleased at that; but he evidently thought it was a wise precaution, in case George Eaton found out about it afterwards.

Charlotte shut herself in her room until the sun was sinking behind the high peaks. Then in the lovely evening light, she was toiling up the Sacred Way once more.

The dusk was brightening into moonlight, and she was growing weary of the hard stone seat when at last she heard his footsteps.

SHE got up as he came towards her, with a sort of embarrassment as she remembered their last meeting. Yet when he touched her, kissed her, fear and embarrassment melted away.

They sat down on the lowest tier of seats. "This is the last time we must ever do this. Justine's already suspicious. There's a certain thing that she seems to feel by instinct—I suppose because it's so close to her own physical nature. She's abnormally sensitive to it—and she hates it with a deadly hatred." He drew her closer to him.

"Tell me one thing, George. She doesn't love you, does she?—Why is she jealous of you?"

He laughed, very low, and with great bitterness.

"How young you are! You seem so grown-up at times that I forget. You'd better go home like a good little girl—instead of sitting here with me."

"I want to know the truth," Charlotte said. "You have misled me, with your strange behaviour. It's no wonder I thought—"

"You thought, didn't you," he said slowly, "that I was insane?"

"I tried not to think so," she whispered. "But I was afraid of it—horribly afraid of it!"

He drew a deep breath, and she could feel how his heart beat. "It would certainly be easier to prove that *I'm* mad than that she is! With that devilishly ingenious brain, planning against me with its distorted cleverness—can you say that she's not in full control of her faculties? She is cleverer than I am, quicker than I am, more ruthless. She has never, as far as I know, shown more than the briefest glimpses of her real self to anyone but me. No one else has ever been so close to her—no one else has ever been so hated!"

"But," Charlotte said, feeling a strange coldness at her heart, "she must have loved you once; and—you loved her."

"Love?" George Eaton said, with an indescribable weariness. "You don't know what you are talking about. Let me give you some faint sort of an understanding."

She took hold of his hand. She did not look at his face as he told his story, his voice, deep and low, filling the great stone amphitheatre with its tiny murmuring echoes.

"We were married four years ago. Justine was twenty-eight. We met in Florence, where she was spending the winter with her mother, and I was painting. I knew nothing about them, except that they came from New York and had plenty of money. Justine's mother was a very charming woman. Her father was dead.

"Two weeks after we were married, Justine had a fit of rage and started breaking the furniture in the hotel rooms at Stresa, where we had gone on our honeymoon. When we got back to Florence Mrs. Hilliard admitted that Justine had had those fits since she was a young girl. She had been examined by various psychiatrists, who had found only a slight maladjustment, which required special understanding and consideration in dealing with her.

"I tried to keep Justine quiet and happy. At first it was not so difficult. She was in love with me, and being married was still new to her. She had never had a man before. Oh yes, I know that—though I may not be sure about afterwards. And I know now that she had had a curious complex about marriage. She had been engaged twice before she met me, and I suspect that in each case the man was frightened by something he saw. That was why she was so careful with me—she wanted to get married. At first it amused her. She liked to be Mrs. Eaton, to own me as a piece of property. The summer passed quietly enough, and she would sit for hours and watch me while I worked. I almost forgot Stresa. I tried to feel that I was happy.

"Then we went back to Florence for the winter, and things were different there. I was working all day, and that did not amuse Justine. Once, after a quarrel, I found that she had taken a wet rag, and smeared it over a water colour I had just done. I followed her into her dressing-room. She tried to hold the door against me, but I forced my way in. As I came up to her, she backed against the dressing-table. I stopped; of course I did not mean to hurt her. I did not see her hand reach behind her. She picked up the nearest weapon and struck at my head. It was only one of those old-fashioned wooden hair-brushes, flat, and not very heavy. But even so it jarred me considerably. I was half stunned for a moment; and then the pain infuriated me. I twisted the brush out of her hands, and pulled her across my knee, and spanked her with it. She screamed as if she were being murdered.

"But darling, that's the only time I ever hit a woman. And I was very sorry. Still, I've wondered sometimes whether, if I had been really cruel, I might not have been able to control her. Because of course she is a sadist. That is why the sight of blood affects her. Do you remember how she looked at me that time I cut my hand?"

"When you broke the flower vase?" Charlotte said. "Yes, that was when I first suspected something was wrong between you. But I thought it made her feel sick."

HE went on. "She would always restrain her rage until she was alone with me; then she would turn on me, dropping her self-control as a woman would drop the garment that covers her nakedness; and after she had driven me to use actual physical force, she would be quiet sometimes for weeks afterwards. It seemed as though violence satisfied and quieted her. God, what a life that was! What shame and humiliation! How can you possibly understand what my experience has been—that fantastic mixture of rage and desire, and brutality and pity—I couldn't leave her, any more than you could leave a creature born with a deformity she cannot help.

"And then last winter she suddenly found that she was going to have a child. I had a wild hope that it might be her cure. At first she was ill and miserable. She let me take care of her, and she was quiet and subdued.

"Then one day she tried to lift something that was too heavy for her, and I stopped her. I told her that she would lose the child if she wasn't more careful. 'Oh, it's the child?' she said. 'It's not me?' And she laughed. I was terrified for fear she would get into one of her rages; and I answered quickly and roughly: 'It's your health and safety. Do you want to kill yourself?' She looked at me strangely, but she did not say a word. I saw her make an effort to control herself. She had not even tried to hit me.

"I stepped out on the balcony, feeling that the crisis had passed off. I was standing there, leaning over the railing. Three flights below me was the concrete driveway. Two chauffeurs and an excitable gardener were screaming at each other across the flowerbeds, and I did not hear Justine step up behind me.

"She came close to me, leaning against me as if she wanted to make it up with me. I turned to put my arm around her. And then, as I was partly off balance—she made a slight movement. Her shoulder brushed mine. I was leaning so far over that I was almost gone. As I threw myself back with the instinctive reflex action of my body, my whole weight came against her. She lost her footing, and fell into the room."

Charlotte said, shuddering, "And she made me think—"

"No, you needn't tell me. I know. I suppose she told you only the literal truth. I threw her down—I killed the child—I nearly killed her.

"After that Justine was so quiet and gentle and sweet that I began to think that whatever was wrong, it must be something in me.

"When we got on board the boat at Alexandria, of course I expected that Justine and I would be in the same cabin. But the boat was full and they had to put me in with another man and you with her. I didn't like that idea.

"Everything was all right until that second night on the boat. Justine had been dancing rather a lot, and I persuaded her to go down to her cabin without waiting for you. You were dancing with Captain Siever. As we went downstairs I remarked how much more satisfactory it would be to have an older woman, who wouldn't want to stay up till all hours, instead of a silly young girl."

"Did you really think that?" Charlotte said.

"Yes, darling. But I didn't mean it as harshly as it sounds. I wanted her to get rid of you. As we stepped inside the cabin, she turned on me. 'So,' she said, 'you're angry because you can't control her? You want to spoil *her* pleasure, as you have mine? You can't bear to see anyone enjoying life?' She raged on as though to make up for all those weeks that she hadn't abused me. She picked up the hand-mirror, the nearest thing within reach. Yes, I broke it. I knocked it against the dressing-table in the struggle to get it away from her. And then I turned round—and there you were.

"You were evidently offended and displeased with me, and that was all right too. No one can be my friend without arousing her deadly enmity. She has hated every human creature who liked me, or treated me with ordinary kindness. When we were first married she would be angry if I looked at another woman across twenty feet of a ballroom floor. And that jealousy of hers is the one thing that is stronger in her than love, or desire, or hatred. That was why I never spoke to you except in the most formal and distant way.

"And when you caught me prying into your belongings the day I broke the vase I was looking for the electric iron. That was something I had absolutely forbidden her to use. There was hardly an article of convenient size and weight in the apartment that she hadn't used to hit me with, from her riding-whip to her high-heeled shoe. I'd heard you speak, at lunch, about pressing a dress and I thought she had disobeyed me. So I meant to get rid of it quietly, without any fuss. And then you came in and interrupted me. But I went back to the hotel the next afternoon, when I thought you'd be out to tea; and I walked into the room, and caught her at it. She had that white dress spread out on the table, and was pressing it. She looked up and saw me come in through the bathroom door. She looked a little frightened. I don't know what I had threatened to do if she disobeyed me, but it was probably something violent, or it would not have made any impression on her.

"She said in quick self-defense, 'This isn't mine. It belongs to Charlotte.' Of course I didn't believe her."

"But," said Charlotte, "it does belong to me."

"Oh," he said, rather taken aback. "Well, I only said, 'I don't think you ought to exert yourself like that. You're not strong enough.'

"She said impatiently, 'I got tired of waiting for Charlotte. I don't know what's taking her so long.'

"'Do you ask Charlotte to do things like that?' I said.

"'Oh,' she said, 'so Charlotte isn't to exert herself?'

"'Well, after all,' I said, 'you engaged her as a companion, not a ladies' maid.'

"'Oh, so that's it!' she exclaimed. 'It's all Charlotte—Charlotte!' She almost screamed it out. And she plunged the point of the iron into the dress, pressing it down hard until I could smell the scorching silk. You came to the door, and saw me with my hand on the iron, trying to get it off before the dress was ruined. Can you wonder that I burst out laughing? No, and I don't wonder you thought I was insane.

"Her face changed as you threw your arms around her. I saw her looking at me over your shoulder. She knew she had caught me in a trap as neatly as if she'd deliberately manufactured the evidence. And then she began to go into one of her crying fits—and I couldn't leave you to cope with that alone. That was why I went back into the room. I managed to stop her. She quieted down; and afterwards she went to sleep, didn't she? That's how it passes off after one of her tantrums, from sheer emotional exhaustion. Of course she was all right the next morning. But she pretended she was ill, to make everyone realize the brutality of my behaviour."

"BUT, good heavens!" Charlotte said after a moment. "Isn't there a single thing that really happened the way I thought it did?"

"You were fooled," he said, "by the cleverest actress you have ever encountered."

"But *why* should she be jealous of you? She hates you, doesn't she? And—and—she has liked other men."

"Don't you know that the margin between love and hate is as small as it is between sanity and insanity? It's *because* she hates me so—that is the passion that is stronger than everything else. It's not her desire for other men; it's her hatred for me. Because she is a sadist, and I'm not. Because she wants to possess me, and she can't. Her whole life with me has been a sort of rage of frustration. When she tries to hurt me, and I don't hit back—when she provokes me to ill-treat her, and I can't—she could kill me in her rage at my stupidity. It's not her fault. She was born like that."

Charlotte said slowly. "You talk of these things as if they were a commonplace of every day."

"And so they are to me. I didn't know there was a woman in the world like you—sane, normal, and modest. To kiss you is like breathing the clear mountain air, or drinking the water of a cold, pure mountain spring, to a man who has plunged in a dark and muddy pool."

THERE was not even passion in the words; it was something that went beyond passion.

"Do you love me?" It was a question as involuntary as breathing.

"Love you?" He moved as he spoke, like a man who has suddenly awakened from a dream, pushing her away from him, and getting to his feet. Then he threw himself down, kneeling with his head against her breast. She put her arms around him.

Presently they walked downhill in the moonlight.

"I hate to have you go back to that room in the hotel," he said. "Our boat doesn't sail for another week. But there's one sailing on Sunday. I'll get passage for you on that. And as we go back to Athens on Friday—the day after tomorrow—that will mean only two more nights before you leave. I'll try to get a nurse to go home with us."

"But—suppose you can't? I should be so terrified at the thought of your being alone with her!"

She put her hand on his arm, making him stand still. "You won't do that, will you?"

His silence frightened her.

"Answer me," she said. "I want an answer."

"You want to know," he said slowly, "whether I shall sleep with her again?"

She could not speak. He went on deliberately, "No, of course I never will. You must know that. And now, does that satisfy you?" She knew from his voice that he was smiling the sad little half-smile that softened the hard lines of his face. "You are jealous too—and so we all are. We all have to suffer the same torments of hell. Even you, if you thought I'd live with her again as my wife—you could hate her enough to kill her, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I think I could." Her own words surprised Charlotte, as though she stood outside herself, hearing someone else speak.

"Are you satisfied now?" he said.

"No," she said, "I'm not satisfied."

"Will it satisfy you then, if I promise you that I'll never sleep with anyone but you?"

Once again she was silenced by the plainness of the words. And yet, somewhere beneath the surface of her mind a savage triumph stirred, rising for a brief moment stronger than fear, or pain, or jealousy.

"You know I didn't mean that," she said.

"Don't tell me that you didn't want to know it. That it doesn't please you to hear me say it."

"Perhaps it does." She could not look at him. "But it's not the most important thing now."

"Is anything more important than that?" he asked.

"Yes, your safety. That is the most important thing in the whole world to me. Why didn't you take her straight home to New York, where you could consult the best doctors in the world?" she asked. "Why did you ever come to Greece?"

"You forget, Charlotte, that a painter has to live, just like anyone else. I had a contract for these Greek pictures, for an illustrated book to be published next spring. The delay in Egypt had cost me much more than I could afford. Of course I asked the doctor, and he said that a few weeks in Athens couldn't possibly do her any harm. But the one unforgivable thing is that I've dragged you into this mess. As long as you are with us, I'm always in danger of doing something that will arouse her suspicions. Meeting you here like this—that's one of the things I ought not to do. But I simply had to see you this one last time. I had to tell you the whole story."

"The last time?" she said, with a strange sense of desolation. "I can't bear it. If I am never to see you again, except—except in front of others, when you must be rude to me."

"I can't help it," he said with infinite sadness. "You mustn't mind it."

"But I shall mind," she said. "If you ever speak to me again as you did last night—I'll probably hate you." Even as she spoke, she had a sense of horrified surprise. "Oh no, no," she whispered. "I couldn't hate you. It's just that it hurts so much to love anyone."

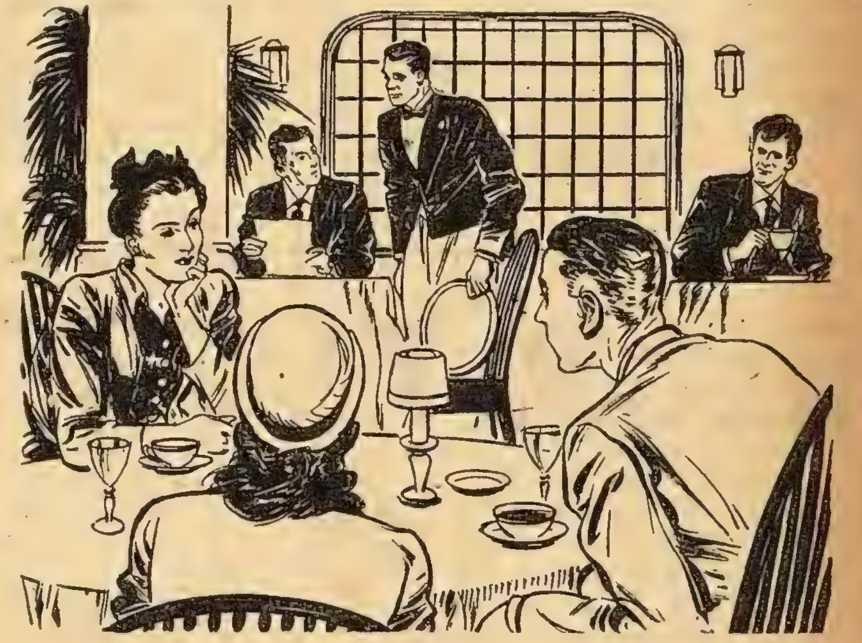
"I know," he said gently. "I'll try to come here tomorrow—if I think it's safe. And now, Charlotte, you must go. I'll wait here, and give you time to get back to the hotel. And of course we didn't meet."

She looked at him for a moment, and then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek—a quick and childish kiss—before she turned and ran off down the road.

He stood motionless, looking after her.

SHE walked aimlessly all the next morning wondering how she would get through the hours until evening—the long hours of her last day in Delphi. She got back to the hotel late for lunch, to find Justine and Jerry already seated in the dining-room. They looked at her curiously. When she mentioned casually where she had been, she wondered if they believed her.

The meal was a silent one. Even Jerry could not provide any cheerful small-talk. A solitary stranger at another table cast curious glances at Mrs. Eaton. He was a dark young man, either a Frenchman or a Greek. "He too," Charlotte thought. And then it struck her that she was becoming oversensitive to everything around her, and regarding every casual stranger as a potential enemy.



She fancied that Jerry had been affected by it too. Justine had been working on his feelings, and dropping poison in his ears until he was worried about her health and safety. His eyes seemed to follow her with an uneasy intentness as though he were blind to everything but her presence.

Justine went into the *salon* with Jerry—to be followed, no doubt, by the handsome stranger. Charlotte went upstairs to her own room and locked herself in. Four hours at least, until she could possibly hope to see him. Perhaps it was her last chance ever to see him alone, if he meant to send her home on another boat. And if he did not come—

At a soft tap on the door, she started violently, jumping up and snatching at her dress. She pulled it over her head with frantic, trembling hands.

"Who is it?"

"Charlotte? I want to see you." It was Jerry's voice, and she turned the key.

"Come down the hall a little way. There's no one in these rooms now. I don't want to disturb Justine; she's resting."

She followed him down the corridor. A few doors beyond Charlotte's room he stopped.

"Don't be frightened," he said quietly, "but my gun has gone. When we got here, I didn't want to leave it in the car, so I brought it up to my room in the hotel, and locked it in my suitcase. It was there yesterday, I'm sure. But today it's gone. I think *he* took it."

"The manager?" she said stupidly.

"No, of course not. I mean George. He's sharing the room with me, you know. And I opened the suitcase yesterday to get out some clean shirts—and I must have forgotten to lock it again. Before lunch, when I went for some handkerchiefs, I found it unlocked—and the gun, which had been on top, was gone. I feel criminally responsible—for having left it within reach of his hands."

"Oh!" she burst out. "How blind you are! Justine took it, don't you see?"

"I thought of that; she might have taken it to protect herself. So I asked her when I went down to lunch. But she didn't know anything about it."

Charlotte began to laugh wildly. "And you believe her!"

"Of course I believe her. Why should she lie about it—to me? One of us must stay with her all the time, from now on, until we know what became of the gun."

There was a pause, and then Charlotte said slowly, "You won't let her out of your sight? You promise that?"

"I can't very well go into her room now; she's sleeping. That's *your* duty, isn't it?"

"Oh," Charlotte said, with a sort of outraged contempt and anger, "must you be so prudish—now?" She had not forgotten those words she had overheard, when Justine had been in his room. It must have been on one of those visits that Justine had seen the gun.

"What do you mean, Charlotte? Why shouldn't you stay with her now?"

"Because I've got to find him. I've got to tell him."

As she was turning away he grasped her arm. "You're infatuated about the man!"

"Let me go," she said.

"No," he said, "I'll keep you here—if I have to lock you in your room."

"Oh Jerry!" she whispered frantically. "Don't you understand? It's *he* who is in danger! I've got to warn him! It's *she*—"

AND then she stopped. A door had opened down the hall. Justine was coming down the dim hallway. "So she's trying her tricks on you now?" Justine said.

"Justine!" Jerry exclaimed indignantly. "I was only trying to warn her!"

"Warn her? That's a new excuse. Can't *you* keep your hands off her either—the damn little—!"

At the ugly word, Jerry started. "Justine! Really!"

"Justine! Really!" she mimicked his tone. "Don't look so shocked. You know what she is. You know about her and my husband. You can imagine what they were doing yesterday evening when they were off by themselves; and the evening before, when they came in separately—pretending they hadn't seen each other." She laughed, and Charlotte felt faint and sick. "And now she's trying to make a fool of you, too!"

"Stop it, Justine!" Jerry said roughly. "*He* took my gun. I wasn't going to tell you, because I didn't want to frighten you. But now I'm going to, before you get any more wrong ideas about me!"

"The gun?" Justine said slowly. "You told me—"

"Yes, I told you I'd left it in the car. But I didn't. It was in my room—and *he* took it. Who else could have taken it?"

"Yes," Justine said, staring at him, "who else?"

"That's what I came to warn Charlotte about. But she won't listen to me. She wants to go after him."

"Go after him?" Justine looked at Charlotte strangely.

"She thinks she can get it away from him. We can't let her go. Something might happen to her."

"You're very much worried about her, aren't you?"

"If anything happens, it's my fault. It's my gun—my criminal carelessness."

"You ought to have thought of that before—when you left a gun lying around in an unlocked suitcase."

At those words, something clicked in Charlotte's mind. Jerry had said nothing about an unlocked suitcase—not in Justine's hearing.

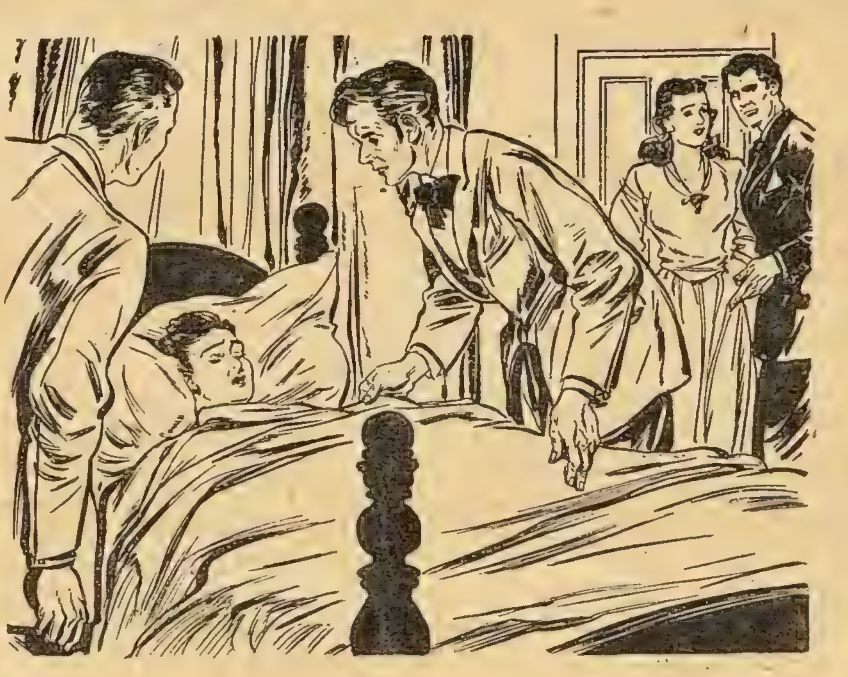
"I shall never stop blaming myself," Jerry was saying. "If anything should happen to *you!* Don't you see that *that's* what I'm thinking about?" He moved closer to her, with a man's protective instinct towards the woman he loves, forgetting to watch Charlotte. "As soon as we get back to Athens, he must be committed to the asylum. I'll do everything I can to help you. I won't take any more chances with your safety!"

"Oh, Jerry!" Justine stared at him as if she saw the materialization of a cherished dream which she had never really expected to come to pass.

Charlotte turned and began to run down the corridor. She heard Jerry call out angrily.

"Never mind—let her go!" Justine said viciously. "She'll get what she deserves—damn her!"

The theater of Apollo was empty—but he had been there. He had left his paint-box and portfolio, and his drawing-board with a picture pinned on it. He could not have gone far away. He would be back in a few minutes. Listening for his footsteps, she fancied she heard a sound. But it seemed to come from overhead, like a rolling pebble.



"George?" she called softly. There was no answer.

She started up the middle aisle to meet him. The sound of footsteps was unmistakable now, coming up the stairs from below. How odd that they had seemed to come from above; it must be the peculiar acoustics of the theater.

This time they met with a speechless embrace, a long kiss.

"You've come early," he said when he let her go. "I didn't expect you so soon."

"I had to find you," she whispered. "Something has happened. You haven't got Jerry's gun, have you?"

"No, of course not."

"Then Justine has got it. He thinks you took it—he thinks you're not responsible for your actions."

He sat down, pulling her into his arms. She was trembling and crying.

"Well, well!" he said. "There's no need to get so excited," and he deliberately kissed her again.

She pushed him away at last. "You've got to think what we're going to do!"

"What makes you think she's got it?" he asked, in a casual tone.

She told him what had just happened.

"She means to kill you," she whispered wildly. "You know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it. Ever since Egypt, she's meant to kill me."

"How can you talk so calmly? Why don't you *do* something?"

"There's one thing I can do. I'll have one more kiss, anyway." And after long moments he said, "And now you won't forget me. If you live fifty years from now, you'll still remember this, and the other times."

"You *do* love me then," she said.

"Yes, I love you; no one but you."

She put her face against his shoulder, and stopped shivering. She felt his body rigid, his arms straining her close to him. She heard the small sound of a falling pebble—

the only sound that broke the stillness of the theater. They were motionless in each other's arms. Then she heard the low laugh.

"So," said Justine's voice, "I've caught you at last."

She was coming down from the top of the theater. Charlotte did not move. Her body was between him and the gun in Justine's hand, and she locked her arms around his neck. Justine, now only a few tiers above them, looked young and graceful in her white dress, her face smooth as a child's, her eyes bright and expressionless.

"I've waited four years for this," she said in the same low tone, still smiling. She was standing on the floor of the orchestra now, a few yards away from them. In that brief instant when their eyes met, Justine's face changed like a flash to the face Charlotte had once seen in a mirror.

"So," said Justine, "I've caught you at last, George Eaton, you damned hypocrite! All the time you've been carrying on with every woman you could get your hands on! And I've always suspected it—always! But I never could catch you. Now it's my own companion—a girl employed by me—! You can't lie yourself out of this. I was up there all the time. I suspected this was the place and I climbed up and hid there. I heard your footsteps, and then I looked and you were kissing her. And I heard what you said—everything. The theater carries every smallest whisper to the highest tier. No, George, she won't forget you. Because she won't live for fifty years." Again the low laugh. "You'll die in his arms, Charlotte, and your blood will mix with his, and you and he will sleep together in death."

The low, rational tone made the words sound far more terrible—the mad words of cruel desire, forever hopeless and perverted.

Charlotte pressed closer against him, thinking: "Thank God, we'll die together."

JUSTINE had moved a little nearer now. She paused, as the sadist does before the final moment of communication. Then Charlotte felt herself violently thrust aside. Her shoulder struck the hard stone pavement, and she rolled over on the ground, and bumped her head.

For a moment the shock of the fall stunned her. She heard the shot as if it had passed close to her ear. There was a second shot.

Then she was scrambling to her feet. She saw Justine's face no longer contorted. The lines were smoothed out as her head fell back, as if she were falling asleep in her husband's arms. Charlotte thought that she had fainted. Then she saw the blood spreading on the front of the white dress.

The hand that had held the gun hung down limply. The gun was still between them, but it was in his hand.

She heard steps racing up the stone stair. "Help is coming," she thought, "too late."

"Oh, God, I'm too late! I followed her as soon as I found she'd gone. I heard the shots—" It was Jerry.

He knelt beside Justine's body, trying to feel her pulse. Then he was on his feet. He swung around and violently wrenched the gun out of George's hand.

George, taken by surprise, had recoiled. But he made no resistance.

"You'll do no more killing now!" Jerry said, stepping backwards, with the gun levelled.

"It's the last joke—the last joke!" George said. And then he laughed.

Charlotte acted on instinct. She clutched George, her fingers pressing hard into his arm. "If you don't stop," she said, "I'll slap you!" He stopped laughing, and looked at her with a sort of surprise.

"And now you'd better talk," she said quietly, "and talk sense. You see what he thinks."

"Yes—I see," he said slowly. "That's what makes it so funny. She's played the final joke on me. But I'll never come to trial. No—and I'll never be put in an asylum either. I'll never be shut up between four walls."

As he spoke, he took a step forward. Jerry kept the revolver pointed at George's breast. The two men stood with their eyes on each other. Then George took another step forward, a faint smile on his face. His eyes were still on Jerry's.

"If you take one more step, I'll be forced to shoot you," Jerry said, very white.

George said nothing. As he moved, Charlotte flung herself between the two men.

"For God's sake, Charlotte, keep out of the way!" Jerry cried.

George was trying to push her away, but she held him, with her arms tight around his neck. And again her body was between him and the gun.

"George, listen to me!" It was almost the same tone she had used that night in Athens, when she took the stick away from him. "The doctors can prove that you are sane."

"And then? Can they prove that she was not—now that she's dead? There is no proof."

The sound of voices came to their ears, and footsteps running up the stone stair. The guard, an elderly man, stopped aghast as he saw Justine's body. With him was a younger man, who came forward anxiously. It was the dark stranger who had looked at Justine in the hotel dining-room.

"Un accident?" he said. *"Suicide? Ah, mon Dieu, quel malheur! Laissez-moi, Monsieur,"* as Jerry tried to stop him, *"je suis médecin."*

As the doctor knelt down beside the body, Jerry lowered the gun. George had turned his back on him, and was watching the doctor. Charlotte saw nothing clearly—only Jerry's face.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"I'll have to do my duty," Jerry said, "no matter what happens. I'll have to tell the truth."

"And what *is* the truth?" she said.

Jerry did not answer.

JUSTINE had been carried down to her room in the hotel and a doctor and nurse were on their way from Athens with medical supplies, but it was still hours before they could arrive. In the meanwhile the Greek doctor remained with her. He had not been able to extract the bullet, but he had bandaged the wound and given her morphia.

Late in the evening, when the sun was sinking over the mountains and the sea, the doctor called Charlotte into the room. George was bending over the bed, and Jerry stood opposite him. Justine lay there motionless.

"It is all over," the doctor whispered to Charlotte in his rather slow French. "She may regain consciousness before the end—but it's all over. *C'est fini.*"

Justine opened her eyes. Something like a smile was on her lips.

"George," she said, "I've got you now!" She choked and coughed with a ghastly sound, as if she were trying to laugh. "Your hand was on the gun—and you'll hang for it!"

"Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit là?" the doctor whispered to Charlotte. He understood no English.

No one answered him. The room was very still, except for the woman's difficult breathing. George stood like a motionless statue, looking down on her. From far down the valley came the faint murmur of the sheepbells borne on the evening breeze.

In the deepening dusk Justine's face was very white, her eyes fixed and luminous, staring at her husband. She began to mutter unintelligible words. Then a few sentences came clearly.

"All these years I've hated him. But he was too strong for me. I tried to hit him, and he beat me. I tried to push him off a balcony—and he threw me down and injured me. I tried to shoot him—and the gun went off—and it hit me—and now he'll hang for that!" And she laughed, as at a good joke.

Before witnesses she had told the truth at last, after all those careful years of lying.

"Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit?" the doctor again whispered.

It was Jerry Marshall who answered him. "She confessed her sin. She died by her own hand. She was ill," he touched his forehead, and the doctor looked with grave sympathy at her husband.

"God forgive her," George Eaton said.

The painful breathing had ceased, and only the sound of the distant bells came up from the valley far below.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

MR. ADAM, by **Pat Frank**, is a delightful fantasy that satirizes the government, the War Department, U.N., and beautiful women politicians. The story is told by Stephen Decatur Smith, AP feature writer. It was Steve Smith who accidentally discovered that no babies were going to be born after June 22, just nine months after a terrific atomic explosion in Mississippi. And then, Homer Adam and his wife had a girl child after the deadline. Homer Adam, the one unsterile man in the United States, possibly the world, was immediately taken over by the government and Steve Smith was appointed, as he said, "to be nursemaid to the potential father of his country!"

Pat Frank

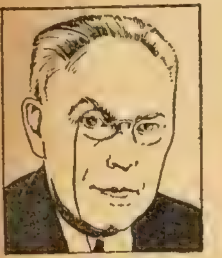
Tall, gangling Homer Adam was not at all comfortable in his position as No. 1 father. He loved his wife, Mary Ellen, and wanted nothing more than to stay in Tarrytown with her and his baby, Eleanor. And the idea of a world populated by red-haired replicas of himself revolted him.

The scientists, the War Department, the State Department, and the doctors all quarreled over Homer's custody, until finally Homer took the one way out—he made himself "like other men."

Pat Frank has never made the mistake, in this highly amusing novel, of straining too hard to be funny. He has wisely underplayed all his key scenes to produce an extremely clever book.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. Price $2.50.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL has abandoned his "Branch Cabell" abbreviation in signing his new book, **There Were Two Pirates.** And I, who was always bored by Branch Cabell, welcome James back again for this pleasant romance woven about one-time pirate José Gasparilla, is in the Poictesme tradition. Here once more is the urbane, polished, and cynical writer who manages to combine fantastic romance with biting wit.



James Branch Cabell

There Were Two Pirates purports to be the autobiography of Gasparilla, who turned pirate in order to win money enough to marry Isabel de Castro. When he found her, seven years later, she was fat and the mother of five children. As Gasparilla said, "I cannot but doubt if you have remained wholly faithful to me."

Cabell's particular charm is quite indefinable, but the studied perfection of his writing is immensely pleasurable and gratifying.

Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., New York. Price $3.

RUTH FENISONG'S Desperate Cure is the story of a woman doctor who was jolted out of her professional isolation when one of her patients was murdered. Miss Fenisong's mystery is good reading and her characters are well defined, but the murderer is quite apparent from the instant he appears and no reader will ever suspect anyone else.

The Crime Club, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.

. . . AND HIGH WATER, by **Aaron Marc Stein**, is a fast-moving and amusing mystery featuring the two archaeological detectives, Tim Mulligan and Elsie Mae Hunt. Caught in the backwoods of Mississippi by a flood, they become involved in the murder of the town villain.

The Crime Club, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 The Great what appeared in the Church of Rome in the fourteenth century?
7 Places to put yourself down on for restful periods
12 Braggadocios are usually nicknamed what?
13 Place where a wave might strike a boat (two words)
14 Name the hawk-eyed Egyptian god with the solar disk halo
15 What Roman poet specialized in the wisecrack jingle?
17 Complete: Hey Ba Ba —— Bop!
18 Complete: —— *longa, vita brevis*
20 Complete this Broadway hit title: Deep Are the ——
21 Saratoga, New York, is known as the what?
22 What chanteuse's name means bridge in Latin?
24 The litchi's a variety of what?
25 What did the dry cleaner name his dog?
26 *Pines* for a bird (anag.)
28 Creates alarums and excursions
30 For what breed of horse is France famous?
32 Name the birthstone for May
34 Who was the hero of Exodus?
37 A biological standard's called a what?
38 Atomic compound created by electrical decomposition
40 What battalions prepared the Channel defenses for the Germans?
41 Two in Spanish
42 In corny shockers, what was stolen from the idol's head and brought bad luck?
44 What Czech play forecast life under dictatorship?
45 What's one of the most commonly mentioned cities in crosswords?
46 Who illustrated the original Alice in Wonderland?
48 What college grad would dye for a living? (abbr.)
49 Wish it weren't so
51 What midget midgets have given their name to owls?
53 Who ends things with a hem?
54 What sort of people love to loathe and loathe to love?

VERTICAL

1 Name the commonest brand of dog food
2 Who made a h—— of a boatman and vice versa?
3 Give the masculine form of the title of a popular novel by H. Rider Haggard
4 Ideology or idiotology?
5 Name the most expensive kind of sapphire
6 The Discus Thrower was sculped by whom?
7 What word's commonly associated with seven?
8 What's awf'ly slippery till it gets pickled?
9 What's beneath quartermaster aboard ship? (abbr.)
10 Stupored people are in a state of what?
11 Dehydrates personally
13 Name the coach of Columbia University football team—
16 —and the article he is chiefly interested in
19 The Germans often dressed whom in enemy uniforms, women's dresses, priest's clothes, etc.?
21 The client who produces a commercial radio show is the what?
23 What variety of whale probably swallowed Jonah?
25 Who teamed up with Senator Hawley to produce the so-called most damaging tariff bill in U.S. history?
27 We're now living in the Plenty-of-what-you-don't-want-and-none of-what-you-do-want what?
29 What one word of advice would any jingo give America now?
31 Lawyer's football
32 What most wives do to husbands and vice versa
33 *Roomed* after getting tied up (anag.)
35 What's a fifty-cent word for detective?
36 What word is often seen with strain?
39 What mares do when *he-ing* (anag.)
42 Rough-riders of the dugout do what at opponents?
43 What is Miss Genster's given name?
46 Kind of medical pan
47 Who was the survivor of Sodom?
50 What's slang for a hayburner? (abbr.)
52 Correct the mistake: Between you, I and them

P	O	P	S	■	F	R	E	I	G	H	T	E	R	S
I	D	O	L	■	B	I	N	G	E	■	O	R	A	L
T	E	L	E	V	I	S	I	O	N	■	A	R	I	A
T	R	A	D	E	■	E	D	■	D	T	S	■	N	Y
S	■	■	■	X	S	S	■	B	E	A	T	S	■	■
B	E	E	B	E	E	■	H	E	R	R	■	H	A	M
U	N	D	E	R	W	E	A	R	■	S	W	A	M	I
R	U	G	S	■	S	T	I	L	T	■	E	M	I	L
G	R	I	S	T	■	T	R	E	E	T	R	U	N	K
H	E	N	■	O	B	E	Y	■	T	H	E	S	E	S
■	■	G	R	O	A	N	■	L	E	E	■	■	■	H
S	B	■	O	L	Y	■	A	I	■	I	O	N	I	A
T	A	B	U	■	R	U	B	B	E	R	N	E	C	K
E	R	A	S	■	U	S	E	R	S	■	C	R	E	E
W	A	T	E	R	M	E	L	O	N	■	T	O	S	S

Last week's answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	■	■	7	8	9	10	11
12						■	13					
14		■	15			16				■	17	
18		19	■	20					■	21		
22			23	■	24			■	25			
26				27	■	28		29				
■	■	30			31						■	■
32	33						■	34			35	36
37				■	38		39	■	40			
41			■	42				43	■	44		
45		■	46						47	■	48	
49		50				■	51			52		
53					■	■	54					

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose Calvert
Calvert
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"Guess that's what he means by a wonderful arrangement!"

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Calvert

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Reserve OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

THE WATERMELON SONG

Continued from Page 27

lowered her voice. "Marge's music. She don't know it, but it come two days ago from the mail-order house. Lem Baker's holding it for me at the post office, C.O.D. It's ninety-seven cents."

"We'll bring it, mama," Jody promised.

JUST as the wagon was about to start, Eulalie stayed close beside it and laid her hand on Ed's knee. "Ed, if you sell the car of melons today—" Eulalie paused, two little anxious lines between her eyes.

"Yes, Eulalie?" Ed said.

"Hold on to it, won't you, Ed?" Eulalie cautioned. "What I mean is—we still owe the store bill. So don't go splurging—"

"Splurging?" Ed said. "Eulalie, if you don't get the dangest ideas sometimes! Now what would I splurge on?"

Eulalie said, "I was thinking of those crapshooters. Last year, you know—"

"Eulalie, I ain't shot craps in five years," Ed said virtuously. "Except that ten-spot to pacify the boys."

"This time pacify us, Ed," Eulalie said earnestly. "It's going to be a long winter. And, Ed—don't drink."

"Why, Eulalie, the idea!" Ed said, shocked. Ed slapped Maud and Susie with the lines and the wagon lurched forward.

Eulalie waved to them, shading her eyes with her hand. Eulalie was smiling, but back of the smile her eyes were wet. "You're crazy, Ed, but I love you," she called.

Ed said, "Eulalie, you ought to have your head examined." Ed shook his head sadly. "Drinking!" he said.

Jody was busy looking inside the laundry basket, whose top was protected by a folded clean sheet. "That's funny, mama forgot to put the bill in. She always itemizes it."

Mrs. Suggs gladly explained about the bill. "This time I don't owe you any cash, Ed," Mrs. Suggs said from her front porch. She was a big woman with fat ankles and two chins. "It applies on the purchase."

Ed said, "Purchase of what?"

"Hasn't Eulalie told you?" Mrs. Suggs seemed surprised. "On the stove. Or maybe I shouldn't have told you."

"Why shouldn't you have told me?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ed." Mrs. Suggs seemed torn between loyalty to Eulalie and duty to Ed, but duty won. "Eulalie's been eating her heart out for a better cookstove, seems like, ever since Marge invited Miss Plunkett home with her for dinner."

"Miss Plunkett ain't eat dinner at our house lately, has she, Jody?"

"It's next week she's coming, Ed," Mrs. Suggs explained with an air of great patience. "Well, Eulalie's been worrying because that old oven always burns the biscuits. So"—Mrs. Suggs smiled, saintly—"I told her she could just wash this one out."

"What are you going to do for a stove?" Ed asked.

"Me?" Mrs. Suggs' smile became patronizing. "Why, Newt bought me a new Magic Chef. One hundred and four dollars. Cash. Want to see it?"

"No," Ed said, "but I'd like to see the one Eulalie's doing all this washing for."

"It's a plumb good stove, Ed." Mrs. Suggs led the way to the spotless kitchen with waxed linoleum floor and Dutch curtains at the windows. Jody noted with awe that it even had the pump on the inside.

"If it's so good," Ed asked, "how come you all buying a new one?"

HARDTACK
BEAUTY PARLOR
MUD
MUD TREATMENTS $1
LIBERTY

"Here's my new Magic Chef. Ain't it a beauty? All modern. This shiny top is solid blue steel. Warming oven." Mrs. Suggs gladly demonstrated. "Baking oven. Thermometer. That's so you can tell how hot it is inside without opening the door. This here's the reservoir. It heats the bath water. Holds twenty gallons. And here's the coal chute."

Ed turned away. "Is this the wreck you're trying to pan off on Eulalie?"

"What it needs, Ed, is a good coat of polish."

"Yeah, don't it?" Ed said.

Mrs. Suggs' fat neck got red. "Well, it's a big improvement over that old thing of Eulalie's that always burns the biscuits." Mrs. Suggs' tone softened. "Any time you want to pick it up, Ed, you're welcome. Eulalie's word is good as gold in this house. If Eulalie says she'll wash it out, then she'll wash it out."

"How *much* washing?"

Ed's blue eyes, fixed so unwaveringly upon Mrs. Suggs, produced an uneasiness. "Why, Ed, I was just doing it to help Eulalie. She said that old thing—"

"How much?"

"Forty dollars. But that's a bargain. Why, think of the time—"

"That's exactly what I'm thinking of," Ed said. "The time it'll take Eulalie. Forty dollars is a powerful lot of washing."

"It's not costing *you* anything, Ed. If Eulalie's willing—"

"You'll have to thresh it out between yourselves," Ed said shortly. "Jody, we've got to get them melons rolling. Come on."

OUTSIDE, Ed climbed disgustedly upon the wagon. "Old thief," Ed grunted. "Giddap, Susie. I'm mad, Jody. I'm boiling."

"Boiling will just get you all het up, dad."

"I'm studying," Ed said. They rode on past the thorn tree. "I reckon the silk dress is out," Ed said slowly. "Don't reckon we can afford a silk dress *and* a stove."

For a moment Jody didn't catch on. Then Jody felt astonishment rising. "Dad, you aiming to buy mama a *new* stove?"

"So new," Ed said, "the price tag ain't never been took off." Ed's mouth was a grim line. "Jody, your mama's cooked thirteen years on that wreck. She belongs to have something decent."

"Gee whillikers, dad!" Jody's eyes got suddenly wet. Jody felt just like somebody had turned loose a bushelful of bluebirds.

"You think we can afford a new stove, dad? Mama said the store bill—"

"We're *going* to afford a new stove, Jody," Ed said fiercely.

Jody's face looked sober. "But one hundred and four—" Jody's face brightened. "Maybe they got cheaper stoves."

"What's not too good for old lady Suggs is not too good for Eulalie,"

(Continued on page 56)

Early gets

Smart gets

—and gets it early too—because, while there's more "Prestone" anti-freeze available than at any time since 1941—there's still not quite enough to go round!

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"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

GEO. RECKAS
71943
M.D.
LIBERTY

"What you need is to get away from all this!"

(*Continued from page 54*)

Ed reasoned. "Jody, we've *got* to have enough left over from this car of melons. We've just got to."

Jody crossed his fingers and wished he could find a frog's track to spit in to make it certain.

THE first thing Ed did on reaching town was to drive to Crane's Hardware and Furniture Store. "Meredith," Ed said to the redheaded clerk, "I want to pay some down on a stove. Just got ten dollars on me, but I'll have more soon as I sell my melons."

"O.K., Ed." Meredith wrote out the receipt. "Want to pick the stove out now?"

"Not till we sell the melons," Ed explained. "This is just so I won't lose my nerve."

Ed stacked melons inside the boxcar. Jody helped. Ed's wagon was first. But soon there was a long line of neighboring wagons, hauling Ed's melons.

"You catch, Jody," Ed said.

A melon catcher, Jody learned, is one of a chain of persons who stand at regularly spaced distances, passing the melons from hand to hand from wagon to boxcar. The melons slapped from hand to hand in a quick rhythm. If you missed catching one, or looked away for a second, then that was just too bad. It literally rained melons.

Slip-slap, slip-slap, slup, said the melons. And the last *slup* was where Ed caught it, inside the boxcar. The bottom of the car was covered six to eight inches deep with bright new wheat straw, making a pad for the melons. Ed placed the little melons on the bottom, leaving a space between, because the melons had to be "nested." The finished car would be six melons deep and on top were placed the big fellows. This gave the car a wonderful appearance.

Ed was a melon stacker from away back. Ed's father had been a melon stacker, and Ed's grandfather. It required dexterity, speed, a strong back, and great endurance—because of the intense heat inside the low-roofed slatted boxcar.

"Bring on your melons, boys," Ed called, singsong fashion. That was where the other workers tried to burn Ed out. Only they never could.

"I'm a long-bearded kihoot and watermelon is my name," Ed sang. "I'm a watermelon-stacking piece of machinery." The rhythm made an excitement, contagious.

After thirty minutes Jody had to drop out to rest his arms. But Ed kept on, wagon load after wagon load. He flung off his soaked shirt. Sweat rolled down his naked back and powerful shoulders. His overall legs looked as if he had fallen in the river.

"How about stacking my three cars, Ed?" asked Frank Bates, who was too fat to stoop. "Ezra Potter and Henry offered to stack for fifteen dollars a car and split the work between 'em."

"It's a two-man job, Frank," Ed said, laying the melons down. "Couldn't."

"You lay 'em so pretty, Ed, a car sells for more. Tell you what. I'll give you twenty a car?"

Ed just grunted.

"Won't take you more'n a day to stack a car, Ed, when the wagons are rolling right. That's fast money."

"No rest a-tall, huh?" Ed said. "Frank, you think I'd work this hard for anybody but myself? When we get through here, Jody and me have got a date to catch some catfish, ain't we, Jody?"

Jody was back in line, catching melons. Jody just smiled weakly. He lifted a hand to wipe the sweat out of his eyes, but here was another melon. Jody let the sweat go. Ed began to sing the Watermelon Song:

"After melon season
I aim to take my ease . . ."

In that perspiring moment it seemed to Jody that he could feel the cool waters of Blue Ditch. Jody was in the water, floating.

"These the finest melons ever loaded at Porter Switch," Frank Bates admired, envious. "You ought to get a record price, Ed."

Ed said, "We'd better."

ED got a record price. Four hundred dollars was the highest price ever paid for a car load of melons at Porter Switch. But, besides being particularly fine, Ed's melons were the first of the season.

"Well, Jody, looks like your mama's got herself a birthday present," Ed said, patting the fat wallet. "Let's go over and pick it out."

"Put your shirt on first, dad," Jody cautioned.

On the way to the hardware store, Jody asked, "You going to buy the stove before you pay the store bill?"

"Even before we buy ourselves that steak dinner, Jody," Ed said. "That fried chicken we et seems a long ways back. Steak and onions for you and me."

"Dad, don't forget to give me a dollar for Marge's music. I promised mama I'd bring it."

"Here, son." Ed handed Jody the wallet. "Keep something for yourself, too. You've worked hard. For once there's enough to go round."

Jody had never seen so many bills together at one time. "These are all big bills, dad."

Ed laughed. "Then grab yourself a big one."

Perhaps there was a streak of Eulalie in Jody. Jody said, "Maybe the hardware store can change it."

They walked into Crane's Hardware. "Meredith," Ed said, "I just sold my melons."

"Yeah. That was a good price, too, Ed," Meredith said. Which shows how fast news traveled in Porter Switch.

"Give this boy some change," Ed said, and handed Meredith a twenty. Ed walked to the back of the store, looking over the cookstoves. "Meredith, have you got a stove called Magic Chef?"

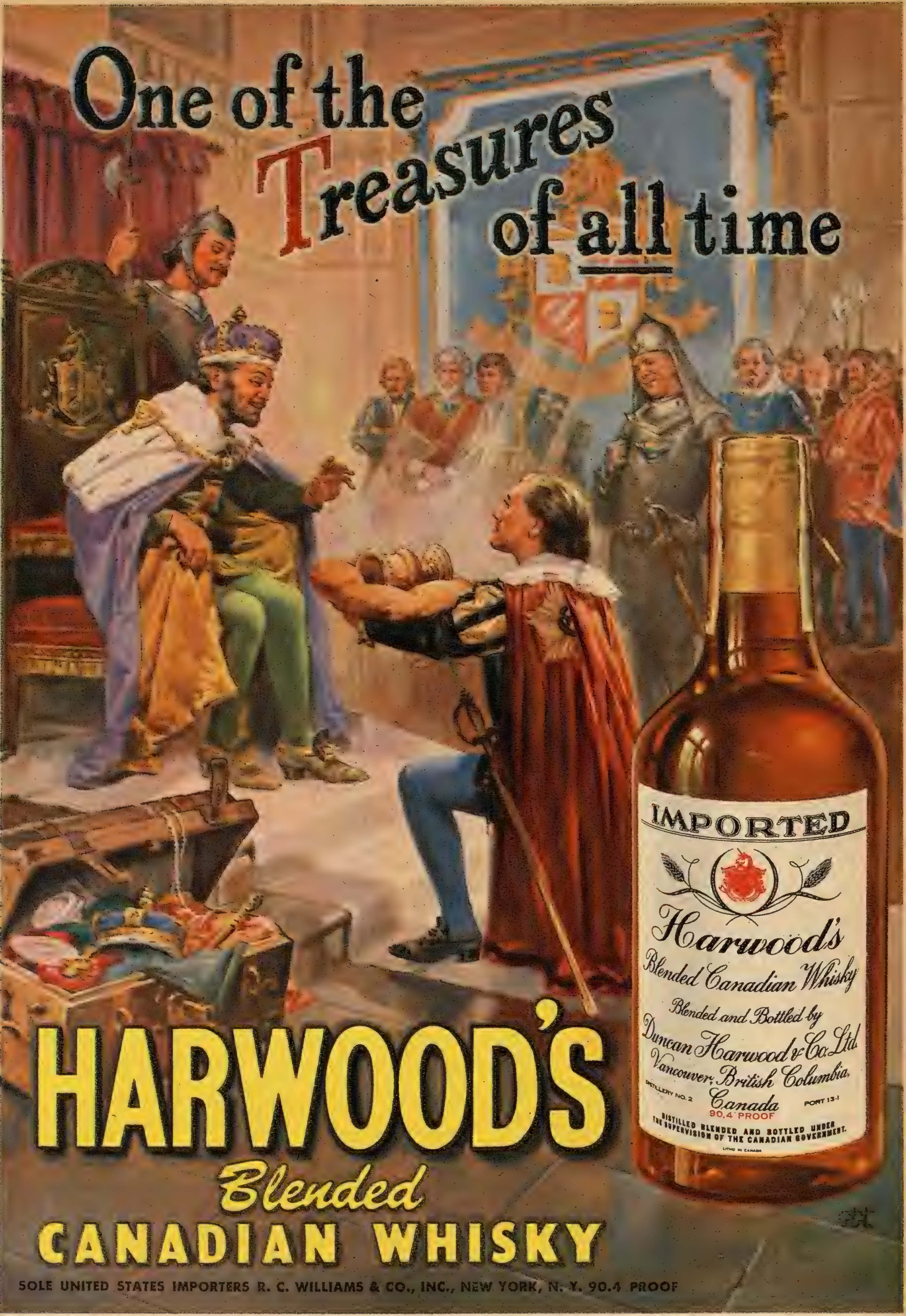
"Got a new shipment yesterday, Ed." Meredith gave Jody the change and went back to join Ed. "Here's the model Mrs. Suggs bought. She got in a hurry and couldn't wait. This new one has improvements. See this little spigot? That drains your reservoir from the bottom. With Mrs. Suggs' model you have to dip the water out from the top."

"I'll be danged," Ed said, fascinated. "What'll they think of next?"

"Here's your change, dad," Jody said. "I kept a dollar."

Ed crammed the bills into his wallet, uncounted. "How much is this new model, Meredith?"

(*Continued on page 58*)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(Continued from page 56)

“One hundred and four dollars.”

“Nothing extra for the spigot?”

“We throw that in, Ed.”

“Sold!” Ed said. “Wrap ’er up. Roll ’er out on the side porch and Jody and I’ll pick it up, soon as we wrap ourselves around a coupla steaks. We’re powerful hungry.”

“I’ll make out your bill, Ed. There’s a year’s free guaranty goes with it. I’ll have to look up the catalogue number.”

The telephone rang and Meredith went to it.

“Jody,” Ed said, exploring, “did ever you see so many doo-dads? Look at this little lever. Lifts the reservoy right out.”

“Gee whillikers, dad.” It wasn’t that Jody didn’t think the cookstove was wonderful but that the red-and-nickel bicycle was so shiny. There were suddenly too *many* wonderful things to see.

Meredith came back. “Ed, that’s the boss on the phone. He’s coming right down. I got to look up some figures. If you and Jody are hungry, why don’t you pay me when you come back? I’ll have more time then.”

“O.K., Meredith,” Ed said. “If it don’t burn a hole in my pocket.” Ed laughed. “Jody, wait till you get a load of Mrs. Suggs’ chins when she gets a look at that spigot.”

JODY had never eaten in a real restaurant with red-and-white-checked tablecloths and bottles of catsup on the tables. Ed ordered beer and Jody tasted it, but spit it out in the spittoon. Jody drank strawberry soda water. It was wonderful with steak and onions.

“That was a fine meal, Mart.” Ed reached for a cigar. “What’s the damage?”

“A dollar for the two,” Mart said (the year being 1915). “The cigar’s a nickel extra.”

Ed reached for his wallet, then laughed, sort of off key. Ed felt in all his pockets. Then he sighed, relieved. “Jody, you know what we done? Come off and left our pocketbook on top of that cookstove. Run over and get it for me, will you?”

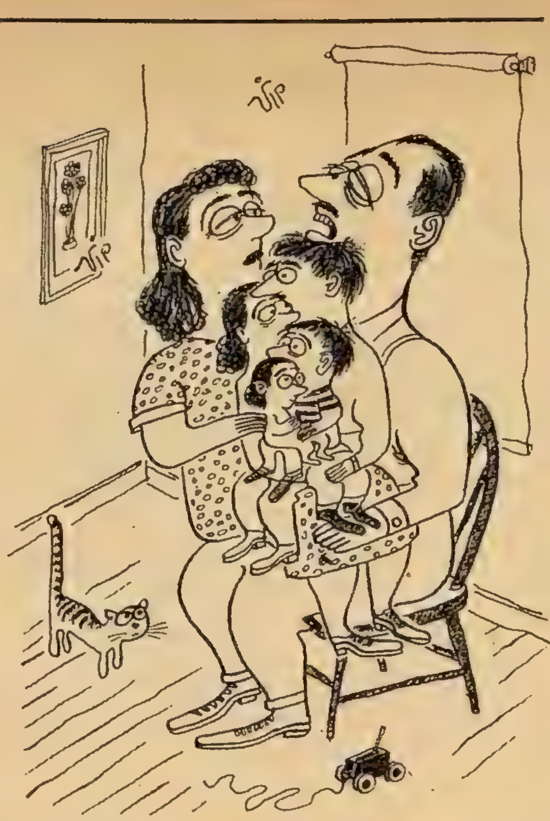
Jody’s eyes got big and round, but he didn’t say a word. He was out of the screen door in a twinkling. When Jody came slowly back, five minutes later, Ed’s chair was propped against the wall and Ed was smoking the cigar. Jody swallowed. “It’s not there, dad. We looked.” Jody’s voice was wobbly.

Ed got up slowly. “One of Meredith’s crazy gags,” Ed said. “We’ll be right back, Mart.”

Mart laughed. “Punch his nose in, Ed.”

Ed and Jody walked into Crane’s Hardware. Meredith looked up from the roll-top desk, uneasy. “It ain’t here, Ed. We looked.”

“Yeah?” Ed blew cigar smoke. “Well, you’ve had your joke, Meredith. Scared this boy out of a year’s growth. Come on. Cough it up.”



“We really should have some more furniture!”

LIBERTY

Meredith got up. His mouth was a thin line. “You look, Ed.”

Ed said, “We’ll all look.”

Ed looked on top of the stove, under the stove. He looked in the warming oven, in the baking oven, in the reservoir.

“You were standing right there, dad,” Jody said, anxious. “I handed you the money. I said, ‘Here’s your change.’”

“I know you did, son,” Ed said kindly. “I remember it. I remember putting it in my pocket.”

“Don’t worry, Ed,” Meredith said. “It’s bound to turn up.”

“Sure, Meredith,” Ed said. “It’s bound to.”

“You haven’t been anywhere only here and the restaurant, dad,” Jody said, searching.

Ed said, “We’ll go look in the restaurant.”

After they’d looked in the restaurant, and in the street, and everywhere they could think of, Ed came back and looked again in the reservoir. “I was standing right here,” Ed said. By this time they had quite a few searchers. “I was so blamed hungry,” Ed said, “I must have et it.” Nobody laughed. “That’s a joke,” Ed said fiercely.

But everyone was thinking the same thing. *A summer’s wages.* All but Jody. Jody thought, *Mama’s birthday. . . .*

Finally Ed and Jody went back to the restaurant. “Mart,” Ed asked, “how you fixed on dirty dishes?”

Mart said, “Don’t talk crazy, Ed. Your credit’s good.”

“No, I mean it, Mart. No telling when I can pay you now. Me and Jody will wash dishes for you.”

“Well, there’s plenty back there,” Mart said. “That gang of melon haulers sure cleaned me out.”

Jody thought of something. “Dad, I still got that dollar for Marge’s music,” Jody held it out.

“Put that back in your pocket,” Ed said crossly. “That’s Marge’s dollar. We’ll wash dishes.”

Ed and Jody washed dishes.

Frank Bates, the fat man, came in for a coke. “Ed, I heard about your tough luck,” Frank said. “That melon-stacking job still holds good, if you want it.”

Jody looked up, hopeful. Ed kept right on washing dishes. “Me and Jody are going cat fishing, Frank. All summer we planned it.”

Jody said, “Dad, I wouldn’t mind —now. Twenty dollars, dad. Gee.”

Ed kept right on. “Sa-ay!” Ed suddenly stopped washing dishes. “I just thought of something. We got ten bucks coming, Jody. That deposit we paid down on the stove. Ten bucks will just about make me good and drunk. It’ll buy enough for you too, son.” Ed looked at Jody, bitter.

A fearful look crossed Jody’s face. He had never heard his father talk like this before.

Jody remembered how mama had looked up at them that morning, the little worry lines between her eyes. “Don’t drink, Ed. This time pacify us,” mama had said. Jody knew he had to do something. From somewhere words came to his mouth: “Dad, three cars is sixty dollars. Two more cars would be a hundred. There’s bound to be five more cars, dad, because our car was first.”

Ed drew back his hand, dripping dishwater, as if he were going to slap Jody. Jody didn’t flinch. Ed’s hand dropped. “What do you mean, son?”

Jody’s eyes got big. “Five cars would do it, dad. A hundred dollars —and that ten you got paid down. That would leave us six dollars to eat on. And dad, I’d help. I would.”

Ed stood with his hands in the dishpan and looked into his son’s eyes for quite a spell. “Jody,” Ed said slowly, “if you burn out on me, I— I’ll kill you.”

“I won’t burn out, dad,” Jody promised. Jody’s breathing hurt, a great big proud lump inside him. Proudness for dad. It was almost like as if the bluebirds were back.

JODY didn’t burn out. That first day after they got through work, Jody wrote a postal card home:

> Mama, Dad and I have got a job stacking melons. We got Maud and Susie turned to pasture. We sleep in the boxcar. It’s got straw under. Be home about Saturday. JODY.

They finished the fifth car about three o’clock on Saturday afternoon. Ed walked over to Crane’s Hardware store and laid down five twenty-dollar bills. “Meredith, I’ve come for the cookstove.”

“I saved it for you, Ed,” Meredith said. “You got six dollars’ change coming. That deposit, you know.”

Ed said, “Six dollars will just about pay mine and Jody’s bill at the restaurant.”

It wasn't quite sundown when Ed and Jody drove Maud and Susie up before the gate at home. Eulalie and Marge came running out to meet them. "What's that, Ed?" Eulalie asked, pointing to the object wrapped in burlap bags.

"That, Eulalie," Ed said, winking at Jody and opening his pocket knife, "is a little something for your birthday, from me and Jody. Sorry we couldn't get it here in time for the fourteenth, but better late than never."

"Ed, you goose," Eulalie said, "my birthday's not till tomorrow." She laughed at Ed's blank face. "But I reckon now I can't wait."

Ed cut the string. Eulalie unwrapped the stove herself. "Ed, you goose, you," Eulalie said, over and over. "Oh, you *gooses*—both of you!"

Ed grinned and winked at Jody. And suddenly that crick in Jody's back just took wings and flew away.

"It's exactly like Mrs. Suggs'," Eulalie said in wonderment.

"Not quite," Ed said. He turned to show Eulalie the spigot. But Eulalie threw one arm around his neck and one around Jody's and began to cry softly.

"Eulalie," Ed said, "we didn't get it to make you cry."

"I can't help it, Ed. I just—can't —help it."

Marge said, "It's too fine to cook on, mama."

After a moment Eulalie straightened her face and said, "Frank Bates stopped and told us about—the other."

"Durn his hide. I told him not to."

"It's all right, Ed," Eulalie earnestly assured him. "I've got my crying spell all over. We'll make out, Ed. We always have."

"Now," Ed said, "it'll go and spoil your birthday."

"It won't, Ed. I won't let it. Look, Marge, they brought us a bushel of coal, too! Real coal."

"It burns wood, too," Ed said proudly. "Me and Jody will saw you up some next week while we're loafing."

"MARGE," Jody said, suddenly remembering, "I almost forgot your package." He handed it to her.

"Oh, oh!" Marge began to jump up and down. "Looky, mama! It *did* come! My music! Oh!" Marge rushed away and in a moment they heard the organ playing furiously.

Ed looked at Eulalie and grinned. "Just like that," Eulalie said proudly. "She never saw that music before." Eulalie turned back to the stove. "Before we build a fire in it, Ed, I want you to show me what all the little dinguses are for."

"There's a book of instructions somewhere," Ed said. "But this, Eulalie, is the spigot." Ed stooped to demonstrate.

Above his head Eulalie's voice, exploring, said, "My goodness, the reservoir lifts right out, don't it? You can clean it just like a dish. Ed—" Eulalie almost dropped the reservoir. "Ed, *look!*"

Ed raised up suddenly. His gaze followed Eulalie's. There, in the space between the reservoir and the cast-iron pit that held it, lay the missing wallet. Ed stared in stupefaction. But Eulalie's hand shot quickly out. "Finder's keepers, Ed."

"Jody," Ed called weakly. "Come over here, son. If we ain't the blamedest—If I ain't the durndest—" Ed reached for Eulalie's hand. But in a twinkling Eulalie wriggled past him, out of the wagon. Eulalie ran through the house, laughing, clutching the wallet.

Ed groaned. "Jody, there goes our money."

Both Ed and Jody looked up as Jack Tullis came riding up on his bay mare. "Howdy, Ed," Jack greeted. "Heard about your bad luck. We all aiming to load melons tomorrow, even if it is Sunday. I thought maybe you and Jody would like to stack melons for us."

"Are you crazy, Jack?" Ed said. "Somebody's been telling you tales. We're lousy rich at this house, and me and Jody are going to just founder ourselves with loafing this next week. We just got a week before haying starts." Ed told Jack the story of the lost wallet and finished with, "Help me carry this cookstove inside, will you, Jack?"

After Jack Tullis left, Eulalie came walking in, looking smug. "Well, it's buried," she announced, "but don't

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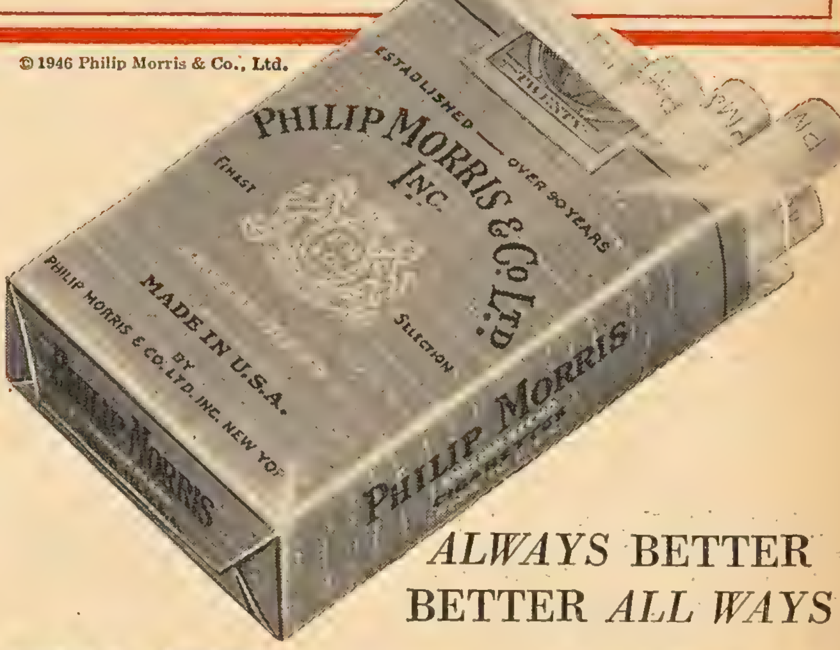
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ask me where. For once these kids are going to have a decent outfit in time for school."

"We still got the store bill to pay, Eulalie," Ed reminded.

"I know. I counted it." Eulalie started in to make biscuits. "Ed, they must have short-changed you. There's only three hundred and ninety-nine dollars."

Ed grunted, disgusted. Jody said, "The dollar was for Marge's music, mama."

"You must have blowed that three cents, then, Jody," Ed said, sarcastic.

Ed and Jody set the stove up. Ed worked, strangely silent. "Just makes the rest of the stuff look shabby, don't it?" Ed said, viewing the effect. Ed looked toward Eulalie. "Eulalie, just enough for a new linoleum?" Ed said. "I want to make Mrs. Suggs' eyes bug."

"They'll bug," Eulalie announced confidently, "when I dun her for that last washing she still owes me for."

ED TRIED once more, just before bedtime. "Eulalie, this piece of linoleum I was telling you about—"

"Now, Ed, we don't need a linoleum," Eulalie declared. "We're ahead. And this time we're going to stay ahead."

When Eulalie woke next morning, Ed was gone. "Jody, your dad went off fishing without his breakfast," Eulalie said.

Noon came, and still Ed didn't show up. Eulalie began to wonder. Ed showed up just before dark, with a roll of linoleum under his arm.

"Where'd you get that, Ed?" Eulalie asked, curious.

"Fished it out of Blue Ditch," Ed said. "It just came drifting along. Jody," Ed said, "if you think that last car was hot, you ought to have seen that car today."

They got the linoleum laid before bedtime. Ed didn't help much, except lifting the heavy pieces. "It sure brightens things up, don't it?" Eulalie admired. Ed just looked at Eulalie.

"Well, you've got a week left, Ed," Eulalie said, cheerful. "You can catch a lot of catfish in a week."

When they went to bed, Ed said, "Doggone it, I forgot to set that alarm."

"Don't need an alarm to get you up to go fishing, do you, Ed?"

"Who said anything about fishing?" Ed said crossly. "I got a car of melons to stack tomorrow."

"Again?" Eulalie said, astonished. "But I thought—"

"Eulalie," Ed said indignantly, "just look at this place. No Dutch curtains. No new window shades. But they're going to get some new stuff in next week, Meredith said. If you'd like to ride in on the wagon—" The bed creaked as Ed climbed in.

"Ed, what's got into you?" Eulalie asked wonderingly.

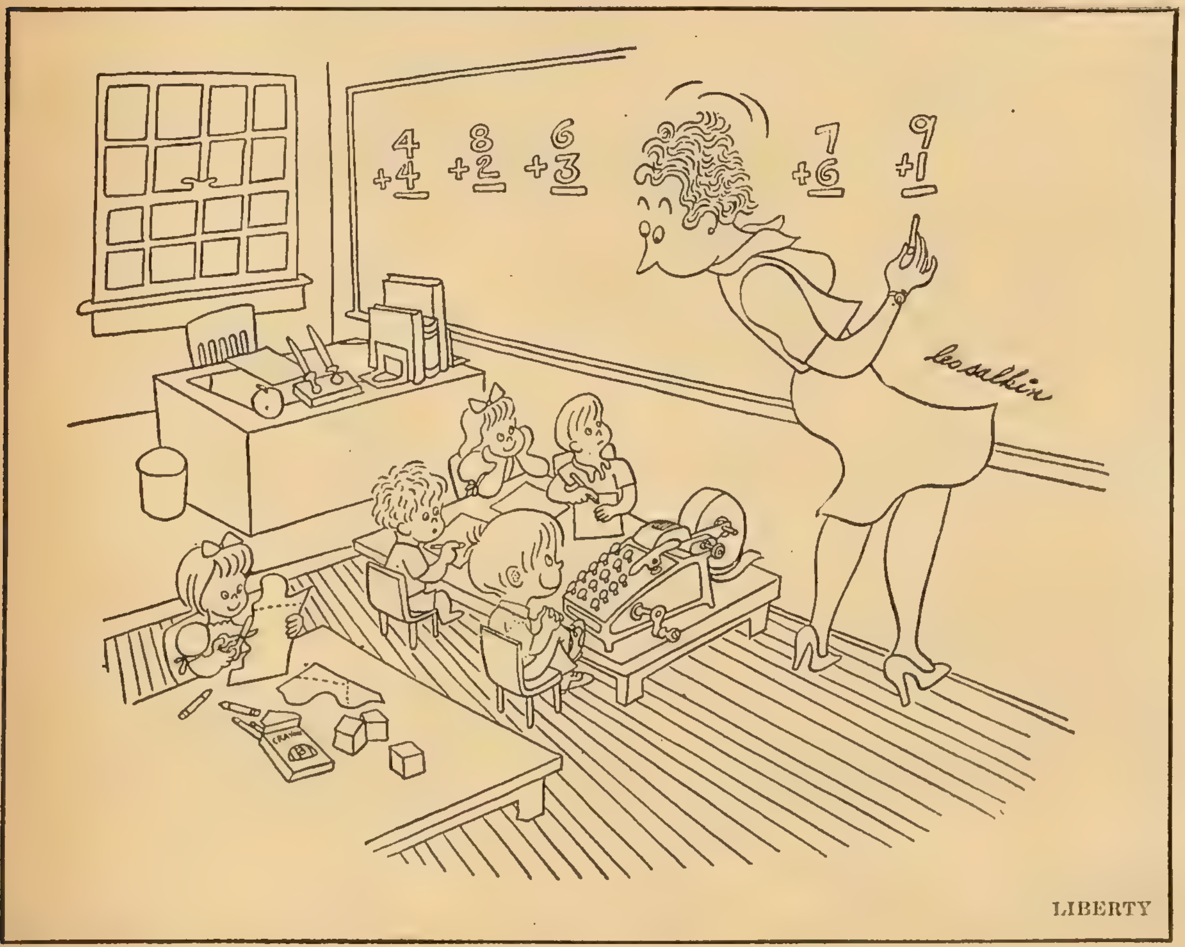
"Eulalie, I been studying," Ed said, serious. "That old organ ain't much good no more. We can get a piano for five dollars down—"

"Now, Ed," Eulalie began, "we're not going into debt. If there's anything I can't abide—" Eulalie went on, telling Ed how she felt about it. But Eulalie stopped talking all of a sudden when she realized she was talking to herself. Ed's snores rose, gentle, increasing.

Eulalie blew out the light and crawled in beside Ed. The bed sagged a little on Ed's side, but maybe a new set of springs? . . . Presently Eulalie slept, too. And her face, in sleep, was smiling.

Ed dreamed of stacking melons to the rhythm of Marge's new piano, and Eulalie dreamed of cooking on her new stove. And before either of them realized it, there was another morning.

THE END



HORSE PLAYER

Continued from Page 17

deserve," he says, even though Tom Hendricks ain't ever married in his life. Ossie starts out like he's reciting poetry or something.

"Impressed by the splendid work done by Alcoholics Anonymous of which you guys doubtlessly heard, there has been established in this here city a organization intended to help cure guys from the poison of betting races. This here organization is headed by Oswald L. Bethlen who himself is a sucker for horses once and his kids didn't have hardly enough to eat. This here organization will operate along the same lines as Alcoholics Anonymous and nobody will have the little woman get wise he is up to his neck in markers the bookies are holding on him. I—"

That's as far as he gets because by this time Tom Hendricks is out of his daze and out goes Ossie, new suit and all. He picks himself up, collects the cards he has spilled, and starts off for his next stop, the Elite Billiard Club, which is very elite indeed, because it pays track odds if you insure your bet at two bits for every two bucks bet.

Well, you can imagine the talk that goes around the wagering establishments that afternoon. Everybody is wondering who has put up the gravel to have them cards printed and get Ossie a new suit of clothes, because everybody knows Ossie's credit don't interest nobody but bill collectors and most of them gave up on Ossie some time back.

We only got to wait till the Herald comes out, and there it is, in black and white, for us to read about. There is a front-page editorial and it is all about Horse Players Anonymous.

It is the same spiel Ossie tries to give in Tom Hendricks' place, only this time it goes right on to the end and maybe the language is a little different.

NOW everybody agrees this is a mink of a different pelt, because if the Herald goes to town on this Horse Players Anonymous thing, it means that H. Edgecomb Travis that owns the Herald is behind it too. And if H. Edgecomb is behind it, certain guys have got to be careful how they go bouncing Ossie around from now on.

H. Edgecomb Travis is the number one reformer of our town. You maybe guess H. Edgecomb Travis ain't the most popular guy with people like Long John Odin or Tom Hendricks or the crowd that runs the Citizens Improvement Association that has rooms over Kelly's Barbershop, with a thick door at the top of the stairs where the doorkeeper stands to make sure that nobody gets in that don't want to improve the citizens.

No, H. Edgecomb ain't so popular

(*Continued on page 62*)

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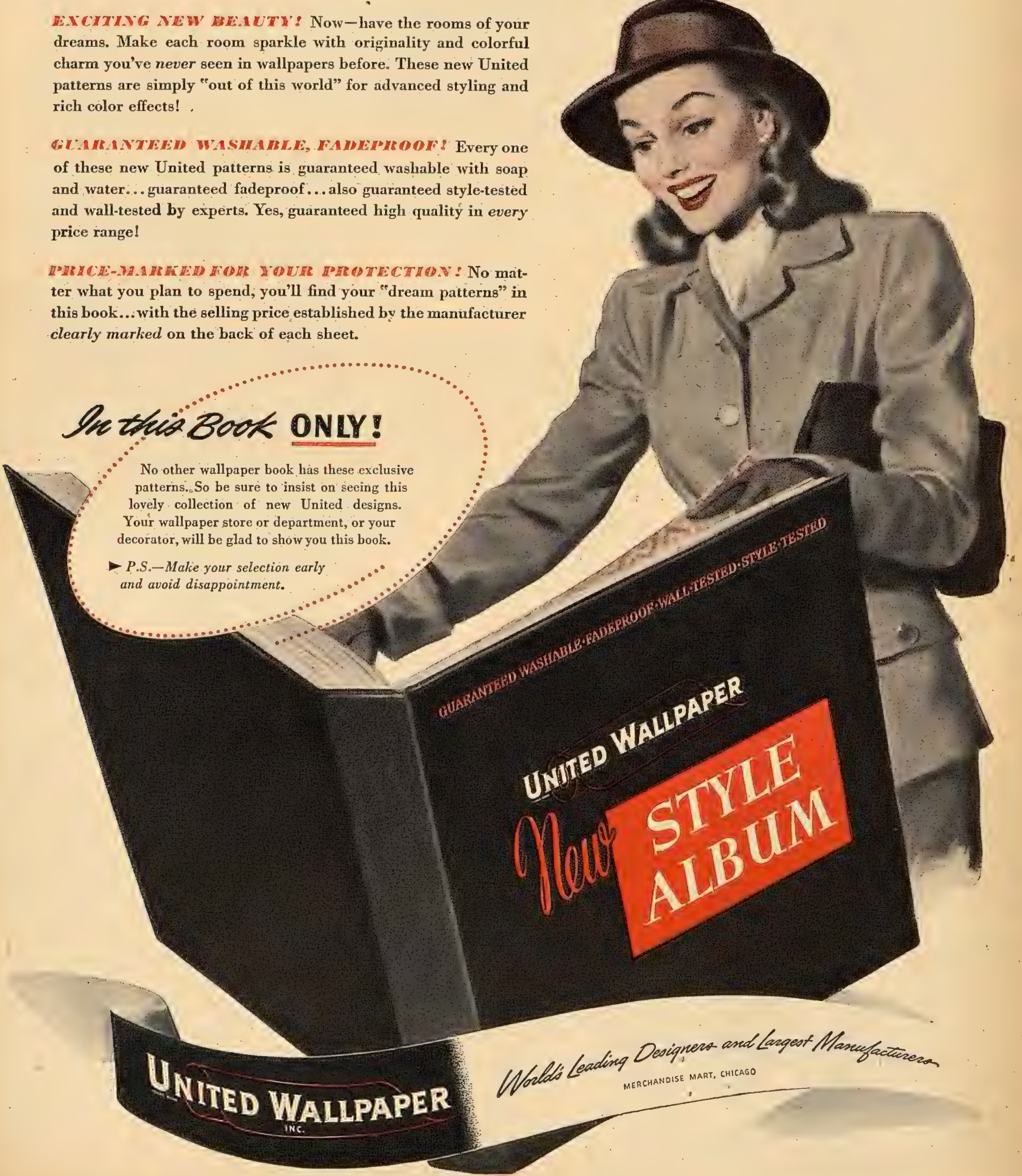

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(*Continued from page 60*)

with a lot of we guys that have ran across him in one way or another from time to time. As a matter of fact, he don't stand so high with our chief of police, Wes Marvin, because he is always making cracks in the Herald about Wes being a lousy police chief and why don't he clean up the city.

I'm not saying Wes is the best chief of police in the world, but we guys always get along with him all right. He's a live-and-let-live guy and maybe he don't see any harm in a sharpshooter playing a couple of bucks on a horse if he wants to, although personally he don't go for ponies and he don't take no graft.

Wes always gets along all right with Ossie, too, up till the time this Horse Players Anonymous thing starts. Ossie might make a pest of himself around the bookie joints, but he never blows the whistle to the cops, him having been a real horse player himself once and remembering the rules about no right guy hollering copper ever unless maybe he is being murdered slowly.

But now with H. Edgecomb Travis backing Ossie, things is liable to be different. We guys are afraid that Travis maybe will put the old pressure-oo on Ossie with new clothes and pocket stuff, so Ossie will spill the history about bookie joints and H. Edgecomb can tangle with Wes Marvin and throw facts and figures. We have been bouncing Ossie around pretty hard, and now we find he has us in his pocket, if he wants to put us there.

SO Long John Odin, Gus Appleton, Tom Hendricks, I, and the others talk things over.

"We got to get to that dope Ossie," says Long John, "and tell him to fly right. There's no tellin' what that screwball will do."

"He won't blow no whistle," I says. "He never has."

"He's never been no president of anything before, neither," Long John says. "He's never had his name in the papers. Not that way."

"Maybe it's just a racket he's promoting," Gus Appleton says. "Maybe he's just taking H. Edgecomb for a little ride."

"That guy," Long John tells us, "ain't got the brains for that. No, he's just a front for H. Edgecomb who found out about Ossie hating horses the way he does."

"So what are we going to do?" asks Tom Hendricks.

WE sit around, thinking. There's no telling what dizzy thing might happen when Ossie's workin' as front for H. Edgecomb that makes a fox look stupid.

It's Gus Appleton that suggests I drop in on this Horse Players Anonymous and see what I can find out. I'm picked because I, personally, never give the heave-o to Ossie, and sometimes, when I ain't got anything better to do, I even leave him give me the whole spiel about him havin' been a horse player himself once. I've always got along all right with Ossie, because once, before he reformed, he give me a sleeper at Woodlawn that come in and paid a hundred and twenty-two bucks, so I figured I ought to maybe put up with his guff once in a while if it makes him feel any better.

So I'm elected to call on Ossie. I drop in at the H.P.A. headquarters that night. I find it is a two-room set-up with an office and a kind of setting room with big chairs and a divan and a sign that says: HORSE PLAYERS DIE BROKE!

Ossie gives me a big hello and pushes me into one of the chairs. Then he steps back and draws a deep breath. He starts reciting.

Thanks for the Memory

KNUTE KENNETH ROCKNE (1888-1931). Football history is dotted with the names of great coaches, but none will ever eclipse the memory of "Rock."

Some football teams only make football scores; few make football history as did the "Fighting Irish" under Rockne. During his thirteen years as coach at South Bend, his teams won 105 games, lost 12, and tied 5. The teams of 1919, '20, '24, '29, and '30 were undefeated.

Rockne knew how to get into the soul of his players and his "pep talks" between halves were masterpieces of oratory.

The great grid mentor was killed in a plane crash near Bazaar, Kansas, March 31, 1931.

It's said that when a Notre Dame team finds itself behind at half-time, someone in the dressing room says, "Let's win this one for Rock." They usually do.—*Allan Witwer.*

"Weary," he says, "we ain't gonna preach to you, my friend. We're just gonna help you. Believe me, Horse Players Anonymous knows what's it's like to get the terrible yen to bet a sleeper maybe in the seventh at Pimlico. I was that way myself once, but I quit, and look at me now."

"I got to admit you look better than I seen you in a long time," I says.

"Yeah, and you can look better, feel better, like me, if you join up with H.P.A.," he says. "We got some stuff that proves it. Wait a minute."

Next I know, he's shoving a bunch of papers in my hand.

"Read them things later, not now," he tells me. "Right now I'll tell you about my own experience, so's you can see nothin' is hopeless."

"Listen, Ossie," I says. "I heard that story a coupla million times already."

"Once more won't hurt, Weary," he says. "It'll prove nothin' is hopeless."

So he goes through the whole story again, about his kids not having enough to eat and all, and about the bookkeeper that beats him out of his ten per cent—only by now he has it that the bookkeeper takes the company's dough when he blows, instead of the blonde—and how he reforms and now he's a happy guy.

"Now," he says, "I can look at a scratch sheet like it's somethin' wrote down in Chinese. I just ain't interested, is all. You got one? I'll show you."

IT so happens I have one in my pocket and I give it to him. He puts on an act like he never seen one before and then he looks closer at the sheet.

"Rubber Boy," he sort of mutters. "That beetle is overdue for a long time."

"He's a dog," I tells him. "He's outta the money his last six goes."

"He's waitin for—" he starts, and then remembers himself. "I mean, what do I care about Rubber Boy or any of them beetles? And you can be just like me."

I tell myself I'd take a roscoe to my head if I thought there's any chance of that, but I don't crack.

"Ossie," I says, "we always been friends, ain't we?"

He nods, with that big grin of his.

"So the boys send me around," I tell him, "to find out what's the pitch. I mean, is this Horse Players Anonymous thing gonna bother Wes Marvin and have him close up all the joints until H. Edgecomb Travis cools off?"

He shakes his head emphatic.

"It's like this here Alcoholics Anonymous," he explains. "That bunch don't care if a guy takes a drink so long's he can handle it and don't get bongo. So Horse Players Anonymous don't care if a guy maybe places two bucks with maybe 'if money' once in awhile. But it is guys like you that spends all your

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"NEXT June they'll hand me a diploma and turn me loose. Then I want to go right to work.

"Should I go to the city, where they always say the big opportunities lie—or should I stay here, where I've lived ever since I was a kid? Well, this afternoon I decided to stay right here.

"Know why? When I saw that train pulling into our town, I realized I had both friends and opportunity here. The railroad tracks which connect us with the country's cities and markets extend opportunity to every town in America.

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RICHARD BROTHERS
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dough on horses and neglects your poor wife and kids we are after, to help and cure."

I REMEMBER what Mimi's new coat costs and what the kids had to have for school, but I don't crack.

"So how are you gonna cure guys like me?" I ask.

"We got figures to prove you can't beat the races," he says. "And Mr. Travis is gonna run a piece in his paper every day to show people how it works. He's gonna take the consensus-of-opinion best bet every day and make out like he's layin' five across. And it'll be in the paper when the dogs run out to show you can't win, even bettin' the favor-ite."

So after a little more of this and that, I take the word back to the boys that there ain't gonna be any heat and we all feel better and we let Ossie come around after that with his little cards and his spiel and we never once give him the old heave-o.

It's funny about that business in the Herald. They run the consensus-of-opinion best bet on the front page with a lotta stuff about watchin' that space to see how you can't win, even bettin' the favor-ite. Well, the consensus horse win the first day and pays three twenty. It win the second day and pays two eighty. The third day word gets around a sleeper is runnin' and the track bets the sleeper down so far that when the consensus horse win it pays ten twenty, which ain't bad for a favor-ite. By this time people who never bet a race in their life is getting their two bucks down on the Herald's "Don't Bet Horses" selection.

Honest, that consensus horse wins eight in a row. If a guy parlays them bets, he'd have a bundle, and, as a matter of fact, some ladies over on Central Avenue that don't know a jockey from a furlong post do just that and they all get a new spring outfit outta it. The column don't run more than eight days before I guess H. Edgecomb Travis decides that ain't the way to prove you can't beat the races.

Yeah, and Rubber Boy that Ossie picked that night at Horse Players Anonymous come down and paid nineteen seventy, which is all right with me.

Things go along until one day Ossie comes into Tom Hendricks' place lookin' worried.

"Weary," he says, when he gets me over to one side, "I'm in sort of a jam. They ain't joinin' Horse Players Anonymous like I thought they would. Matter of fact, you're the only guy that's joined, sort of, since we opened up."

"So?" I ask him.

"So Mr. Travis, he's after some action," Ossie says. "He tells me he wants the names and location of the books so's he can open up a drive in his newspaper and go after Wes Marvin. But I won't go for that."

I can't figure the pitch. If it's anybody but Ossie I'd figure a pay-off, but not Ossie.

"So tell the boys," Ossie says, "that if Mr. Travis busts loose, it ain't me. It ain't Horse Players Anonymous, you understand. It's Mr. Travis."

"I'll leave them know," I says. "I'll explain things."

So we get the boys together and start figuring out what to do.

"I seen this comin' right along," Long John says. "I seen this when Ossie gets hooked up with H. Edgecomb. But Weary, he says, 'Oh, no, Ossie ain't gonna bother us.' And here we are."

"Ossie tips us, don't he?" I ask.

"Yeah," Long John says gloomily. "Ossie tips us. But if it hadn't been for him this whole thing wouldn't have happened. He's the guy that put the idea in Travis's head in the first place."

Well, maybe he's right, at that.

"So we gotta teach Ossie a lesson," Long John says. "Up till now we been closin' our joints till the heat's off, but this time it's gonna be different. This time we're gonna give Wes Marvin, that's always played along with us, a pinch that'll keep H. Edgecomb offa his neck for a long while. And Ossie will get a lesson. Here's the idea."

THE TABLOID BARD

Life
Is hard
Fer
The bard
Who must
Tell all
In a space
This small.

—Ethel Jacobson.

THE plan is that the four top guys in the handbook business will cut cards to see whose joint is raided. Then word is going to get to Wes Marvin that such and such a time will be fine for him to pull a knockover. The four top men will whack up the fines and damages.

"But where does Ossie come in?" Gus Appleton wants to know.

"Ossie is goin' to be in the joint when it's raided," Long John says.

"But everybody knows Ossie," Tom Hendricks says. "Everybody knows he's a nut against bettin' horses. That won't prove nothin'."

"But Ossie's pockets are gonna be loaded with slips," Long John says, "because Fats Lawrence is gonna make sure they are."

At that, everybody busts out laughin' because Fats Lawrence is a clever guy with his hands, although usually he is takin' things outta pockets with them and not puttin' stuff in. So everybody agrees it is a great idea and they cut cards and Tom Hendricks is low man, so it's his place that's gonna be knocked off.

Now, I don't go for the idea. Ossie might be a pest and all, but he ain't hurt nobody, and besides, he give me that winner at Woodlawn. And I knew that once H. Edgecomb Travis finds out his H.P.A. president is caught with a bundle of slips, it means the end of Ossie as president of anything H. Edgecomb Travis has anything to do with. But what could I do?

So I'm there the afternoon Ossie comes in with his smile and his Horse Players Anonymous literature and everybody gives him a big hello, especially Fats Lawrence, and stands around listening to his spiel while Tom Hendricks calls the party that lets Wes Marvin know it would be a nice day for a raid.

I FEEL like a heel when the cops bust in and take the joint. Ossie, he stands there, lookin' kinda sad because his friends are taking a bad fall, but he ain't worried about himself. He's smiling when a big cop named Burke comes up to him and starts pushing him towards the blue Liz with the others.

"You don't want me," he says. "I'm Ossie Bethlen. Horse Players Anonymous, like you read in the paper."

"You got bettin' slips in your pocket," Burke says, and don't ask me how he knows, "so don't give me that Horse Players Unanimous stuff."

Ossie smiles and reaches into his pockets to turn them inside out to show the copper he's clean. And about twenty or thirty slips come flutterin' out. Burke pounces on them while Ossie looks like he's been hit with a club.

He looks at the slips in Burke's hand and then at me and then at Fats Lawrence and then at Tom.

"These ain't my slips," he says, "are they, Tom?"

Tom shrugs.

"If they got your name and my initials on them, they are," he says.

Ossie reaches out and takes the slips while Burke watches him careful. They're real slips, all right. He shuffles through them, callin' off the names of the horses and the bets in a shaky voice. Then he hands the slips back to the copper.

"I don't remember makin' them bets," he says, "but if Tom says I made 'em, I must've. Because Tom Hendricks' word is always good."

Well, this time it's Tom that looks like he's been hit with a club, but he puts on a face and we all get in the blue Liz and make the trip to the station. Tom puts up cash bond for all of us and we go home. I feel plenty low when I see the Herald and read how H. Edgecomb Travis crucifies poor Ossie and his H.P.A. It's all about treachery and stuff like that. It's the end of Horse Players Anonymous all right, and H. Edgecomb Travis won't bother we guys for awhile.

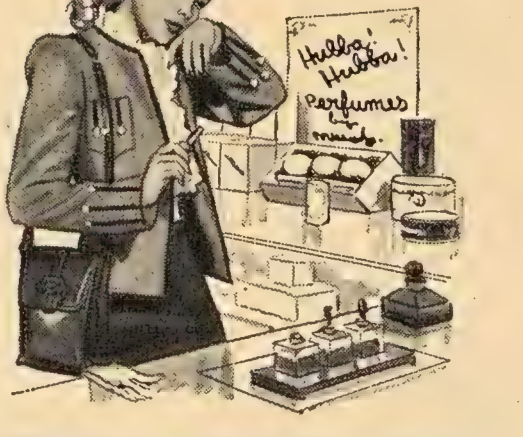
None of us feel as good as we thought we was goin' to the next day. Tom, I guess he feels worse

Are you in the know?

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

☐ *Pack junior off to bed*
☐ *Be a stand-in for his Mom*
☐ *Ask your gang over*

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real *interest* in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!



Which make good scents for summer?

☐ *Atomic aromas*
☐ *Fragile fragrances*
☐ *Swoon-perfumes*

Ixnay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain days," above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out!

How to rate on a first date?

☐ *Sling a sharp line*
☐ *Be a listening-post*
☐ *Learn his interests*

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself. An art you can master on "problem days" as well, with the comfort, lasting softness you get from Kotex—the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*. And Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives added poise—protection *plus*!

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More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

than any of us on account of what Ossie said about his word bein' good.

We're mopin' around when the door opens and in walks Ossie. He's wearin' the same old smile, even if he ain't president of anything no more. He goes right up to Tom Hendricks.

"Hello, Tommy boy," he says. "I come for my pay-off."

"What pay-off?" Tom asks him.

"Why, the pay-off on them slips I put in yesterday just before the knock-over," Ossie says. "You're payin' off, ain't you, even if you was raided? I seen a guy down the street and he says you're payin' off."

"I'm payin' off." Tom says, "to winners. But you didn't have no slips. You didn't make a bet, and you know it."

"That's what I thought," Ossie grins. "That's what I tell the copper—remember?—but you says, yes, if them slips got my name and your initials, they're mine. And they did. So them slips are mine. And accordin' to the results, I win these races."

And he recites the winners that was on them slips, the horses he remembered from reading them slips out loud in front of all of us. I told you Ossie Bethlen was a real horse player once, and a real horse player never forgets a bet he makes, even if he's got ten or fifteen "if" bets and parlays. A real horse player remembers every bet, even if he don't really make it but somebody plants the slip in his pocket and says he makes it.

WELL, there ain't anything Tom Hendricks can do, not in front of a dozen guys that heard him put the finger on Ossie, sayin' the slips were kosher. So Tom pays off.

Ossie has three across-the-board bets, six win bets, twelve place bets, three show bets, and two three-horse parlays to collect. The guy that faked them slips sure picked the card all right. I guess Ossie must've taken nearly two gees right there, without putting out a dime.

"Thanks, Tommy boy," he says, as calm as though he's always picking up dough like that. He sticks the wad in his pocket and gives us the old smile.

"Why don't you guys quit and be like me?" he asks.

And he walks out.

The last I heard, Ossie is over in Minerva, running a little book and doin' all right. Me, I've quit the horses. I read some of that literature Ossie handed out when he had Horse Players Anonymous, and I decided you can't beat them. Why, do you know the odds on coming out ahead if you . . .

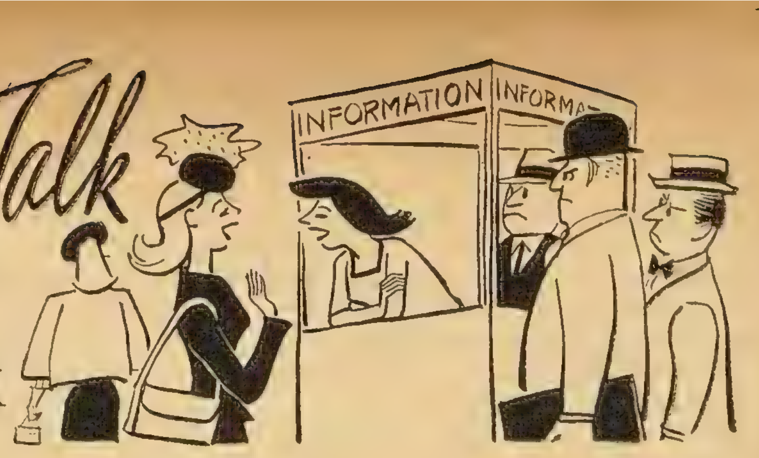
THE END

* * *

We know a girl who is so lazy that her only exercise is going to horror films to let her flesh creep.— ***John Newton Baker.***

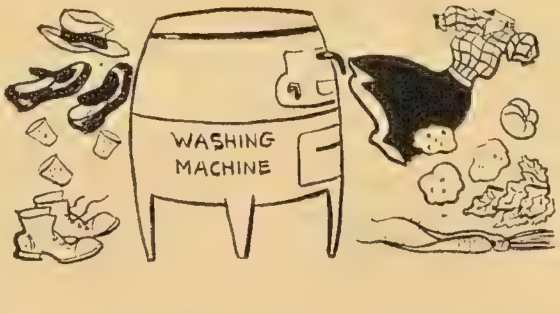
* * *

Woman-Talk



BY MARGARET FISHBACK

EVERY DAY IS WASHDAY: According to Miss Edwina Nolan, director of the Bendix Home Laundry Institute, a Kansas City, Missouri, woman uses her Bendix to wash potatoes, carrots, and beets. She cuts off the tops, ties the vegetables in a bag and runs the machine through the soak cycle. . . . H. E. Young, vice-president of the Northern States Power Company in Minneapolis, washes spinach in his automatic washing machine. Putting the greens through the rinsing cycle frees them of grit. . . . A Fargo woman washes the family overshoes in her machine, and a Terre Haute, Indiana, company washes more than 25,000 rubber stoppers daily in a Bendix. The stoppers are used to close vials of penicillin. . . . Various users of the Bendix automatic home laundry, says Miss Nolan, have dyed drapes, clothing, and bedspreads. Others have successfully treated raincoats with water repellents. Miss Nolan warns that washing out the cylinder after any of these processes is a "must."



SAGE: When I told a surgeon that an acquaintance had complained of the ugly scar resulting from a cancer operation, he remarked:

"Tell her the scar looks a whole lot better than a cancer!"

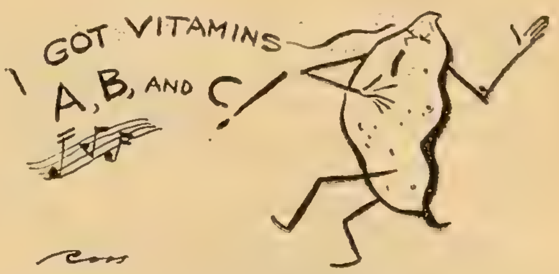
WELL, WELL: Now we can water our Maine lawn all we like, for our new artesian well is a colossal success. It ought to be! The expert who dug it, a fine chap appropriately named Drinkwater, had to go 172 feet into Mother Earth to get the required number of gallons per minute. The price was six bucks a foot, but the bill was only $1,020 for the hole, as the magnanimous Mr. Drinkwater threw in the last two feet free. What a hole! It is fortunate that the water tastes wonderful, because there's no dough left for stronger drink. My mate has warned our friends that they needn't expect whisky when they drop in on us. They'll get water, because our vintage is so much more expensive.

ATTENTION, M.D.s!

You wage crusades to check arthritis,
Cancer, and poliomyelitis;
But why do doctors all ignore
That old connubial scourge, the snore?
P.S.:
It's perfectly true—
Women snore too.

GRAND OLD GIRLS: Two ladies recently gave parties on the occasion of their hundredth birthdays. Mrs. Malinda Ouderkirk of Ogdensburg, New York, celebrated at a hotel dinner party. A native of Dunbar, Ontario, Mrs. Ouderkirk weighs ninety pounds, waltzes when she feels the urge, and has four of eight children living, ten grandchildren, and eleven great-grandchildren. . . . Another notable centenarian is Mrs. Frances Snyder of Philadelphia, who spent a large part of her hundredth anniversary baking a cake for a party to which forty-five members of her family came, representing four generations of the clan.

THE YAM WHAT AM: The State of Louisiana is justly proud of its juicy golden red yams. They are the only sweet potatoes sold nationally, and they contain far more vitamin A than any other type of potato. According to Rose's Foundations of Nutrition, a sweet potato weighing 80 grams contains 2,025 units of vitamin A, while a white potato weighing half again as much contains only 45 units of vitamin A, which is the vitamin that helps resist infection. The yam also contains vitamin B_1 for growth, vitamin B_2 for appetite, vitamin C for good teeth, minerals for bone building, and carbohydrates for energy. Richer in natural sugars than any other sweet potatoes, yams store their sugar right under the skin, where it quickly "caramelizes" during baking, thus improving flavor and texture. Being sweeter and moister than other potatoes, yams require less butter and seasoning. They bake well, and they also play a major role in many succulent casserole dishes, pies, puddings, and breads.


I GOT VITAMINS A, B, AND C!

WOMAN WITH A PAST

Continued from Page 33

into words something we both know. We were very much in love with each other. If we could have gotten married, we might still be. In fact, I'm pretty sure we would be. A marriage binds two people together, it puts down roots; whatever there is between them grows—that is, if they are right for each other, if they love each other to begin with. But we haven't had a marriage, Morgan; we've had an affair."

"No roots," said Morgan, grinning briefly. "A house built on the shifting unpredictable sands of human passion—or, if you prefer the more trite phrase, physical attraction."

"Yes."

"And now the passion has cooled, the physical attraction has lessened, and all there is left is habit and affection, and that isn't enough. If we were married, it would be, but because we aren't, it isn't."

"If we were married, there would be more left than habit and affection. There would be a lot more. There would be—"

"I know," he said, "a marriage puts down roots, it grows."

He said then, "I'm off to Chicago tomorrow. I'll be out there three or four days on the Morrison Motors case and then I'm going down to see Zelda. After that I have to go on to Denver. When I get back I'll call you up."

She hadn't known what he had thought. Whether he had thought, It's just a phase. Get out, give her time to snap out of it, and then come back. Or whether he had been, perhaps, as anxious, as relieved, to have things end amicably as she was.

SIX weeks later, when he had come back to New York, she had been married to Pete.

As always when Pete's name came into her mind, her heart contracted. Yet that night when he had called her and asked her to go to dinner with him, she'd been unable to remember exactly what he looked like. Sitting opposite him later in that small restaurant where he had taken her for dinner, she had thought, He's quite nice-looking in a funny, all-one-color, unspectacular sort of way, but he looks as if he'd been horribly ill.

He had been, of course. They'd shipped him home from Europe on a plane and he'd been in three different hospitals. But he was all right now. Except that he wasn't supposed to work for another six months or so. "I'm not only not supposed to work," he had told her, "I'm supposed to go south and lie in the sun and vegetate."

After dinner they had gone back to her apartment and talked furiously for two hours about all sorts of lovely, interesting, and quite irrelevant things. She discovered that he'd been born in Maryland and had

by Marge
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gone to the University of Virginia, and that before the war he'd had a job with an advertising agency. A fairly good job to which he might, or might not, go back.

Suddenly it had been twelve o'clock. His face had looked absolutely exhausted, and she had realized that he had worn himself out talking and she had called a cab and practically pushed him out of the apartment.

The next day was Sunday and he hadn't said he would call her, but she was sure he would. She waited all the afternoon and evening, growing more and more nervous and disappointed, and the telephone rang several times, but it was always someone else.

Finally, at nine o'clock, she had gone out and had dinner all by herself, and then to a movie. She didn't hear from him the next day, and she told herself it didn't matter in the least, and knew that it did. Knew that it mattered terribly. And on the afternoon of the third day she'd called Myra and asked her casually if she knew whether or not Pete Ramage could be reached by telephone. Myra had said to hang on a minute, she had the number around somewhere. So then there was his telephone number written down neatly on a piece of yellow copy paper and she wouldn't do anything about it, of course, because she wasn't the sort of person who called up men who deliberately gave her the brush-off, you're damned right she wasn't.

But in the end she'd called him. She'd been very frank and direct. She hadn't heard from him and suddenly she had begun to worry about him. "I mean," she said, "it occurred to me that you might be ill."

"No," he said, "I haven't been ill. I just thought things over and decided not to see you again."

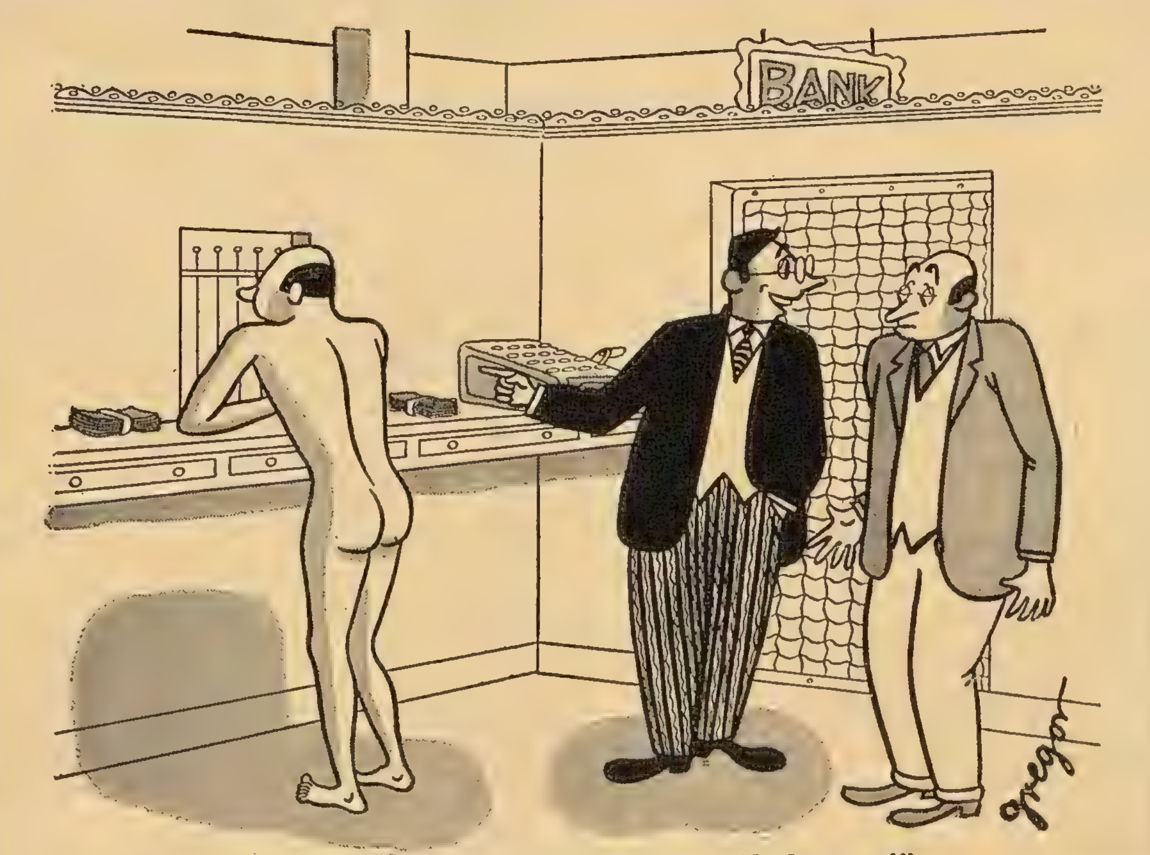
"Well, really!" The silence between them had grown more and more embarrassing and she had thought, I could just hang up, of course, but her hand had just gone on clinging numbly to the receiver. And then the horrible thought struck her that perhaps he had heard about Morgan. Perhaps he had seen Myra and she had told him. "Caroline Ashton? Oh, yes, she is attractive, but she's Morgan Bennett's girl, you know. It's been going on for years now, five at least. Morgan can't marry her because he's already got a wife—some girl named Zelda who is dying of t.b. out in Arizona."

If Myra had told him that, well, why *should* he bother to call her, see her again? What percentage was there in it for him—another man's girl? Worse, more complicated, more distasteful, really, than if she had been another man's wife. But she wasn't another man's girl—that is, she wasn't any longer. She was free.

"Pete—" she began. But how could you say it, how could you say to a man over the telephone, "Please don't stop seeing me, because it's true I was involved with another man but now I'm not, now I'm free as the air"?

And, thank heaven, she hadn't said it, because it hadn't been that at all—it had been something else, something quite different. It had been the fact that if he saw her again, the chances were he would go on seeing her, and if he went on seeing her, he would want eventually to marry her, and right now he ought not to marry anyone. Financially he was damned near broke, and if he loafed six months, as they said he should, he'd be absolutely broke.

He didn't tell her all this right then and there, of course. She had said, "Pete—" and stopped, her throat tight, and he had said, "If



That's Lankert—you can trust him all the way!"

LIBERTY

you must know, I like you too well to see you again." And she had said, "Good Lord, darling, you did give me a bad moment or two!" And then she laughed and said, "I've got to get back to work, but I'll expect you tonight, around six thirty, and if you stand me up, so help me, I'll never forgive you!"

He hadn't stood her up. He had come. He had come and she'd cooked dinner herself and then they'd gone to a movie at the Normandie and walked home, slowly, through a drifting picture-book snowstorm. They'd stopped at a small bar somewhere along the way and had rum Collinses, and a girl with a low throaty voice had sung, And It Isn't Even Spring, and Pete had looked at her and said, "Your eyes are gray instead of blue, and your hair is the exact color of a Martini cocktail. You're not exactly beautiful, Carlie, but I could look at you for the rest of my life and never tire of looking. Your face, my sweet, has character, and your mouth is the most innocent small-girl mouth I have ever seen."

She had laughed a little unsteadily and said, "You make me very happy, Mr. Ramage, but I assure you my mouth is deceiving and what character I have is questionable."

"Let's get out of here," he'd said abruptly. "Let's go back to your place."

SO he'd paid the check and they had gone back to her apartment, each of them so terribly, achingly aware of the other and knowing what was going to happen, knowing that nothing could stop it happening, knowing that this was it, the thing that happened once to everyone and only once.

They'd gone up in the elevator and she'd unlocked the door and they'd gone inside and she had snapped on the lamp behind the sofa, the one with the red parchment shade, and he had come up behind her and slid his arms around her and held her very tightly and said, "What's happening to us, Carlie? What's going on here, anyway?" And she had said, "Don't look now, Pete, but I think we're falling in love."

He hadn't accepted it graciously. He'd continued to fight it, bringing forward all his well-rehearsed arguments. And in the end she'd won out. They'd been married the fifteenth of March and gone to Sea Island, Georgia, because Georgia was beautiful in March. They'd come back to New York in May, and in June they'd gone to Maine.

June, July, and now it was August, and for the first time since March they were going to have to spend three whole days, seventy-two precious never-to-be-recaptured hours apart from each other. Well, the gods willing, they'd go quickly. She'd be busy all day tomorrow with Dave and Sheldon, and the next day she'd be on her way home.

The story conference with Dave

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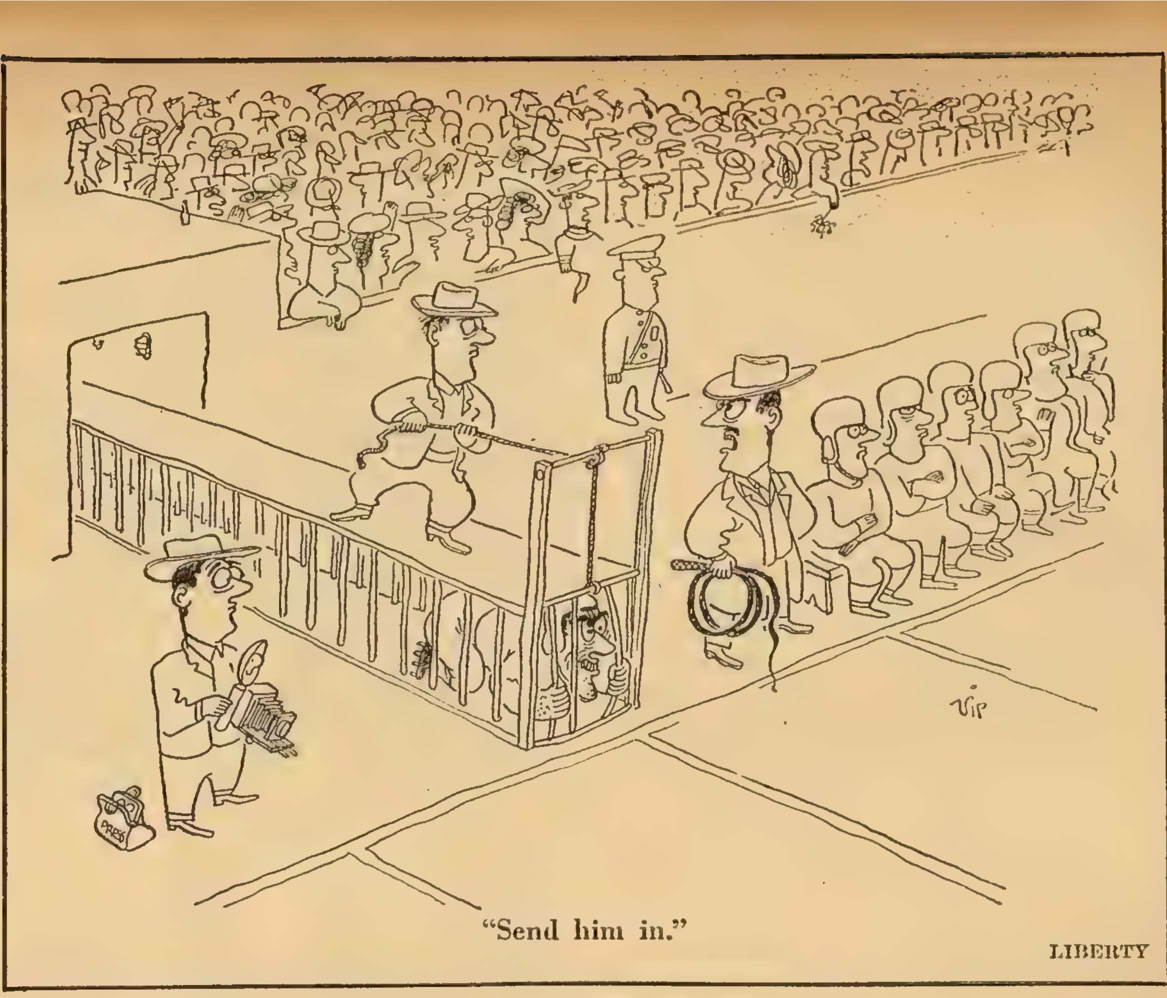


"Send him in."

LIBERTY

and Sheldon took about an hour. She took a cab to Bonwit's, where she had an appointment for a facial and a shampoo and a manicure. It was nearly six before they finished with her and she decided to walk up to the Sherry-Netherland, have a cocktail and an early dinner, and then walk home.

Walking home through the early city twilight, she determined to call Pete the minute she reached the apartment. A few minutes later she unlocked the door, stepped into the tiny foyer and stopped, her heart beating rapidly. There was someone moving around in the living room.

She forced herself to keep walking forward.

"Morgan!"

SHE had been badly frightened and for a moment her relief was stronger than her anger. But only for a moment. "Really, Morgan," she said, "you've got a tremendous amount of nerve coming here like this. If I didn't insist that you send back the key to this apartment, it was only because it never occurred to me that you'd ever have the bad taste to use it."

"Come, come," said Morgan soothingly, grinning at her swiftly, "there's no need to get all steamed up." He said then, "I saw Dave, and he said you were in town, and I wanted to see you. I came around here and you were out. What did you expect me to do—cool my heels downstairs on the doorstep?"

"No," she said, "of course not." She grinned back at him. "I'm sorry, Morgan. You frightened the wits out of me. Actually," she said, "it's nice to see you."

It was. They had always been extremely good friends and that had lasted when the other thing hadn't. Now that she was over the first emotional shock of coming in and finding him here, she knew she was glad to see him.

She walked quickly across the room and held out her hand to him. He took it, held it a moment in his, and then leaned forward and kissed her lightly.

"How about a drink?" he asked then. "I could use one."

"Of course," she said. "How about a Tom Collins?"

She pulled off her hat and laid it with her purse on a chair and started toward the kitchen. He followed her, looked in the usual place for the gin, found it, and looked in the usual place for the lemon squeezer and found that.

It's funny, she thought, but he's far more familiar with this apartment than Pete is.

She and Pete had lived here only a few weeks while they were waiting to go to Maine.

She opened the icebox door and took out a tray of ice cubes—then the telephone rang.

"I'll take it," said Morgan, and before she could stop him, he was saying, "Hello. . . . Mrs. Ramage? Just a minute, please."

She had known the moment the telephone rang that it was Pete.

"Pete," she said, "darling, how are you? Is everything all right? Are *you* all right?"

"Of course I'm all right," he said, "except for one thing. I'm lonesome as all hell. Nothing is any fun without you, Mrs. Ramage. Who," he said then, "is that man who answered the telephone just now?"

"That—oh, that," said Carlie, "was Jim. You know, the superintendent. There's something wrong with the gas stove; it seems to be leaking gas, so I asked him to come up and look at it. As a matter of fact, I just came in. I heard the telephone ringing and I ran all the way down the hall, and he was answering it."

"I thought you sounded a little out of breath," said Pete. "Look, baby. How did things go? Dave and Sheldon, I mean? Did you get things ironed out?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "everything's fine. Sheldon took us to lunch, a nice expensive lunch at the Plaza, and I promised to put in more conflict and build up the love interest and everyone's happy."

"Well," said Pete, "I'm not. I'm not happy at all. I'm miserable. And I shall continue to be miserable until you come home."

"That's good," she said, "that's wonderful. I'd hate you, darling, if you were anything else." She said then, "But you don't have to be miserable much longer. I'll be home tomorrow night. Do you think," she said, "that you can hang on until then?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I can try."

"Your five minutes are up," said the Boston operator. "Please conclude your call as quickly as possible."

"Damn," said Carlie. "I'll call you back."

"No," said Pete, "don't do that. Talking to you and not being able to see you or touch you only makes the pain more acute. Good night, Mrs. Ramage. I love you."

"Good night, Pete," she said and hung up and stood for a moment, feeling lost and forsaken, part of her, the most important part, still up there in Maine with Pete in that bare impersonal house by the sea.

MORGAN'S voice brought her quickly back to New York and East Sixty-eighth Street.

"I'm almost glad I didn't marry you," he said, "you lie so easily and so convincingly."

"You didn't marry me," said Carlie, "because you couldn't. You can't marry anyone; you're already married." She said then, "Let's get on with those drinks, shall we?"

The Tom Collins he made for her was long and cold and it tasted good. She sat on the sofa and he stood in front of the mantelpiece and she saw now that he looked older than he had last winter and a little worn, but that he was still quite handsome and always would be. It was a matter of good bone structure, a swift and fine intelligence, and a certain predominant maleness. She was sure he had come here tonight not casually but for some definite purpose.

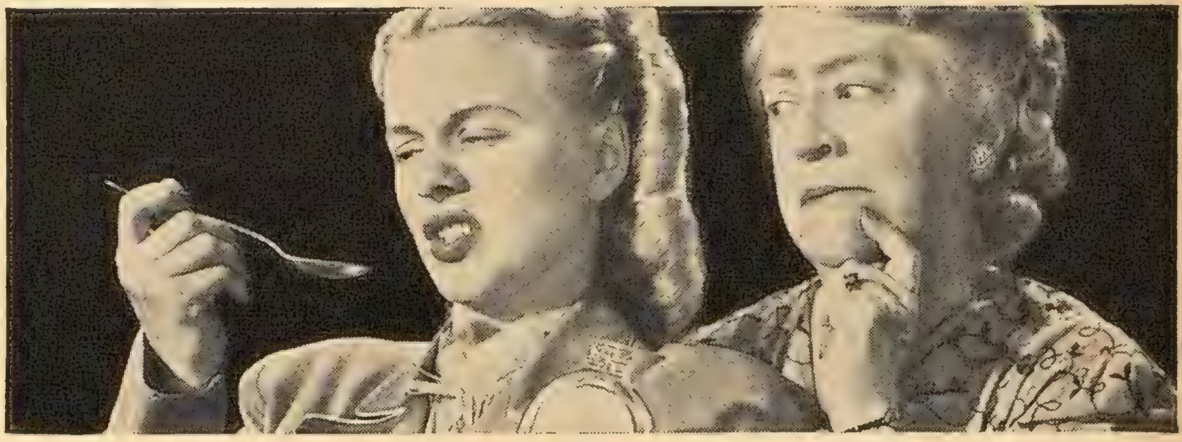
He cradled his highball glass in his left hand and took a cigarette from the china box on the mantelpiece. When he had it burning, he said, "There was something I had to find out, Carlie. That's why I came. I wanted, quite simply, to know whether or not this guy Ramage was making you happy. Whether or not this marriage of yours was working out. If it was, O.K. If it wasn't—"

"It is," she said.

"Yes, I can see that. I guess I

Can a Mother live Happily with her Married Children?

IT MEANS SELF-RESTRAINT . . . a willingness to curb your natural urge to "give advice". Suppose, for instance, that your son-in-law should be foolish enough to take some harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Even though you know that the stuff will upset him, it's best not to say anything. It shouldn't take him long to find out for himself that **Some laxatives are too strong!**



IT TAKES TACT to resist voicing your opinion when it might be resented. If, for example, your daughter insists on taking some insipid, namby-pamby laxative, just because it's supposed to be "very mild"—*don't interfere!* When the medicine fails to give her the relief she needs, she won't need *you* to tell her that **Some laxatives are too mild!**

A HELPFUL SUGGESTION, of course, is welcomed when your opinion is invited. Next time the laxative problem comes up, you might mention that more people use Ex-Lax than any other brand. Not only because of its swell chocolate taste. But because of the way Ex-Lax acts . . . effectively, yet so *gently!* Not too strong, not too mild **EX-LAX is the "Happy Medium"!**

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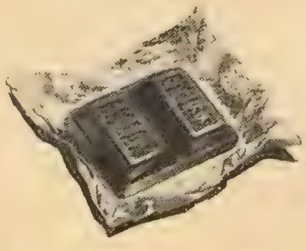
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!
10c and 25c at drug stores



As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

knew it the moment I saw you, and if I had any doubts, they were certainly dispelled when I heard you talking to him just now."

Morgan took a long pull on his highball and said, "Just how much does he know about us, Carlie?"

"He doesn't," she said.

"You mean, you have never—"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"But I thought it was—well, I thought it was customary in this morally enlightened day and age to talk these things over—start with a clean slate—no secrets. Supposing someone else tells him?"

"Who, for instance? Dave? Myra? Don't be absurd. My friends wouldn't think of telling him, and can you imagine some casual acquaintance walking up to him at a cocktail party and saying, 'Oh, by the way, I understand on good authority that your wife had a long-standing and quite serious love affair with Morgan Bennett before she married you.' Besides," she said, "if this did happen, and of course it won't, I could always deny it."

Morgan was staring at her intently, his eyes speculative.

"You're a funny girl," he said, "so damned honest in some respects and so—well, devious in others. That business about the superintendent, for instance. You lied quite instinctively, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I guess I did. But it would have been awkward trying to explain—you know damn well it would have been. Besides, I will always lie, Morgan, rather than cause Pete a moment of unhappiness, a moment of uneasiness even."

"You don't have to justify yourself to me," said Morgan. "I think you probably did the right thing."

"Of course I did the right thing," she said.

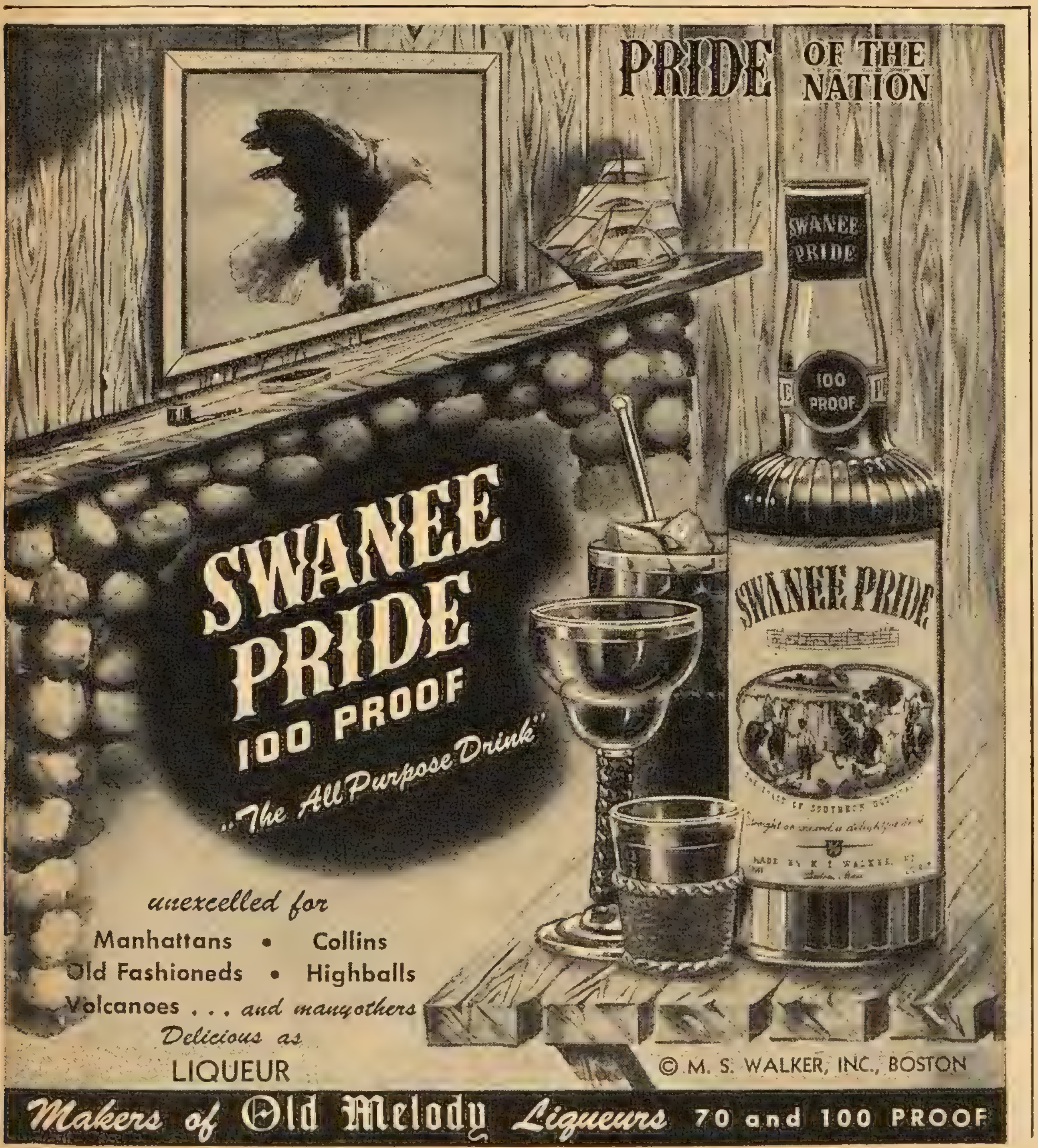
"Well," Morgan said, "I've found out what I came here to find out and I've finished my drink and I think I'll be running along. Oh, yes," he said, "I almost forgot." And he took a small flat key out of his watch pocket and laid it on the mantel beside the highball glass.

Then he walked out into the foyer and she followed him, and when he reached the door he turned to her and said, "Thanks for the drink, Carlie." And then he went, without touching her or even saying good-by.

SHE had been back two days. She was lying on her stomach on a beach roll with her eyes closed. The sun was hot against her eyelids and against her shoulders and her bare arms and legs. She could hear Pete coming down the path from the house, and she opened her eyes and sat up quickly and said, "Any mail?" And he said, "Three letters, and all for you, Mrs. Ramage."

He tossed them into her lap and stretched out on the sand next to her and grinned at her.

"Well," he said, "stop staring at me like that and open your mail."



She looked at her letters. There was one from her mother and one from her brother Fred and one from Myra Whitney. She remembered that she had meant to call Myra while she was in New York and then she had forgotten about it entirely.

She opened her mother's letter first. Read it swiftly. She'd been in bed. It was just the heat but the doctor insisted it was her heart. The children were fine, but Fred needed a vacation, and so, for that matter, did Laura.

She put down her mother's letter, opened Fred's. It *was* her heart. They hadn't told her yet, but the doctor had said she absolutely couldn't go up and down stairs any more. They were going to make the music room into a downstairs bedroom for her, but that meant they would have to install a bathroom on the first floor. Even with secondhand fixtures, which they might not be able to get, they would have to figure on its costing around a thousand dollars.

Because both Fred and her mother's letters had been depressing, and Myra's was sure to be gay, she decided to read it aloud to Pete.

" 'Carlie darling,' " she read: " 'If you will bury yourself in some God-forsaken place up in Maine that no one ever heard of, I suppose, if I want to keep in any kind of touch with you, I have to write, but no one knows better than you do how I loathe writing letters. However, here goes. New York is hot as Hades and absolutely deserted. But still it's New York and I'd rather die of the heat here than leave the darn place for more than a week-end. How is your work coming along and what about your love life? Are you and Pete just as crazy about each other in August as you were in May? I suppose you are. But in May, when you left town, you were positively giving off sparks. Speaking of your love life, I saw a friend of yours the other day—' "

SUDDENLY, without any warning, the next words leaped at her. "Well," said Pete, "go on. Whom did she see?"

"Morgan Bennett."

"Who," said Pete, frowning a little, "is Morgan Bennett?"

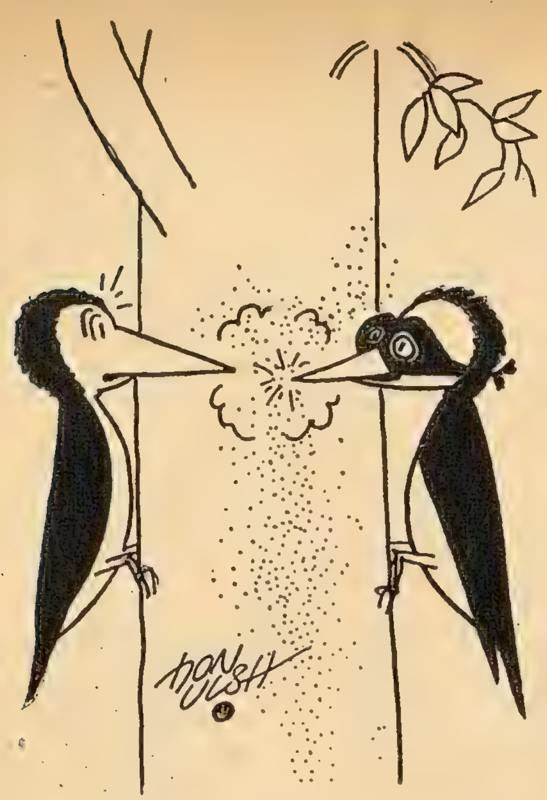
"He's a man I used to see quite a lot of before I met you. As a matter of fact, you've met him. You met him the night you met me. Remember that party at Myra's apartment last February?"

"Of course I remember it," said Pete, "but I don't remember any guy named Morgan Bennett. Or wait a minute—maybe I do. Tall and very well built. Dark hair with quite a lot of gray in it."

"That's right," said Carlie.

She said then, "We were quite a lot in love with each other for a while, but we broke up permanently just before I began going out with you."

"Just before," said Pete, "or just afterward?"



"Sawdust kept getting in my eyes."
LIBERTY

"Just before," she said. "As a matter of fact, if you must have dates, we decided to call it a day the very night of Myra's party. But don't flatter yourself that you had anything to do with it, because you didn't. When you called me, a week later, I couldn't even remember exactly what you looked like."

"But you were hungry and I was willing to feed you, so you decided to take a chance on not being too bored?"

"That's right." She grinned at him.

"Well," he said, "go on. With the letter, I mean."

She turned back to it. " 'It seemed funny to be standing there on the corner of Fifth and Fifty-seventh Street'—that's where we happened to meet—'telling Morgan about you—I mean I'd gotten so used to thinking of you two together. But I'll say one thing for you both, Carlie. I don't suppose—' "

Suddenly her voice stopped again and this time her face went absolutely rigid. "I don't suppose," Myra had written in her big scrawling backhand, "that any two people ever conducted an affair more discreetly than you two did. Plenty of people may have wondered about you, but I'll bet there aren't half a dozen who were absolutely *sure.*"

"Go on," said Pete, his voice oddly quiet, all the amusement gone from it.

"No," said Carlie, and suddenly she crushed Myra's letter into a tight little ball and jumped to her feet.

"Oh, come now," said Pete and he was on his feet too, trying to get the letter away from her. "It's just a letter, Carlie. There can't be anything so very important about it."

He was still smiling at her, but his face was hard and unbending now and so was his voice. He tried to pry open her fingers.

With a quick strong movement she wrenched herself free from him and ran down the beach and flung Myra's letter onto the little fire that had burned itself down to a heap of gray-and-rose ash. The crisp white paper caught on fire at once, the flames curling hungrily about it, consuming it.

She turned around and Pete was standing quite still watching her. She walked back to him slowly and sat down on the beach roll and clenched her hands hard about her knees and stared out to sea.

Presently he sat down too, but not close beside her.

EVERYTHING was just the same. The sky was that same innocent madonna blue, the sea was that same clear sparkling aquamarine. The two deck chairs stood motionless under the sun; her dark glasses lay motionless on that pile of yellow copy paper. Everything was just the same and nothing was the same. Nothing would ever be the same again. Never again. Never again.

"That man who answered the telephone," said Pete. "It wasn't the superintendent, was it? All that business about the gas stove, you made it up. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Carlie. *"I'm almost glad I didn't marry you,"* Morgan had said, *"you lie so easily and so convincingly."* About little things, yes; about big things, apparently, no. . . . Oh, God, where is this going to end—and *how?*

"You go down to New York, and the first night you are there—"

"The second," said Carlie.

"Very well, the second. The second night you are there, you see this guy Bennett—this guy whom you were quite a lot in love with before you met me. If you were quite a lot in love with him, Carlie, why the hell didn't you marry him?"

"I couldn't," she said, "he was already married. His wife was in a sanitarium out in Arizona. A divorce was out of the question."

"So," said Pete, "you settled for the next best thing."

"Yes," said Carlie.

Suddenly she stood up. The sun was blazing down on her relentlessly, but she was shivering.

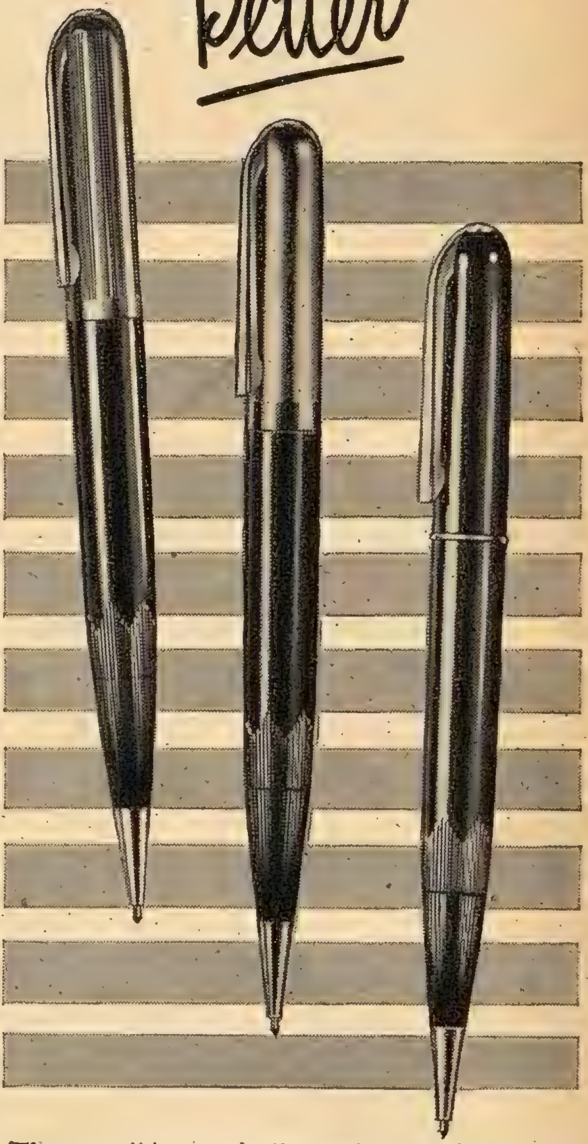
"Now," she said, "you know everything," and she turned and walked up the path and into the house and up the stairs and into the bedroom. She walked over to the window and sat down in a low wooden rocker and locked her hands together tightly. She had been sitting there for perhaps ten minutes when she heard him walk across the living room and then she heard the thud of his shoes on the stairs.

She knew the exact moment that he came into the room and she wanted to turn her head, but she couldn't.

"Carlie," he said, "I want to ask you just one more question. Just why was he in the apartment that night?"

"He came because he wanted to find out something—he wanted

Always Incomparably Better



The new "Autopoint" pencils, as always, are incomparably better in smart styling with gleaming gold trim and new "pocket-level" clips . . . better in the flawless, trouble-free writing they deliver. Their famous "Grip-Tite" tips won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out. It takes time to precision build quarter-century proved "Autopoint" pencils. So while they are not plentiful now, accelerated output soon will put an "Autopoint" in your pocket or purse. Pencils shown, left to right: $3.75 (plus excise tax), $2.65 and $1.75 (no excise tax). Models for standard or real thin leads.

Autopoint Leads in New Improved Plastic Tube

Ask your dealer for "Autopoint" leads in the new "Turn-top, Tilt-lead-out" plastic tube—the greatest improvement ever made in a lead container. Turn top and tilt leads out. No cap to remove and lose. Stops leads spilling out. With standard leads 10c—Real Thin leads 15c.

Business organizations give imprinted "Autopoint" Pencils to spark up sales, build good will.

Autopoint Company, Dept. L-10, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.

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BETTER PENCILS
FIT ANY POCKET . . . EVERY POCKETBOOK

to find out whether or not you were making me happy."

"And what did he—decide?"

"He decided you were."

"So then?"

"So then he left. Oh, yes," she said, "there was one other thing."

She got up and walked stiffly across the room and picked up her purse from the top of the rather crudely painted apple-green chest of drawers. She opened it and took out a small flat key.

"He gave me this," she said. Suddenly she was perfectly calm.

She lifted her eyes and for the first time she looked straight at him. "I was a fool to burn that letter," she said. "If you really love me, there is no reason why you shouldn't know all this; and if you don't—well, if you don't, I haven't really lost anything. I've just found out that I didn't have anything in the first place."

"You really believe that, don't you, Carlie?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I really believe it."

"Well," he said, and now he was looking straight at her and his face that had looked so old, so dead when he came into the room was young again and alive, "thank God you do, because it simplifies everything. It would have been pretty horrible," he said, "to have had to go on living with you knowing that you felt I should have walked out on you—or, staying, loved you less."

"Pete," she said, "oh, *darling!*"

Suddenly his arms were around her, he was holding her tightly, and she didn't know whether the tears on her face were his or her own—all she knew was that she would have given the next ten years of her life if there had never been in her life any such person as Morgan Bennett.

THE END

WANTED: A BABY

Continued from Page 19

there are sufficient numbers of spermatozoa (experts place 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 sperm per c.c. as a reasonable dividing line between good and impaired fertility), and whether they are of the proper shape and remain active long enough to classify as fertile.

Philip's examination was satisfactory; but suppose some abnormality had been found. Would his chances of becoming a father have been utterly hopeless? Not at all. First, doctors determine the cause. Perhaps the testicles are not producing sperm in large enough numbers or of sufficient quality and vitality to cause pregnancy. Perhaps some physical condition is impairing the vigor of the male cells. Or some obstruction, blocking the exit of the male cells may exist in the long, fine passages leading up from the testicles. Also, some physical or mental condition may prevent the husband from depositing the male cells at the mouth of the uterus.

The cure for some of these conditions may be as simple as diet, rest, or a change of job. In others, hormonal injections have been used successfully. In still others, surgery has been recommended.

For Margaret the routine was time-consuming. She was given a thorough physical examination. An underactive thyroid is frequently a cause of barrenness. A basal metabolism test ruled out that possibility for Margaret. If the thyroid gland is found to be below normal —and it is frequently—then doses of thyroid extract may eventually raise the fertility of a woman so that she may conceive. Margaret's blood pressure was found to be normal, and the doctor made certain that her diet contained enough of the specific vitamins which are believed to affect the fertility index—principally vitamins E and B complex.

During the span of months covering the wife's fertility diagnosis, three other important tests are scheduled, to be abandoned if pregnancy makes them superfluous. One is the Huhner test, which indicates the chemical and mechanical compatibility of the sperm and the woman's internal secretions. Then there is the critically important Rubin test, which determines one of the most common causes of infertility in women. Since the Fallopian tubes, or oviducts, are the all-important meeting place of the sperm and the egg, they must be open if fertilization is to occur. Dr. I. C. Rubin of New York devised the test that bears his name. It is relatively simple: Carbon dioxide is blown through the uterus into the tubes. Normally the gas flows freely through them at a low pressure. If the gas does not pass through after the pressure has been raised considerably, it is assumed that the oviducts are not open. In Margaret's case the Rubin test located the trouble and also instantly cured it.

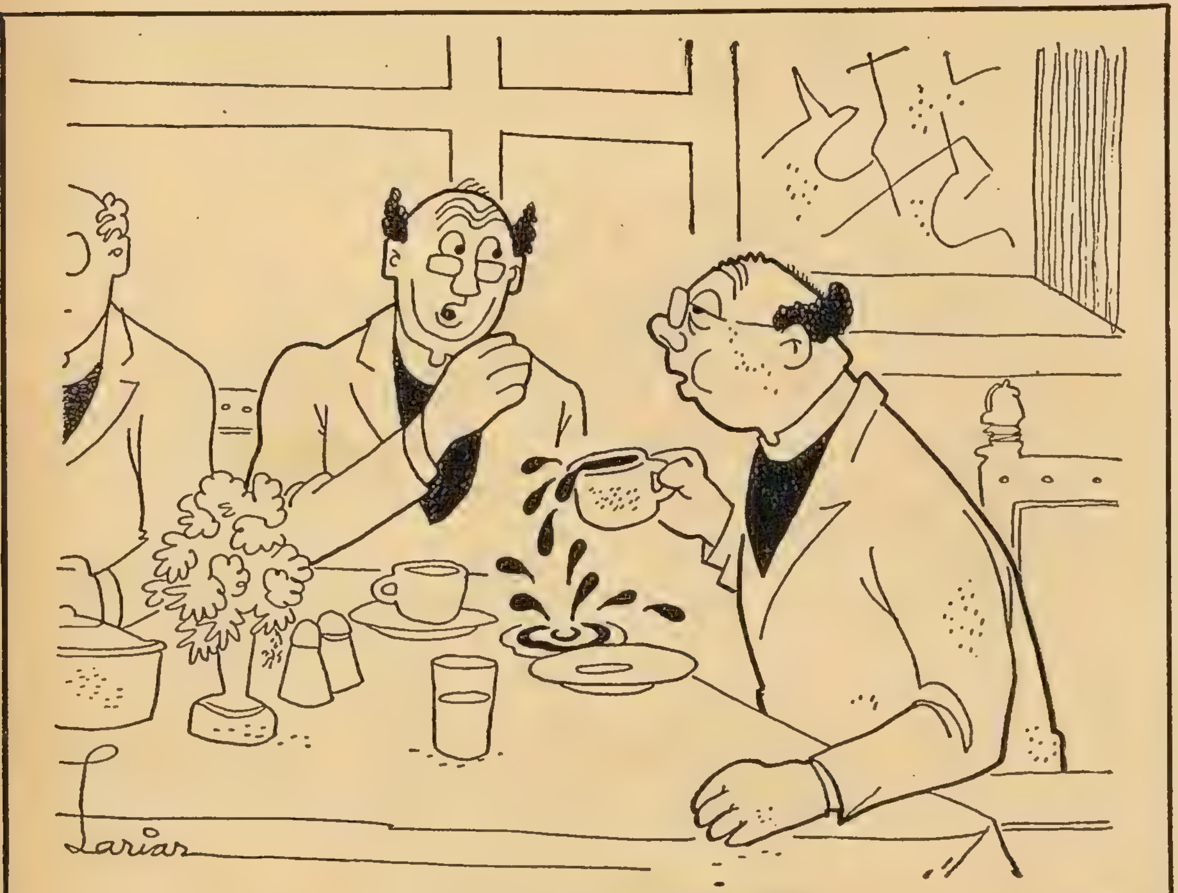
BUT suppose the fertility clinic doctors have performed all these tests and have still not found the cause. There is at least one vital piece of missing information which is diagnostically the most elusive of all. This comprises the answers to the two questions: Is the wife ovulating? If so, when? Since it isn't possible to study the egg cells themselves, there is no *direct* way of proving that a woman is producing a healthy egg each month.

If a woman menstruates regularly, the likelihood is that she is ovulating. If she has menstrual difficulties, she may not be. Proof is obtained *indirectly* by taking a small sample of the lining of the uterus early in the menstrual period. If this contains the effect of a hormone associated with the discharge of the monthly egg—the *corpus luteum* hormone—then the doctors are convinced that the woman is ovulating.

The key question for any woman who wants a child is: "When do I ovulate?" For it is only during the brief period of ovulation that conception can take place. In most women ovulation occurs fourteen to sixteen days before menstruation. A simple, easy-to-manage method has been worked out to determine the precise day—the Basal Temperature Chart.

This system of determining when a woman ovulates follows the principle that a record of body temperatures taken rectally (for five minutes) every morning immediately upon awakening, shows a typical curve during the monthly cycle. Temperatures must be recorded accurately up to a tenth of a degree. The temperature is found to be relatively low during the first part of the

(*Continued on page 76*)



". . . Your cup runneth over." LIBERTY

"LOOK DAD—*I can write again!*"

AN ACCIDENT! A severed nerve, a paralyzed right hand!

You thought he'd never write again, nor eat nor pitch nor play the piano with those lifeless fingers.

But then you didn't know what the U. S. Army Medical Department has done with Tantalum, the element which starts the electricity of life flowing into denervated muscles. Tantalum—which, in the form of an inert wire stitch 3/1000 of an inch thick, holds torn nerve ends together without inflaming delicate nerve fibers. Tantalum—which, as a sheath-like foil, seals the mended nerve section from outside infection.

The success of Tantalum wire and foil was assured by Army neurosurgeons at home and overseas. With extensive Army research facilities behind them, they furnished proof which became the "green light" for use of Tantalum in civilian nerve repair.

This is but one of the Army's contributions to scientific progress and the health of the Nation. Busy on peacetime advances, now, its "medics" rarely take time to survey an almost incredible war record . . . where 96% of all wounded who reached Army hospitals *lived* . . . where a vast accumulation of records on disease—tropical, temperate and polar—will give civilian physicians the world around a wealth of vital information.

This quest for improvement is going on throughout the Regular Army. For young men who want to get in on the ground floor of the newest experiments in medicine, radio, radar, engineering, aeronautics and other fields with a future—*there's nothing to compare with an Army job.*

Enlistments are open to qualified men 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). Get full details at your Army Recruiting Station.

Listen to: *"Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.*

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It is important for every American to know that the proportion of deaths from disease in World War II was 1/20 of that in World War I.

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

(*Continued from page 74*)

month, drops to a minimum about the time ovulation occurs, and rises rather sharply afterward to a relatively high level. This is maintained until the onset of the next menstrual period, when the temperature drops abruptly. The sudden change from low to high marks ovulation. Conception is most likely to take place at the lowest point.

All women vary somewhat within their own cycle. That is why the doctor instructs patients to keep the chart over a four- or five-month period. In this way a definite pattern can be traced.

WHAT if, after the doctors have checked on all organic factors, pregnancy still does not occur? Medical men are becoming increasingly interested in the psychiatric aspects of reproduction. Why, for example, does a woman who has been childless for years suddenly conceive shortly after adopting a baby? Coincidence? Perhaps. But the branch of medicine which is interested in the linkage between emotional states and body changes—psychosomatic medicine—offers another answer.

These doctors contend that control of ovulation centers in the pituitary gland and that it is possible that psychological states influence ovulation, as they do menstruation. The woman who has an unsatisfied desire for a child may unconsciously stimulate the ovaries to premature release of an egg not yet ready for fertilization. After adopting a child she becomes reconciled to her sterile state, fears and anxieties leave her, and normal ovarian activity is resumed, resulting in pregnancy.

Despite medicine's tremendous forward strides in helping distressed couples to achieve parenthood, experts in the field take a sober view. They point out that there are all too few specialists trained to alleviate infertility, and that there are today only about forty-nine clinics in the United States with fertility services. While happy couples sing the praises of doctors who have lured the stork to their homes, authorities point out that there are still two couples out of three, if not more, whom science cannot yet help.

But the thousands of formerly childless couples who now find a baby in their homes bless the day when the family physician sent them to a fertility clinic.

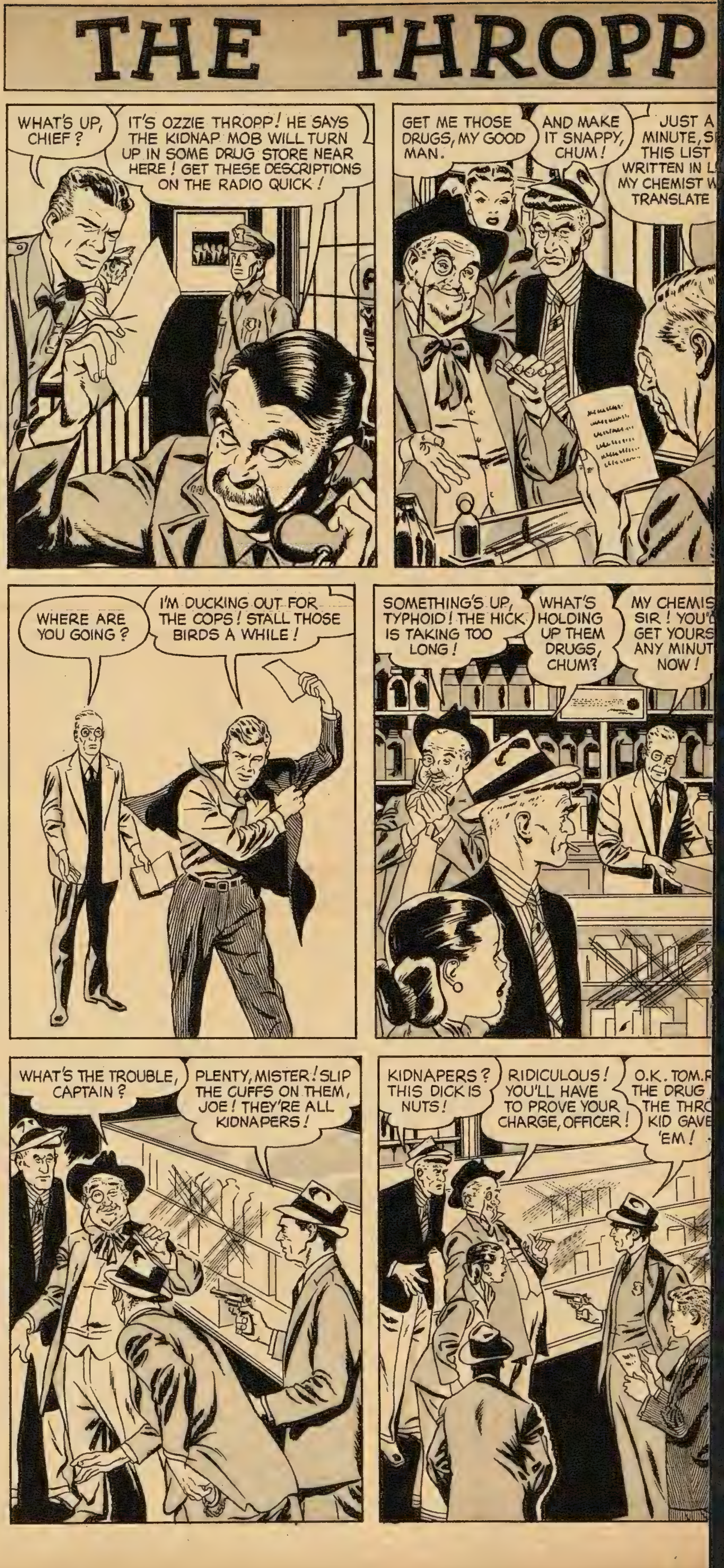
THE END

OPERATION INFINITY

The atom doesn't want to split
One single, solitary bit;
It much prefers to follow rules
And join its friends in molecules.

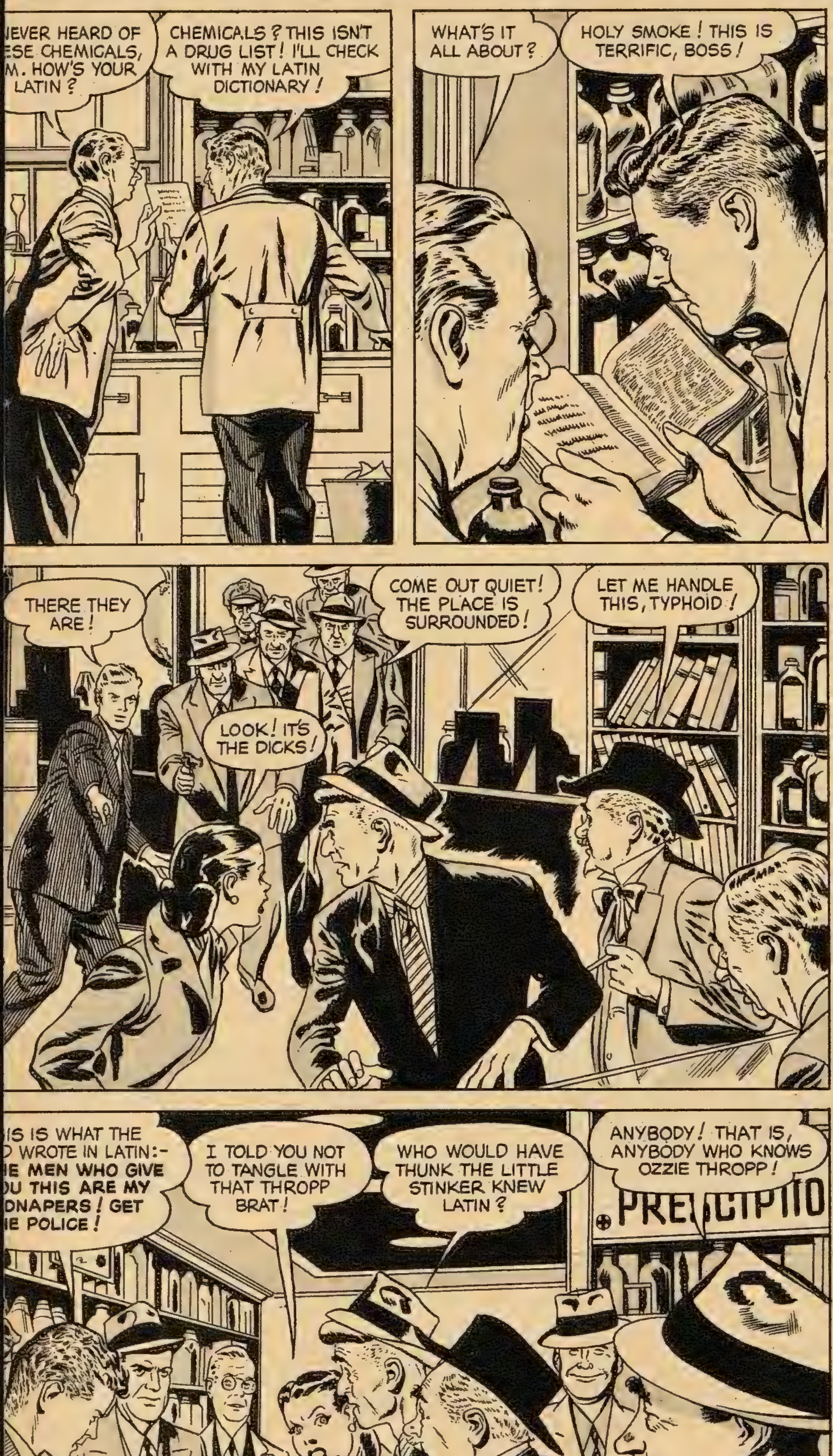
But it's a cranky little cuss.
If we go forward with this fuss,
Some day it will be splitting *us!*

—*Florence B. Jacobs.*


THE THROPP
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
IT'S OZZIE THROPP! HE SAYS THE KIDNAP MOB WILL TURN UP IN SOME DRUG STORE NEAR HERE! GET THESE DESCRIPTIONS ON THE RADIO QUICK!
GET ME THOSE DRUGS, MY GOOD MAN.
AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, CHUM!
JUST A MINUTE, S THIS LIST WRITTEN IN L MY CHEMIST W TRANSLATE
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M DUCKING OUT FOR THE COPS! STALL THOSE BIRDS A WHILE!
SOMETHING'S UP, TYPHOID! THE HICK IS TAKING TOO LONG!
WHAT'S HOLDING UP THEM DRUGS, CHUM?
MY CHEMIS SIR! YOU' GET YOURS ANY MINUT NOW!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CAPTAIN?
PLENTY, MISTER! SLIP THE CUFFS ON THEM, JOE! THEY'RE ALL KIDNAPERS!
KIDNAPERS? THIS DICK IS NUTS!
RIDICULOUS! YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE YOUR CHARGE, OFFICER!
O.K. TOM.F THE DRUG THE THRO KID GAVE 'EM!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**



NEVER HEARD OF ESE CHEMICALS, M. HOW'S YOUR LATIN?
CHEMICALS? THIS ISN'T A DRUG LIST! I'LL CHECK WITH MY LATIN DICTIONARY!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
HOLY SMOKE! THIS IS TERRIFIC, BOSS!
THERE THEY ARE!
COME OUT QUIET! THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED!
LET ME HANDLE THIS, TYPHOID!
LOOK! IT'S THE DICKS!
IS IS WHAT THE D WROTE IN LATIN:- E MEN WHO GIVE U THIS ARE MY DNAPERS! GET E POLICE!
I TOLD YOU NOT TO TANGLE WITH THAT THROPP BRAT!
WHO WOULD HAVE THUNK THE LITTLE STINKER KNEW LATIN?
ANYBODY! THAT IS, ANYBODY WHO KNOWS OZZIE THROPP!
PRESCIPTIO

Continued next week

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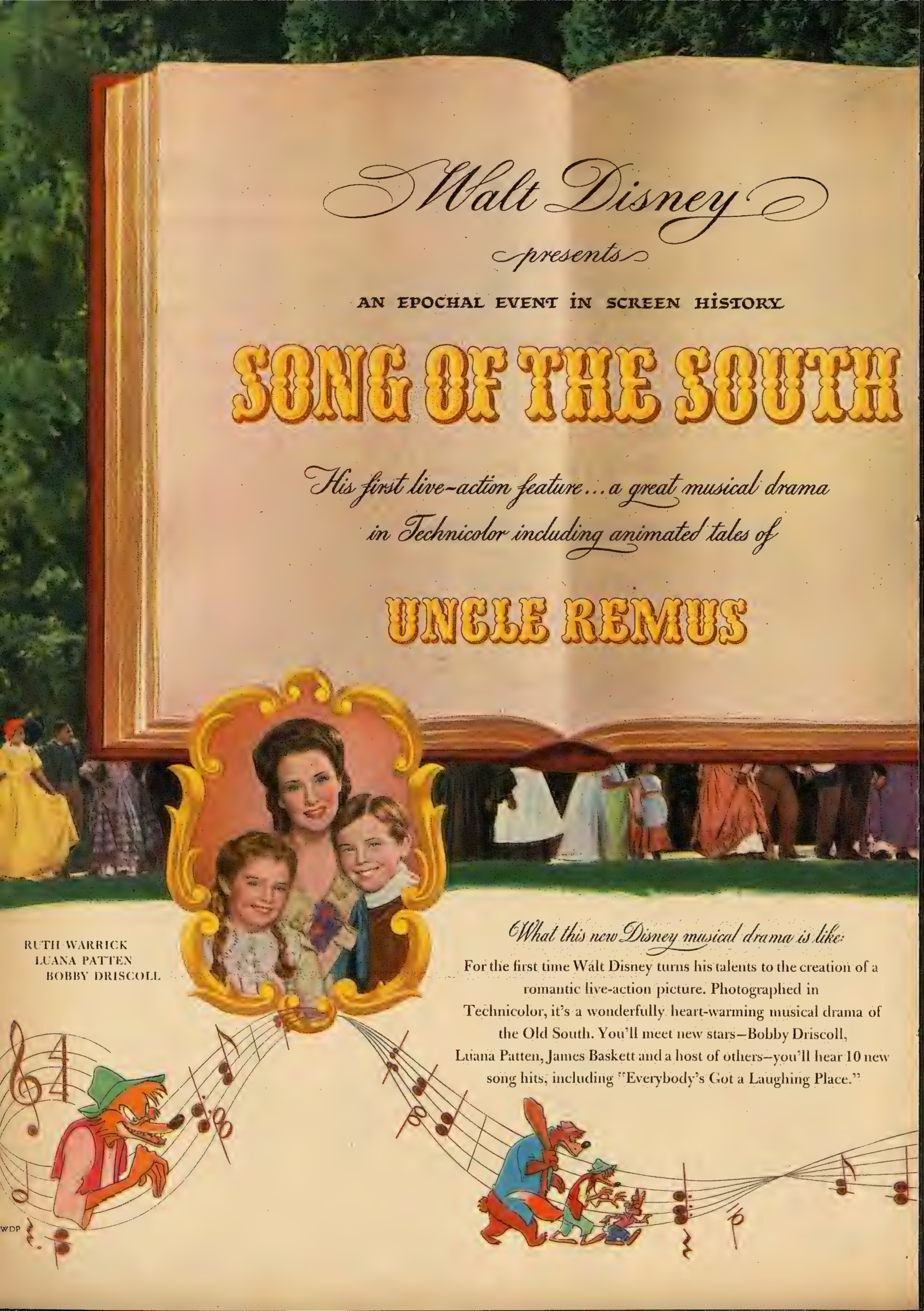

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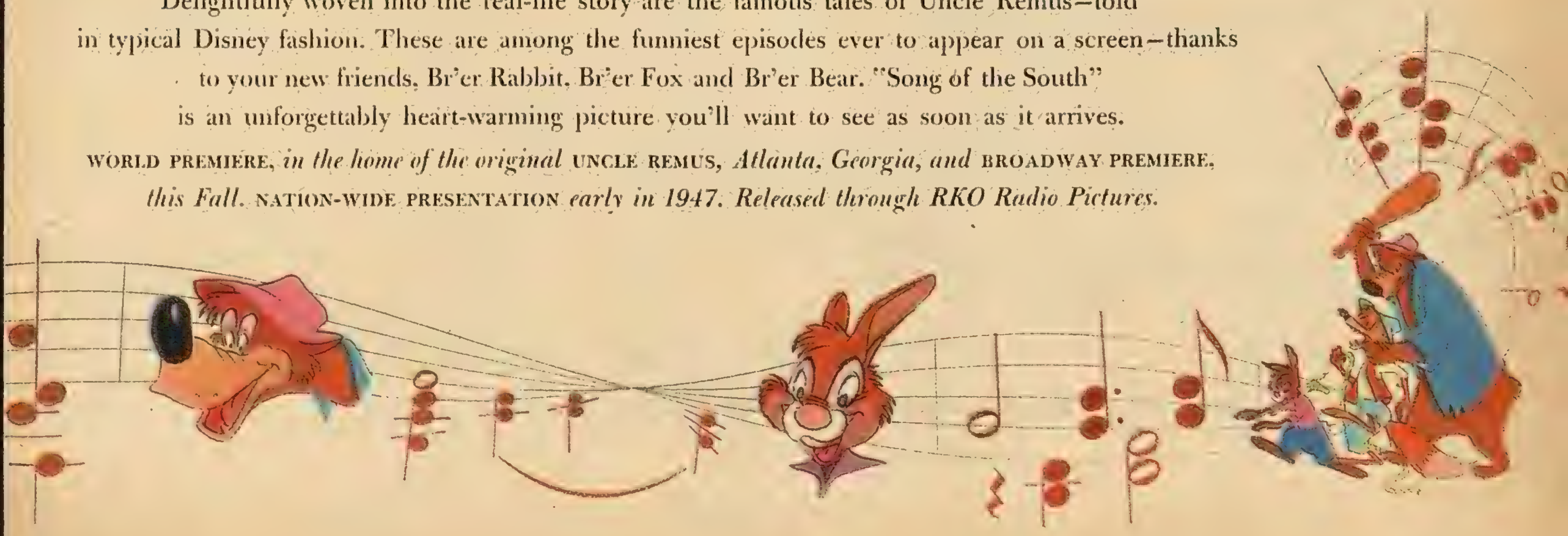
WORLD PREMIERE, *in the home of the original* UNCLE REMUS, *Atlanta, Georgia, and* BROADWAY PREMIERE, *this Fall.* NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION *early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*



Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

Angel on My Shoulder

HERE'S a slick and sparkling fantasy—the very much out-of-this-world story of a gangster's ghost who gives a hot-foot to the Devil.

With Paul Muni turning in an adroit, laugh-laden performance as a mug who gets a reprieve from Hell before he's completely charcoal-broiled, Angel on My Shoulder is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable movies of the season. And it's another supernatural success for writer Harry Segall, whose Here Comes Mr. Jordan won him an Academy Award several years ago.

Muni, an oafish mobster, is bumped off by a pal and proceeds promptly to the under-underworld—Hades. The Devil, played as a sinister sophisticate by Claude Rains, has big plans for Muni because he's a dead (very dead) ringer for a live judge who's reforming too many sinners. Rains inveigles Muni, who knows him only as Nick, a very important person down below, into this bargain: the gangster can return to earth and pay off his killer, but in return must first move in on the judge's body and snafu all the good deeds.

This results in a series of hilarious scenes when Muni, as the judge, teaches his bewildered valet gangland slang, makes injudicious love to Anne Baxter, the mild judge's pleasantly shocked fiancée, and startles everyone by carrying on frantic conversations with invisible Rains.

But the bedeviled yegg switches signals by falling in love with Anne and doing right by his corporeal landlord, the judge. When he hears a preacher—whom he considers "a smart operator"—say, "Heed not the Devil; harken instead to the angel on your shoulder," he finally guesses Rains' identity. To give Anne and the judge a break, he agrees to go back to Hell—but not until he blackmails the Devil into making him a trusty.

The fantasy is brilliantly played. Muni's gangster, a hulky, snarling burlesque of his own famous Scarface, is a perfect foil for Rains' charmingly sadistic Devil. Their portrayals show two of the screen's top actors at their best.

United Artists says "detailed research" was done in reproducing Hell. Though their sources—mainly poets—can hardly be called authoritative, Hades emerges gruesomely enough as a catacomb of horrors, decorated with flames and chains.

But you'll suffer no such torments while taking in, at a safe distance, the wonderful wit and whimsey of Angel on My Shoulder.

This is Hades—or at least United Artists' conception of it in their sparkling fantasy which stars Paul Muni.

Muni, a newcomer to the hot spot, is shown around by one of the older tenants.

A visit to earth brings Anne Baxter and love into the life of the ex-gangster.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Bros.). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

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Great ENTERTAINMENT

AMERICA'S REAL SECRET WEAPON

Continued from Page 15

—not just to see who is elected but to see by what majority. They will estimate the percentage of votes cast in each section of the country. All this will help form their opinion of America's interest and alertness, of the virility of our democracy, of the effectiveness of our government by free men and women.

IN a more direct and partisan sense, also, this election is of major significance. It is entirely possible that just a few hundred votes one way or the other in one of the Congressional districts will decide whether the majority of the next Congress is Republican or Democratic. It is also possible, although less likely, that just a few thousand votes in some state will decide whether the next Senate has a Republican or Democratic majority.

The House at the present time has 242 Democrats and 191 Republicans, and 1 American Labor Party and 1 Progressive. Sixty of the incumbent Democrats won in the Presidential election of 1944 by a very narrow margin; and in nearly every one of these sixty districts a Republican candidate has been vigorously contesting for the seat. Many of these Republican candidates are young men new to the political scene. Quite a number of them are veterans, presenting a fresh approach to vital domestic and world postwar problems. It seems quite clear now that there will be some gain in seats on the part of the Republican Party. Likewise there are some incumbent Republicans who face strong election contests. Many of these contests will be very close.

Obviously, if the Republicans win the majority of the Congress, it will mean that a new working relationship will be developed between the two major political parties in Washington in order that the Republican majority in the House and the Democratic President can reach agreement in the interest of the people. A Republican majority elected to Congress will also be taken as indicating that there is likely to be a Republican President in 1948, as that has been the past history of changes in the interim year of a Presidential term. Furthermore, not only the decision of whether or not a majority of Republicans are elected, but also the question of the views of the Republicans who win in these new districts will be important. In other words, do the new young Republican candidates who are presenting progressive, humanitarian, and forward-looking programs win new seats, or do they lose?

These are results that will be observed carefully not only by the political leaders in the immediate districts concerned but also throughout the country—and also the world.

Of course, this question of voters getting out to vote and of the kind of public officials that they have has somewhat of a circular twist to it, like the old question of which came first, the hen or the egg. In other words, vigorous, popular public officials tend to bring out more votes; while greater participation by the people develops a better type of public official. A striking example of this question of participation by the people is furnished by the State of Virginia, which has been known as the "Mother of Statesmen." Virginia produced George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and John Marshall. The debates in the Virginia Legislature in the early days and the oratory of the statesmen of Virginia in the Federal Congress are among the most significant of our entire history. At that time the participation by the voters of Virginia in the Presidential election averaged close to 70 per cent, and in one instance went up to 85 per cent. But from 1924 to 1944, only a little over 20 per cent of the potential voters of Virginia participated in the Presidential elections.

A specific example of a very light vote was the June primary in North Dakota, where Senator William Langer, one of the two senators to vote against the United Nations Charter, and who had a long similar record in the U. S. Senate, was renominated. His renomination unquestionably had its effect beyond the borders of North Dakota.

IN sections of the country where, for all practical purposes, a one-party system prevails, progress tends to stagnate under single political machines. We need the stimulation of contest between two parties, not only from the standpoint of political and civil liberties, but because it encourages attempts to solve the social and economic problems of the area. For this reason I submit that in some of the Southern states voters who feel that their representatives do not correctly represent them, and who do not agree with the national administration's conduct of affairs, should consider developing a protest vote in support of the Republican Party. As an alternative, there have been many instances where a very large number of voters went to the polls and voted on local issues but refused to vote for either candidate for key federal offices because they disapproved of both. This has an effect upon national policy; such returns influence political leaders.

I cannot urge too strongly that in the remaining days before November 5, you make it a point to read as much as you can about the candidates who will be on the ballot in your own election district. Make it a point to listen to them as opportunity presents, either on the radio or at neighborhood meetings. Talk them over with your friends and neighbors. Make up your own mind as to

and it happens to you in

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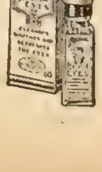

which of them will do the best job in the office which they seek in the coming term. Think over the election of your own officials in relationship to the whole national question and the national parties. There are, of course, a wide variety of views within each political party. That is why it is so important that you study and look up the views of the particular men you are voting on. Taken as a whole, it is my view that the Republican candidates in this election want less government regulation and control of our economic life than does the present national administration; that they wish to stimulate and encourage the free-enterprise system to a greater degree and rely less upon the government running the economy.

THE question of international co-operation vs. isolation also has a wide diversity of view in both political parties, and the only thing you can do is to analyze the views and record of the individual candidate in each party on these issues. The same is true on the question of the amount of military strength we should maintain under the present world situation. Some men in both parties are of so single-minded a view as to cutting down expenditures that they would also cut the heart out of the basic military, naval, and air strengths of our country. Others in both parties feel that under the present world situation it is essential to maintain a reasonable degree of military strength until the world organization of the United Nations is more effective. On issues such as these, I very frankly say to you that it is necessary that you study the individual candidates in your own district in order to see what their views are, and then make up your own mind about them.

Most candidates do not directly state their position on major controversial issues in so many words. Take, as an example, the question of world policy. If you find a candidate who repeatedly and emphatically says that he is opposed to "giving America away," that he is a patriotic supporter of the Stars and Stripes and believes in America first, that he wants American soldiers kept on American soil and not sent into other parts of the world, you will usually find that in fact he is a narrow, nationalistic isolationist who does not yet realize what the advances in science and the perfection of atom splitting have done to the world. Of course every loyal American is opposed to giving America away, and no one is proposing that it should be done; but it is recognized that for the sound future of the American people it is necessary that we fulfill our responsibility to the rest of the world, that we follow through in our share of world leadership, and that we recognize that sound future progress for America can only come if mankind as a whole also makes progress.

On the other hand, if you find a candidate who is extremely critical of everything this country does, who sides with the other country in every dispute we have in international relations, who can never see anything wrong in what some other country does but always belittles American progress and American justice, then you have someone who is so committed to follow the line of another country in preference to our own that he is not entitled to a position of political leadership.

The fair and moderate approach, even though you may not agree with it in detail, is to my mind the attitude worthy of support. It would include criticism of some of our country's actions, criticism of some of the actions of other countries, and constructive suggestions for our dealing with international problems so as gradually to develop and strengthen the United Nations of the world in their quest for peace.

As another example, let us consider labor policy. At one extreme you find some of the national labor leadership who immediately label any official who would place any new regulation upon labor as being anti-labor. At the other extreme you find those industrialists who would like legislation which would actually break up labor unions. Naturally the overwhelming majority of the people, including workers and business men, agree with neither. But you will find those of each extreme trying to label all who do not agree with them as belonging to the other extreme.

IN analyzing the position of the particular candidate, if you find him saying the time has come to take away the right to strike, that modern society is too complex and highly organized to permit these stoppages; if he dwells at great length on the serious consequences of extreme strikes, and then assures his listeners that the rights of labor can be protected in other ways, I believe you have an individual who is basically opposed to the individual freedom of the workingman, and one who is in reality an extremist on the side of capital. In fact, if the ultimate right to strike is taken away, it is impossible to maintain a free society and a system of individual enterprise and private capital. The right to strike should be used rarely, and it has been abused. But if we ever abolish it, the other rights of labor and the basic foundation of our American system will go with it; for as man's individual freedom disappears, the government will take over increased powers and we will have, in effect, involuntary servitude.

On the other hand, if you have a candidate who states that the only problem in labor relations is to force management to bargain collectively, that the working classes are downtrodden by the oppression of the capitalists and that this is the cause of all industrial strife, then you have an extremist of the other side who does not recognize the essential balanced responsibility of labor; one who also seeks to undermine the basic American system.

I think that the candidate who believes in the American system and seeks to be fair to both labor and management will be willing to speak in specific terms. He will discuss adjustment of laws relating to labor, and development of fair regulations of the rights of labor so as to reduce strikes to a minimum and to effectuate a maximum of peaceful settlements, and to increase democracy within unions.

A similar analysis can be made of other issues by noting the divergence between those candidates who always point out weaknesses and deficiencies in private business and always overlook defects and confusion in governmental operations, and those who ignore abuses which require reasonable regulation and blithely say, Let business alone.

The central point to remember on election day is that you are not only helping to decide which candidate is to occupy an office; you are also helping to formulate the most fundamental and important policies of our country. No single candidate's election will in itself be decisive, and the issues will frequently be vague; but the election as a whole will establish a pattern.

And for the sake of a balanced opinion, it is wise not to accept the editorial interpretations of any one newspaper. If you are a regular subscriber to one newspaper, make it a point also to read an opposition newspaper's analysis of issues and candidates, so as to check one off against the other. Then discuss the divergence of opinion with friends and reach your own conclusions.

Public opinion is one of the most potent factors in the continuing decisions of a government such as ours. Public opinion arises not just from something that the government announces, or that commentators present, or newspapers print. It arises from the multitude of conversations which take place throughout the nation. No one can trace its specific development, but suddenly we all become aware of a definite body of public opinion for or against some policy.

Make up your own mind and cast your vote in accordance with your own conscience. Do not let any ward boss or any union leader or any public official tell you how to vote. If you decide that you wish to support the candidate whom your ward organization or your union leadership is supporting, then do so; but if you decide that another candidate is better, then vote for him. Urge your friends and neighbors and relatives to vote. Remember, you really have scant right to criticize or to endeavor to influence public officials if you have not gone to the voting booth on election day.

November 5 will be our first general, national, peacetime election day since General MacArthur accepted the surrender of the Japanese on the U.S.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay. It is a very significant occasion. When you drop that precious secret ballot into the ballot box, you will be entitled to a feeling of personal satisfaction; you will have made a contribution to future peace and progress, to the future individual human liberties in America and in the world.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of LIBERTY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of LIBERTY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 1,271,960.

PAUL HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1946.
(Seal)
Eleanor Cowden Humbert (Weatherly).
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

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OCT. 26, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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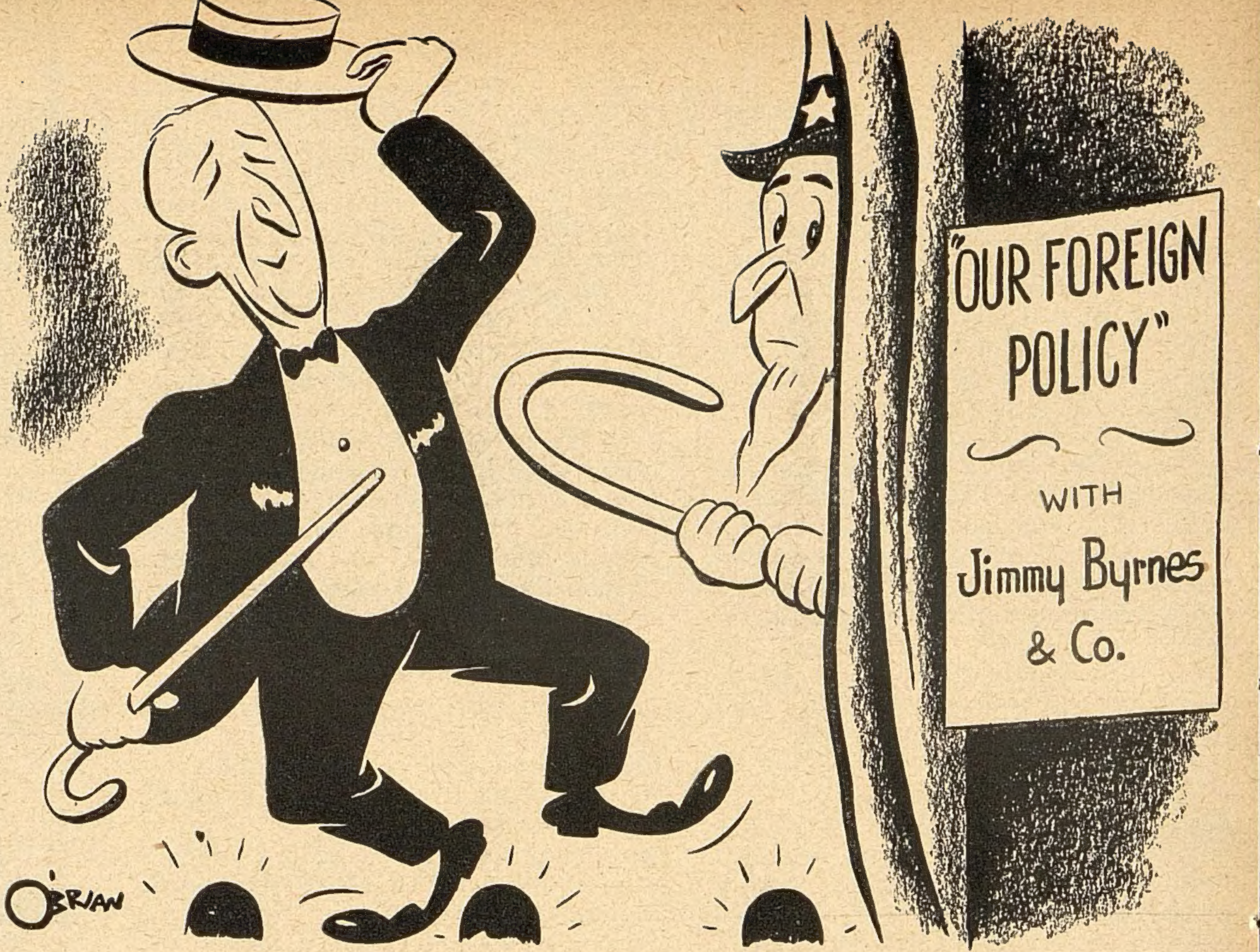


Will he get the hook, too, some day?

A FOREIGN POLICY THAT WILL STICK

THE speech made by ex-Secretary of Commerce Wallace in New York which caused such a to-do, culminating in his resignation by request, focused attention sharply on the nebulous character of American foreign policy. The fact is no one can state definitely what our foreign policy is and guarantee to make it stick.

Under our Constitution the President of the United States determines foreign policy. However, he cannot guarantee the country will follow the course he sets. Any treaties he makes are subject to ratification by the Senate. In order to create a feeling abroad that our foreign policy would follow a dependable course, Mr. Roosevelt and, after him, Mr. Truman formed the habit of sending to important conferences the foreign affairs leaders of both parties in the House and Senate. While an improvement over the methods used by President Wilson, this still falls short of what is required. If other nations are to join with us to create a stable world, there must be no doubt our foreign policy is a continuing one and not subject to change due to whim, caprice, or the imponderables of politics.

This assurance can only come when foreign policy originates with the people themselves and is formulated through their elected representatives in Congress. America's course abroad should be determined by the bipartisan foreign affairs committees of both houses acting jointly with the President and the Secretary of State. As it is now, individual men with limited tenure of office have too much to do with it. Other nations need assurance that American policy will survive the term in office of any party or officer of government.

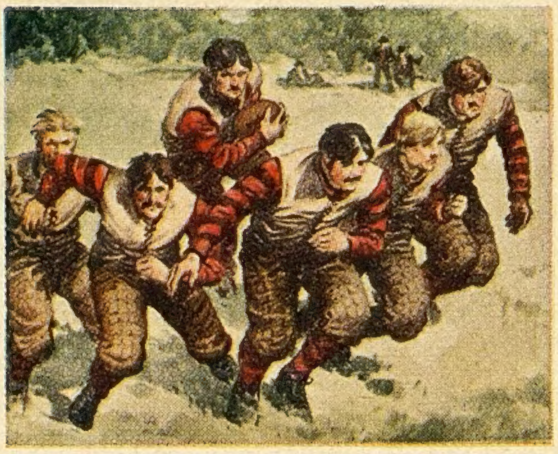
American foreign policy is one of the more important factors in the world today. Our citizens need to be sure they know what it is, and that it will continue to be what they think it is. Other governments and the people they represent also must feel themselves able to grasp our policy and to depend on its continuity.

It is ridiculous to expect other nations of the world to work with us and place their trust in us when they cannot know from day to day or year to year what line our policy will take. They must be sure that change, if any, will not be capricious or at the whim of any man or small group of men. Wisdom, of the atomic-age variety, dictates a change in the Constitution to accomplish this.

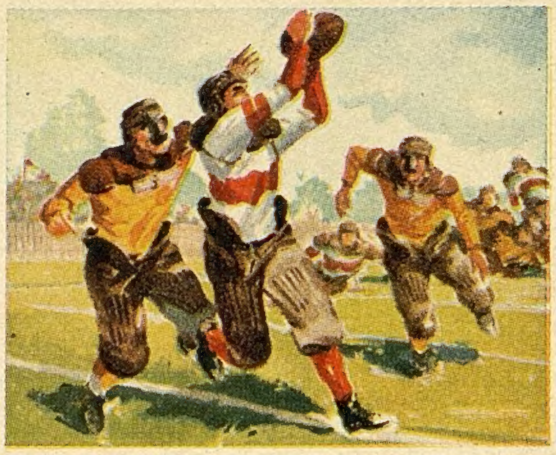
Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

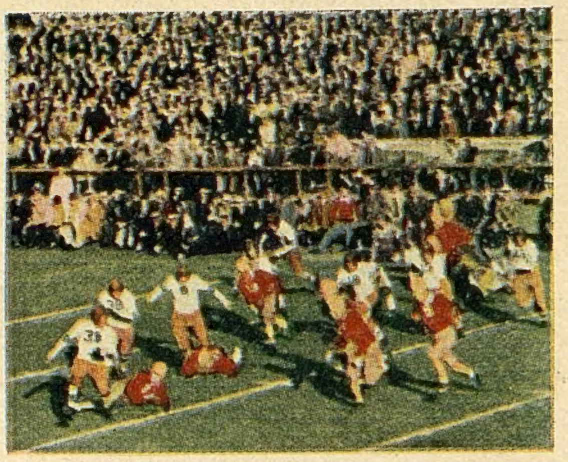
How pro football got razzle-dazzle



1895 **Thrills, action, color!** That's what professional football offers you today. Born in 1895, when Corby's was in its 37th year as a famed Canadian name, pro football's first paid player, an experienced quarterback, received $10 for filling a vacant spot on a Latrobe, Pa., team.



1906 **Pioneer** pro football teams were active in Ohio 48 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. Pro players later began to open up the game because the mechanical perfection of their play enabled them to bring the forward pass into its own as an attack weapon.



1920 **The first** big gate for pro football saw 15,000 people at a game in New York. Ex-college stars and famous coaches later began to contribute blinding speed and dynamite action to the pro leagues, as Corby's reached its 62nd year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.

SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS
SPARTANS vs. BEARS

1946 **You can** see more great stars, more passing, more razzle-dazzle touchdown plays in an afternoon of pro football today than ever before. The game has developed its own big following, and so has Corby's Whiskey. With football, it's thrills, action, color. *With Corby's, it's light, sociable flavor* that does wonders for your favorite drink. That's why so many people ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Why don't *you* join them?

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

ALL-AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP
Reserve
At its pre-war best
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

Class of '82

Class of '82, yes—but even the "old grads" admit *Three Feathers* is now smoother, lighter, richer than ever —the *finest-tasting Three Feathers in sixty-four years.* One sip will tell you it's the *class of '46!*

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof 70% neutral spirits distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York